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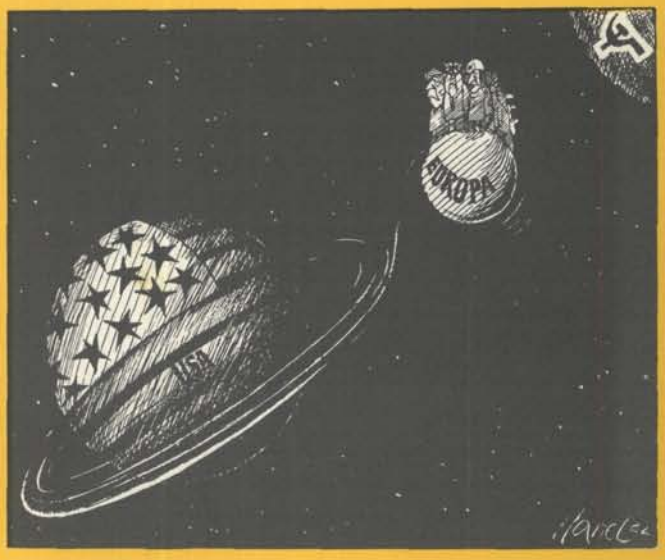

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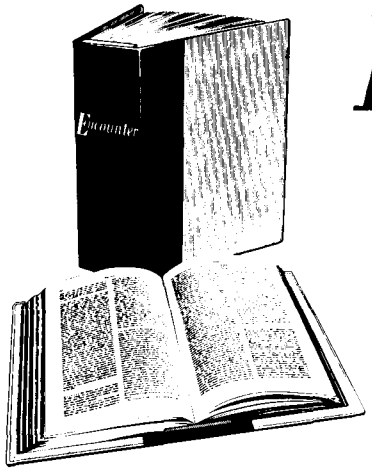

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Encounter

MARCH 1982
VOL. LVIII No. 3
ISSN 0013-7073

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER: *Anthony Robinson*

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Per copy: UK £1.30: USA & Canada $3.25. Back numbers £2.00 ($5.00). Postage/packing: 40p ($1.00). Annual subscriptions: UK £15.75: USA & Canada $36.50 surface, $46.00 by air: Elsewhere £17.00. Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194). US Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York 10022. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

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THE WICKED MRS BERRYMAN *(story)* 3 *Glen Cavaliero*
DILEMMA OF THE WEST 8 *Theodore Draper*
THE CAUSES OF WAR 22 *Michael Howard*
COLUMN 31 *M*

POEMS

Carol Rumens 7, *Edwin Brock* 21, *George MacBeth* 30, *David Rokeah* 33, *Peter Scupham* 34, *Ruth Silcock* 43, *William Scammell* 76

MEMOIR

OLDSTERS & YOUNGSTERS 37 *Gerd Bucerius*

NOTES & TOPICS

EUROPEAN DIARY 44 *François Bondy*
BRIDESHEAD RESISTED 48 *Edward Pearce*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: POLITICS & WORLD AFFAIRS

ASSESSING THE NUCLEAR ARSENALS 51 *Lawrence Freedman*
ELECTORS' ROUGH JUDGMENTS 58 *Richard Rose*
THE IDEOLOGY OF REAGANISM 65 *Esmond Wright*
THE MUSLIM CLERISOCRACY 68 *P. J. Vatikiotis*

DOCUMENT

STORY OF A POEM 77 *Adam Wazyk*

DISCUSSION

THE "BRANDT" CONTROVERSY 84 *Peter Wiles, Peter Bauer & Basil Yamey, P. D. Henderson*

BOXES

The Meaning of "December 13th" (A group of Solidarity activists) 10, *Refuting the Irrefutable (Leszek Kolakowski)* 26, *Of Kindness . . . and Cruelty . . . to Young Generations (Mary Kenny)* 40, *Black Mark for Black Africa (Sunday Telegraph)* 86, *The Rediscovery of Michelet (Max Gallo)* 92

LETTERS 91

AUTHORS 96

LIFE & LETTERS 97

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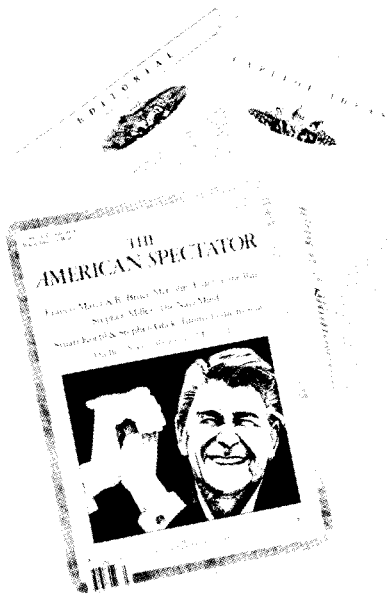

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Glen Cavaliero

The Wicked Mrs Berryman

THE GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE, as always, was the loudest. George could recognise that note of protest, the driving shrillness that seemed to tear across you and meant trouble on the way, already here. Even on Christmas Eve. They were talking about the Boxing Day dance at the hotel: the grandmother considered he was still too young for it. He hoped that wasn't what she was going on about now. Surely eight was old enough? He waited outside the open door and listened.

". . . I don't know where he gets these insane ideas! He knows perfectly well that I have no wish to meet the woman: it's altogether unsuitable. And I'm amazed, yes, *amazed*, Marjorie, that you're in favour of the scheme! He hasn't an atom of taste. A divorced woman at *our* table! *No*, Marjorie, I don't want to hear any more about it, I'm not interested in the sordid details. . . . And what about George? Surely you're not going to take *him* down there after this? He must stop here with me."

"But mother, you're not going to stop behind? Father would be furious."

"Well, he must just *be* furious! I'm sick and tired of being asked to meet his women! This Mrs Berryman is the end: I don't care if she *is* doing war work, I've had as much as I can stand—and why do you always side with him? You're ungrateful, ungrateful. . . ." The voice rose to a shriek.

"Harold, the door . . . ." George was familiar with that strained note in his mother's voice. And even after the door was shut he could still hear the grandmother through the wall. It happened every Christmas, and always about the people at his grandfather's hotel. He wondered who this Mrs Berryman could be. His grandfather seemed to know the most exciting people. Was this why he never lived at home?

"What's 'divorced' mean?"

The uncle looked at George with amusement. "It means, not married any more."

"Like Granny and Grandfather?"

The uncle suddenly stopped smiling. "Don't say things like that, George."

It was not the first time George had heard those words. He tried again.

"Well, they don't live together, not like Mother and Dad do anyway. Shall we see that Mrs Berryman?"

"George!" His mother's voice was sharp. "How often do I have to tell you not to talk about things that aren't your business? Now stop bothering your uncle; it's time you were in bed."

The grandmother was talked round. The uncle managed it. George could hear the voices going on and on and on in the grandmother's bedroom, while in the drawing room below, the aunt and his mother sat knitting, talking in subdued voices, and he and his father played Old Maid. He was turned out of the room when the uncle came downstairs.

Nothing more was said about Mrs Berryman—by the parents. George, however, had a further source of information. On Boxing Day morning he was sent round to the hotel to play with Myrna.

Myrna was the daughter of the hotel manager. George didn't really like her: she was bossy and, though his junior by a year, a good deal taller than he was. But she had her advantages this morning. Myrna could always be relied on for gossip about the hotel guests.

"Her?" Myrna tossed her carroty head. "Oh, she's divorced."

"What do you mean?" George asked casually. They were sitting on the still-room stairs; smells of cabbage and gravy blew about them, and there was a clatter of crockery and the sound of someone shouting.

"Don't you know what 'divorced' means?"

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Myrna countered, looking at him with scorn.

"Of course I do. I just wondered if you did."

Myrna looked at him again, obviously gloating. "Oh yes, *I* know." Her smile was nasty and superior.

George tried other tactics. "I bet you don't."

The argument lasted, monotonously, for three minutes. Myrna was the first to tire.

"I do, I do! It means you're very wicked and can't be married any more. People don't want to know you."

"My grandmother doesn't want to meet Mrs Berryman."

Myrna pricked up her ears: she had heard her parents talking about the grandmother.

"Why not?" She dug her elbows into him.

He punched her absentmindedly. "Because she's wicked, I suppose." He was wondering what a wicked person would be like. "Have you seen her?"

"Oh yes, I've seen her." Myrna was very casual.

"What was she like?"

"Oh, just ordinary."

GEORGE COULDN'T believe this. He was still bombarding her with questions when her father came out of the still-room and sent them away. They went upstairs to play with some of Myrna's Christmas toys, but the question of the wicked Mrs Berryman continued to torment him.

"The wicked Mrs Berryman, the wicked Mrs Berryman!" he chanted recklessly at lunch.

"Harold, you see? You ought never to have given him that cider! Thank goodness mother's lying down." His mother's voice was edgy.

The uncle's was more friendly. "Any more of that and you won't be allowed to go to the dance tonight—and then you'll never see your wicked Mrs Berryman."

"Andrew!" The aunt's voice was angry now. She nodded and grimaced, but George knew what she meant.

"Mrs Berryman's not suitable", he said, and wondered why they all laughed at him. But they didn't laugh for long, and his mother soon told him to stop saying it, it wasn't funny any more. Then they all went out for a walk on the sea front, at the other end from the hotel.

It was very empty, but George didn't mind that. He dodged in and out of the tank traps and jumped off the sea wall on to the shingle. He liked the grating sound the waves made as they dragged to and fro.

"There's Mr Robbins carrying his gas mask", his father said. Something about the way he said it made George scream with laughter; in any case he always did find old Mr Robbins funny. But he envied him the gas mask; the family never carried theirs now. So what was the good of having a war?

"George, how dare you laugh at Mr Robbins like that?" his mother called after they had gone past. "Don't you know how rude it is? Now come back and walk with us and be sensible."

"I wish the war would start", George protested, "a real war with lots of bombs and the Germans coming and invading us and tanks in the streets and lots of blood and—"

"Stop it, George, you don't know what you're saying."

George was on the edge of tears. He wanted a war, he *wanted* one. . . .

"If you're not careful, you'll get one", his father warned him, but he didn't sound particularly angry. George cheered up, and they turned back for tea.

The grandmother descended the stairs with pained majesty as they stood about in the hall ready to depart for the dance. George was jumping about in his impatience.

"Hurry up, Granny, hurry *up*!"

The grandmother, dressed from head to foot in black mantilla, black furs, black dress, long pointed black shoes, clasped him to her convulsively.

"There's my darling! You're my little friend, aren't you? Granny's little soldier?"

George grunted, and pulled away. His father sighed and said that it was time for them to go.

It was rather a squash in the car. The grandmother had the front seat, George was crushed on to his mother's knee in the back. The uncle laughed and nudged him, but he was too excited to respond. Besides, the others were very quiet; only a series of deep sighs from the grandmother broke their silence. As they drove up to the hotel George could see other cars stopping and unloading. He could hardly wait to get out.

But he had to wait. The grandmother was

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once more making difficulties.

"It's no good, I can't face it. You will simply have to go in without me."

"But mother, you can't stay out here in the car!"

"Yes, I can, I shall be *perfectly* comfortable." She sounded close to tears. George was terrified.

"Well, some of us can go in at any rate", his father said impatiently, and George was lifted out. He ran up the hotel steps without waiting for the others.

He was dazzled when he stepped inside. After the black-out the hotel seemed blazing, full of colour, noise and scent: he stood bewildered for a moment. There was a band and people were dancing; there were men in uniform and women in long frocks. There were paper chains and fat Mrs Cadogan behind the reception desk in a paper hat. The page boy winked at him.

Then he found himself lifted high in the grandfather's arms. The grandfather as usual smelled of tobacco and something that the grandmother called "drink." George rather liked the smell; tonight it seemed especially good.

"Where's the wicked Mrs Berryman?" he asked.

The grandfather put him down. "Did any one tell you to say that, George?" His voice was very grave; but before George could answer the rest of the party began to come in.

THE GRANDMOTHER entered first, her face tragic, the mantilla drawn tightly round her head. The grandfather swore softly and moved towards her, holding George by the hand.

She presented her cheek to him, at the same time taking George's other hand. Her own hand was hot and dry, she gripped him hard. They advanced across the dance floor while the guests looked on—it was almost as if they were royalty. George could feel each of them tugging at him, and he looked back to his parents for reassurance. But they were chatting to people near the door and did not look in his direction.

Soon the grandmother was seated on a sofa with his mother and the aunt on either side of her; it seemed more royal than ever. Various guests came over to pay their respects, and George fidgeted and hopped about while the old ladies and gentlemen handled him and described him and told him what he was thinking and would like to do. He gazed longingly at his father and the uncle who were talking to a group of other men by the dining-room door.

There was a commotion at his side. "Oh, *no*, *no*! He can't, I refuse. . . ."

George looked at the grandmother with irritation. What was she on about now? Then he saw the grandfather approaching them with yet another woman, a tall fair woman this time, wearing a red dress. He looked round to see if he could get away: he didn't want to be fussed over again.

But his mother had clutched him to her.

"Mrs Berryman", the grandfather was saying, "I would like you to meet my wife."

The grandmother bowed stiffly, but said nothing; George's mother began to talk, holding George very tight while she did so. George stared and stared, fascinated, scanning Mrs Berryman's gentle, highly coloured face for signs of wickedness. She must be wicked, he thought, she was so beautiful with that gold hair and marvellous smell. But what *could* she have done? She seemed to lean over them like an enchantress. A moment later she was gone, and his mother, after a quick look at the grandmother, told him to find some little girl to dance with. George ran off, but not to dance with little girls.

He was ecstatic: he could not believe that he had actually seen the wicked Mrs Berryman at last. He started to look for her again in the crowd, squeezing in and out of the dancing couples; it was like being in a moving, brightly coloured forest. He hunted for Mrs Berryman as he might look for a unicorn or jar of gold; but all he found was Myrna.

"Hello, George! I'm just getting ready to do my tap-dance."

Myrna was dressed in top hat and tails; she wore short black knickers and white socks and a pair of dancing shoes with enormous bows. It had become a tradition that she should perform. She was announced as Little Miss Stardust.

George eyed her coldly.

"I've just met the wicked Mrs Berryman", he announced in quiet triumph. But Myrna was too full of her own forthcoming triumph to be impressed.

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"Mrs Berryman's not wicked", she said, "it's you that's wicked calling her that!" She struck him with her cane.

"But you *said* she was wicked!" He wanted to punch her. "You said she was! And she is! She is!"

"Oh no, she's not!" Myrna retorted, tossing her head so that the top hat nearly came off. "I know more than you do, I heard my mother talking about her. Mrs Berryman is an innocent party, so there!"

"How can Mrs Berryman be a party?" George said, with scorn. "Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly; and Mrs Berryman isn't wicked, so you can jolly well shut up." Myrna pirouetted and put her tongue out at him.

But George persisted. "Mrs Berryman is a wicked woman, she's a wicked, wicked woman." The words felt like a war cry.

But it was time for Myrna's tap-dance. She frisked and pattered, and sang in a pert and squeaky voice. "One, two, buckle my shoe, put on my coat and hat!" There was tumultuous applause. Myrna smirked and curtsied and received a bouquet from the head porter. George glowered at her, grindingly jealous. He wanted to do something noticeable too.

The dance floor was still empty, and he strolled across it, hoping that people were watching him, to where the men were standing about outside the dining-room. They were laughing, and took no notice of him. Then the band started up—*Boum! Why Does My Heart Go Boum?*—and George could see his parents dancing together, and the aunt and uncle. He thought they looked odd here among the glamorous gay figures, dowdy and rather out of place. He was overcome with a wave of melancholy, and turned to the man standing next to him.

"I hope it's going to be a real war", he said, "with lots of fighting and blood and slaughter." He brought out the last word with a flourish. But the man only smiled down at him, and went on talking to the others.

AND THEN he saw her. Mrs Berryman was standing alone, leaning against the wall with her hands behind her back. She looked sorrowful, remote, mysterious, and more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen. She was wicked and dangerous, she was forbidden, she was . . . unsuitable. Suddenly George knew what he wanted to do.

The band had started to play a waltz, the grandmother's favourite waltz, *The Merry Widow*. He ran across to where the grandparents were talking together; he realised that they were both angry, but he was too excited and impatient to worry about that.

"Please, please . . ." the grandfather was saying, and the grandmother was shaking her head. George pushed his way between them and addressed the grandfather.

"Please, will you ask Mrs Berryman to dance with me?"

He was in such a hurry to begin that he scarcely heard the grandmother's little cry. There was a silence; then the grandfather began to laugh. The grandmother's voice was sharp.

"No, Philip, no! I forbid you!"

But George and the grandfather were already on their way to Mrs Berryman. The grandfather made the introduction with a gracious bow.

"My grandson hopes that you will do him the honour of being his partner in the waltz."

Mrs Berryman smiled at him. "But of course." Then she looked down at George. "Does he know how? I'm not very good with children."

"He knows, don't you, Cocky?"

George nodded, wishing now that he'd never thought of all this.

"Well, come on then," Mrs Berryman said, and took his hand. She turned and smiled at the grandfather as they moved off.

They waltzed slowly, one-two-three, one-two-three, as George had been taught; he was in agony lest he tread on her toes. His head came to just below her breasts, and he was agonisingly conscious of her warmth and scent. He dared not look at her, but he held her carefully as if she were some fragile ornament, her corset its packing case; he wondered if he should speak. Mrs Berryman said nothing, and at length he glanced up at her and saw that she was looking over her shoulder, obviously bored. Then the music stopped, and they were left standing in the middle of the floor. He felt suddenly bereft and empty.

"Thank you", he said, and had to swallow. She sighed and walked away without looking at him. He could see the grandmother beckon-

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ing to him furiously.

He ignored her, and returned to his place beside the men. The party had suddenly become a bore; nothing seemed fun any longer. It would soon be time for supper, but he no longer cared for that. Thrusting his hands in his pockets he scowled across the floor at Myrna, who was prancing up and down in her mother's fur and high-heeled shoes. Then he started to listen to what the men were saying.

"John Berryman was an ass to leave her like that." The speaker was an elderly man with glasses, a friend of the grandfather's. "I only hope she finds someone to replace him." Someone said something that George didn't catch, and they all laughed.

George couldn't understand what the laughter was about; he hated the way they all ignored him.

"Mrs Berryman is a very wicked woman", he said loudly.

The man next to him looked down with a scowl. "What do you mean? Little boys shouldn't say things like that—especially after Mrs Berryman danced with you so kindly. Now you run off and play with the other children."

The music had begun again, a military two-step; the couples were parading round in circles and Boxing Night would soon be over. Suddenly George began to shout.

"She's wicked, she's wicked, she's foul and evil and cruel!" He started to kick the man and pummel him. "She's wicked, she's wicked, she's wicked!" He let his screams grow louder as he saw the grandparents hastening across the room to get him, and he struck out with the whole of his puny armoury, fighting, fighting, the war begun at last.

The Emigrée

There was a country. . . . I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear,
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the brightest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot crush
my original view, the loaded crystal weight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks,
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
The child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a whole grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the State,
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me by secret flight.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
Having drunk from my looking-glass and fed from my hand,
my city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence. They circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
though my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

Carol Rumens

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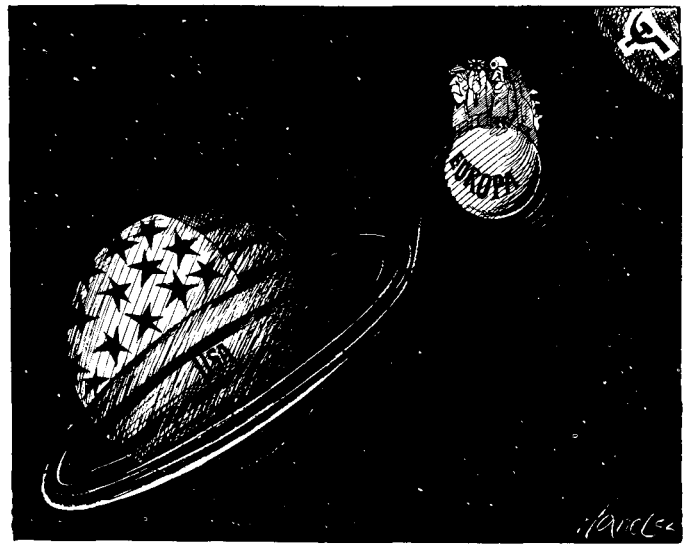
The Dilemma of the West



A Transatlantic Parting of the Ways?

By THEODORE DRAPER

ONE WAY TO UNDERSTAND what has been happening to the Western alliance is to go back to the beginning. It is usual to treat a patient by enquiring into his history, but in this case there is an additional, more pressing reason for going back into the past. It is that both the United States and the European members of NATO are in their own ways trying to restore the original basis of the alliance—not so much in words, though there is some of that, as in their behaviour.

In its origins, the North Atlantic Treaty was not an alliance at all. It was, in effect, a unilateral American guarantee of European security. It no doubt assumed the outward form of an alliance; each member promised to come to the defence of the others. But its inner content was something else; only the United States was able to defend itself and any of the members. In the circumstances of 1949, that sort of arrangement seemed reasonable and necessary. Europe, shattered after the War, could not be expected to stand up to the Soviet Union's overwhelming superiority in conventional arms. The only counter-force appeared to be the American monopoly of atomic weapons. The implicit promise of NATO was that the United States could and would deter the Soviet Union by threatening to use its atomic and later nuclear weapons against the Soviets' conventional and later nuclear arms.

There is no need to go into the history of NATO in greater detail. What is important now is to keep in mind the essential conditions of the original US-European relationship. It was totally one-sided. Its *raison d'être* was European security. It was explicitly limited geographically to the defence of Europe. The geographical limitation was then most agreeable to the United States, which was enabled to do as it pleased outside Europe, sometimes against the interests and wishes of its European allies. The commitment was at the outset only political, with nothing to back it up. The Americans gave the commitment with the idea that Europe in order to defend itself needed the American assurance. Eventual European unity and European self-defence were corollaries of the North Atlantic Treaty. It is doubtful whether the US Senate would have approved of the treaty if it had not been for these two presuppositions. History then played one of its famous pranks—the corollaries faded, the treaty persisted.

Nevertheless, neither the Europeans nor the Americans had in 1950 any trouble making the

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transition from a wide-open political commitment to a full-fledged integrated military organisation. The Europeans wanted the change most of all because they—especially the French—had little confidence in mere words. The appointment of General Eisenhower as NATO's first supreme commander and the stationing of American troops in Europe symbolically assured the Europeans that they had an American trip-wire to set the bombs flying over their heads if massive Soviet armies started to move west. The presumption then prevailed that the United States was sure to be drawn into another European war anyway and that the best way to prevent it was to announce the American intention in advance.

Part of the problem of the alliance is linguistic. The terms "alliance" and "allies" appear to be open-ended and generalised. In fact, this alliance was narrowly circumscribed. The European members of NATO are allies in their own defence and in nothing else. That is how they understand the original compact, and they wish to keep it that way. It was satisfactory to the United States as long as the United States felt strong enough to carry the burden largely by itself. The change came with the relative decline of American power and increasing recognition during the past decade that the United States needed help from its European allies (and Japan) to cope with crises and collapses outside the NATO area. The United States began to call on its European allies for types of allied activity that would have required a new and different compact and division of labour. But attempts to smuggle the new into the old repeatedly failed. Tactical, organisational, and other changes have been made in the military arrangements of NATO, but the basic understanding reached in 1949 has never been altered. As matters stand, there is no longer any real understanding. Each ally does as it pleases on an *ad hoc* basis and not because the alliance calls for it.

IN RETROSPECT, this set-up represented the original sin of the Western alliance, from which it has never been able to free itself. Like the original original sin, it apparently gave pleasure and hurt no one; unfortunately, its consequences also could not be foreseen. The strategic deterrent, on which the alliance was based, was an American monopoly. It was a substitute for building up enough conventional forces in Europe to match the Eastern bloc. The Europeans benefited from the strategic deterrent without paying for it or controlling it. Europe could devote itself wholeheartedly to economic recovery while the United States took care of its security.

It all made sense, until the Soviets developed their own nuclear weapons. That might have been the time to reconsider the entire arrangement. One man thought so.

A SPECTRE is haunting Europe—the spectre of Charles de Gaulle.

French policy has veered wildly. At the outset, the government of Prime Minister Henri Queuille and Foreign Minister Robert Schuman was the most zealous advocate of direct American intervention in Europe. In a famous phrase, Queuille protested that a political commitment was not enough, because it might be nothing more than a promise "to liberate a corpse."

Towards the end of the 1950s, however, President Charles de Gaulle sent French policy spinning in the opposite direction. By 1959, de Gaulle was questioning whether the atomic "equilibrium" between Soviet Russia and the United States could last; he speculated upon whether the two superpowers might not "divide the world" between them or agree not to wage atomic war against each other. Seven years later, de Gaulle brought about the French withdrawal from NATO, by which time the alliance had become little more than a military organisation.

De Gaulle's critique of NATO was devastating. It is still, with left-wing and right-wing variations, the heart of the matter.

De Gaulle aimed his most deadly blows at the unilateral American guarantee. Once the Soviet Union had broken the American atomic monopoly, de Gaulle argued, Europe could not count on the United States to risk its own devastation in order to defend Europe. He built up France's own nuclear armament to give France an independent, if lesser, deterrent. He ridiculed NATO as a mere appendage of the United States. He sought to draw West Germany away from the United States into the French orbit. He was the architect in 1965 of France's *détente* with the Soviet Union, the first in the West. He adopted a nuclear-arms policy of "*tous azimuts*" or targeting in all directions, East and West, to show that he played no favourites between the USSR and the United States.

Yet, even as de Gaulle withdrew France from the military organisation of NATO, he claimed to adhere to the North Atlantic Treaty. On the surface, it looked as if de Gaulle had gone back to the conception of the treaty as a political commitment

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shorn of its military obligations. In practical terms this dual policy made little sense, inasmuch as the political commitment was military in nature, and de Gaulle had done more than anyone else to make Europeans disbelieve in its military efficacy. But there was a different kind of logic to de Gaulle's double bookkeeping.

In effect, de Gaulle traded in the unilateral American guarantee for a European insurance policy. The guarantee had started out as Europe's first and only line of defence; the American deterrent was now demoted to the last line of defence if all else failed. The essence of Gaullism was the complete freedom of France or a French-

The Meaning of "December 13th" . . .

Warsaw

FREE PEOPLE *of the world, we, a group of Solidarity activists, send you an appeal in the midst of our new national tragedy.*

This cannot be an official document, because most of our officials are imprisoned. That could be our fate when this text reaches you. Nevertheless we have tried to represent the views of Solidarity as a whole. We think it is our duty to speak on behalf of those who have been silenced.

In hope we cry out. We do not expect you to compromise your national interests. We do not expect you to fight for us. We call on you to understand our plight and to give the Polish people your moral, political and economic support.

We are today completely shut off from the world. From your radio we believe that you are being misled. We want you to comprehend our struggle.

ON December 13, 1981, a state of war was declared in the centre of Europe. Those of you who remember the last War will imagine what that means. Our towns and roads are besieged by tanks and armoured cars.

Soldiers, armed with automatic weapons aimed at the public—including women, old men and children—are patrolling the streets day and night. They have powers to disperse demonstrations, to arrest at will and execute anybody who fails to obey the martial laws.

AT A TIME *of severe cold and terrible food shortages, our movements are restricted. Communication by telephones has been cut, all mail is censored and a curfew, not experienced since the days of the Nazi occupation, keeps us isolated one from another.*

Already hundreds of people from our region have been arrested. Among those are workers, priests, youngsters, heroes of World War II, members of our union and the Communist Party. We fear for their fate. All legal safeguards against arbitrary power have ceased to exist in Poland.

We ask against whom this state of war was declared? Was it really necessary to mobilise such force against a few so-called "extremists" whose "extremism" consisted merely of a struggle by peaceful and legal means for freedom?

Unlike the extremists in the West, they have never been violent. Why then declare war against them? Do not allow yourself to be fooled. The second largest army in the Warsaw Pact has declared war against the whole of our society; against our workers united in a 10 million-strong union and supported by a vast majority of the nation.

YOU SHOULD BE TOLD that our members have been beaten, humiliated and imprisoned for one crime and one crime only: they tried, in an open way, without conspiracy, to reform a system that had completely failed to provide either economic security or stability for the people of Poland.

August 1980 was not the first time that we tried to reform this unworkable system. From the early Fifties onwards the system prevented us from making good use of the potential riches of our country. It prevented us from using the talents of our people.

Instead we were struggling continually with crises, which culminated in the mass protests of 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976 and 1980–81. Each time desperate attempts to reform the system were brutally repressed. Each time people who have tried to bring changes were called as we are now: "antisocialist", "antipatriots", "foreign agents", "enemies of the nation."

In August 1980 we started as a genuine trade union. Our purpose was to defend rights of all working people. That principle was behind the agreements signed with the government in Gdansk, Szczecin and Jastrzebie on August 30, August 31 and September 3 of 1980 respectively.

BUT SOON *it became clear again that to defend the rights of workers we would have to reform the economic and political system, inherited from the past. Our experts prepared plans for reforms, which formed the subject of public debate. These programmes were widely accepted also by members and many leaders of the Communist Party.*

Many of our ideas were passed in resolutions accepted by the Extraordinary Congress of the PZPR

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dominated Europe to do as it pleased, independently of the United States, in diplomatic, economic and military affairs. As a last resort, however, de Gaulle was unwilling to give up the possible benefits of the North Atlantic Treaty, which he did not rate very highly, for whatever they might be worth. There was not much risk in retaining this last, tenuous link to the United States, since France was bound to make all decisions unilaterally and in its own good time.

We have now had four versions of Gaullism in France—de Gaulle's, Pompidou's, Giscard d'Estaing's, and Mitterrand's. The last three are variations on the theme of Gaullism, depending on

. . . a Folly, a Crime, a Tragedy

(Communist Party) held in July, 1981. There were differences of opinion about details, but there was agreement on principles, namely a dramatic need for deep reforms of the whole system governing us.

OUR PROGRAMME for reform was prepared by the best brains of the country, including many members of the party.

Our whole economy had been directed from the totally incompetent bureaucratic centre. Market mechanisms played no role in planning. Individual incentives were stifled.

The real needs of the people found expression only in the empty declarations of highly privileged party bosses.

The most serious weakness was a total lack of any mechanism for self-correction. Errors and mistakes were always hidden from the public as long as possible. One bad decision stimulated another.

The idea that an injection of Western capital and technology could change the economy of the country without reform of the system proved illusory. The capital was mismanaged in the same way as our own resources.

WE WANT YOU *to understand the enormity of the problems we faced both as a trade union and as a social movement. We are, and always have been, concerned only with internal reforms: to restore moral, social, political and educational order in our country.*

We do not need to look for other tasks. But we want you to appreciate our attitude towards our international position. We are not naive. We understand only too well our geographical position.

In the Resolution of the First National Congress of Solidarity, held in Gdansk in September 1981, we declared:

> *"Our sense of responsibility ensures that we bear in mind the political set-up created in Europe after World War II. We want to pursue our great task of the transformation of our nation without affecting present international alliances."*

This is where we stand.

DEVELOPMENTS since December 13 are bringing us rapidly to our greatest national tragedy.

The declaration of martial law is nothing more than a continuation of the mistakes made by our rulers for over 30 years. Our military rulers have learned nothing from the misjudgments of the past. They do not understand Polish society. They did not listen to the warnings from their own Party members not to take such a step. They do not even respect the analysis of the situation published by the Communist Party itself over the past 16 months. They do not care about the opinion of the Church or the rest of society.

We want you to appreciate that what has happened in Poland is not simply an assumption of power by a national army. Introduction of military rule removes any chance of the return to stability and the renewal of our system. It kills all possibilities of the implementation of economic reform, already an extremely difficult task before December 13.

DO NOT BELIEVE *those who tell you that this military régime can bring any progress to Poland. Military men do not understand the complexity of the situation, they do not understand the sources of our crises. Once more they are trying to run an economic system by orders from above. Every week of martial law will cost our economy far more than all the strikes called by Solidarity. And those strikes you must know were the only means at our disposal to bring at least some small changes to our economic and social system.*

THE MILITARY RULERS are so out of touch that they have already reintroduced Saturday work, although everybody in Poland has known for a long time that our industries were capable of only operating for three to four days a week because of shortage of energy, transport and raw materials.

How can our economy be stabilised or made to run efficiently, when telecommunications are cut, the flow of information is blocked, private transport is suspended and many of our workers and engineers are either imprisoned or threatened by persecution and arrest?

How can we work efficiently when the whole of our society is under strong psychological stress? How can the mining industry—our only chance to earn hard currency at the moment—expand when, according to our information, coal miners are maltreated? Every day of martial law deepens our economic crisis and reduces the chance for future reform.

The military rulers also display astonishing political naivety. Do they imagine that by imprisoning former party leaders at the same time as they detained thousands of innocent workers and officials of Solidarity, they can placate the Polish people?

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circumstances and personalities, and may therefore be called neo-Gaullist. The last is the newest and, therefore, the least well known and understood.

THE BEST INTRODUCTION to Mitterrand's neo-Gaullism is his most recent book, *Ici et maintenant*, completed in October 1980, only seven months before the recent French presidential elections.

One chapter is entitled "*La drôle d'alliance*", which may be translated as "the funny alliance", or "the phoney alliance" (as in the case of the "phoney war" of 1939–1940).

Here are some of the things said by Mitterrand

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WE WANT YOU *to understand our attitude to Poland's foreign debt of $27 billion. We want you to know that we were never in any way consulted about the borrowings from the West.*

Our huge debts came to light only last year, under pressure from independent economists and later Solidarity. The credits were secretly negotiated and then to a large extent mismanaged.

From your radio we learn now that the military government is asking for new credits and a rescheduling of the previous debts. Again the Polish people are not informed by their rulers and are not consulted. If the negotiations of the military government with your bankers succeed, we can expect at least one thing from the "forces of order and law", as they call themselves: more debts.

OUR ECONOMY desperately needs further loans. They are essential for our economic survival and recovery. But let us make something absolutely clear. For our sick economy credits have significance only as a part of the attempt to reform the entire system. Loans are welcomed only with the resumption of the programme interrupted by martial law and the state of war, introduced on December 13.

That programme called for the self-management of enterprises, the introduction of incentives, the general mobilisation of all our working people and the self-sacrifice of our whole society for years to come within a new rational economic system.

IT IS ABSURD *to expect any of these things to take place under military rule. Even if the soldiers march us to work, they would meet with passive resistance.*

Do not expect us to produce under present conditions goods which will be welcomed in your markets. In the electronic era a competitive and efficient economy, capable of repaying its debts to the international community, cannot arise out of slavery and humiliation.

We hear from some of your commentators on the radio that the present tragedy of Poland was caused because Solidarity went too far, that we wanted too much. But did the people who now take this line look closely at our negotiations with the Government?

Since September last year our union became more and more the subject of furious and unjustified attacks and accusations. Signed agreements were very often not respected, promises withdrawn, further negotiations blocked. Although we heard that we were receiving a lot of food and other economic aid from both the East and the West, our shops were emptier and emptier.

FROM September onwards even petrol became a rare commmodity causing a decline in public transport. You will not wonder why our people, although unbelievably patient, were becoming more and more bitter and disillusioned.

They did not see why all their reforms were blocked, why nothing changed. They did not understand why we did not bring them promised changes and improvements. Can you blame us, that many of our leaders wanted to change the standstill? But from November chances of understanding seemed to disappear, in spite of spectacular events like the meeting between Archbishop Glemp, our leader Lech Walesa and General Jaruzelski.

Can you blame some of our young colleagues, who ceased to believe in any hope of our continued existence within the system?

Can you honestly blame many of us for being very bitter when the Government announced in November its economic policy for the following year? Most of our economic advisers saw that document as marking the end of prospects for real economic reform for 1982. It was only under these pressures and a feeling of complete hopelessness of further cooperation with the authorities, that our National Commission of Solidarity at its last meeting on December 12 voted for a free election.

FREE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD: *give us your full support in our struggle for human rights. Do not believe that you can have peace and stability in Europe with Poland, in the heart of your continent, harassed by a régime of terror.*

Do not believe those who say that military rule may restore stability and prosperity to Poland. They are myopic. They want to sacrifice long-term interests for short-run expediency. The military has no capacity to solve any of our problems.

Do not believe in the good sense of your bankers. They were sufficiently naive to place $27 billion of your money into the hands of a corrupted and incompetent régime.

Demonstrate on behalf of those imprisoned. Speak up for the restoration of our freedom.

Do not allow camps to appear again in the land of Auschwitz and Treblinka. Press for the restoration of our union and removal of martial law in Poland.

Fighting for us, you are fighting for your own ideals, for preservation of peace and freedom, which make your life so good and secure.

A Group of Solidarity Activists
Warsaw, in December 1981

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on the Atlantic alliance in the book:

> "That contradiction [between European and US trade with the Soviet Union] proves that there is no Atlantic alliance or more exactly that it no longer has any content." (p. 230)

> "The Atlantic alliance calls for consultation between the partners in case of danger—that is all. The treaty of Brussels says a little more, but in truth no one in the West knows what the scope of the alliance is, what it requires, and how automatic it is . . . . What is known for the time being is that the Alliance rests on a fiction of American intervention in Europe in the event of Soviet aggression." (p. 232)

> "I am no more attached to the Atlantic alliance than a Rumanian or a Pole is attached to the Warsaw Pact." (pp. 241-242)

> "France left NATO, that is, the integrated command which placed it, in a roundabout, formal way, under the subordination of the Pentagon, without suffering any other punishment than bad humour. We have left it, and we will not return." (p. 242)

> "Nothing disposes me to postulate the necessity of the Atlantic alliance, and I would be satisfied with a situation which would make it defunct." (pp. 242-243)

> "I still like to cry out: enough of hypocrisies, enough of the American hypocrisy which reduces its allies to the status of satellites in exchange for a hypothetical protection . . . ." (p. 244)

> "De Gaulle never fell for the American game . . . . He blocked war. And he was right." (p. 246)

> "The Soviet machine messes up and America is no longer a reliable partner for anyone." (p. 246)

> "I have not chosen either Russia or America. I try to face the double danger." (p. 253)

These excerpts are enough to give the substance and style of Mitterrand's thought on the alliance not so long ago. They are essentially Gaullist, though more extreme than anything de Gaulle permitted himself to say. After his election, however, Mitterrand stopped saying these unpleasant things about the United States and instead began to make cooing sounds in the direction of Washington. The shift in tone seems to have come about because Mitterrand was converted to the view that new Soviet nuclear arms had upset the balance in Europe and made necessary a Western rearmament effort.

The key term here is "balance." French policy ever since de Gaulle has been based on the premise that France needs a balance of power between the United States-Atlantic Alliance and the Soviet Union-Warsaw Pact in order to pursue French interests most successfully. The difference is that the East was considered to be the weaker in de Gaulle's time, the West now. France wants a change in the Atlantic Alliance to make it stronger, but that does not mean that France wants a change in its own relationship to the alliance.

When the French Foreign Minister, Claude Cheysson, was in Washington last June, he told reporters that he emphatically supported the emplacement of the 572 new American medium-range missiles in Europe "to counter what is regarded as a Soviet advantage in that field." But when asked what France would do to emplace those missiles, he replied that "there are no plans to station them in France." The other Europeans must enjoy getting advice from France which the French are not willing to take for themselves.

The German weekly *Der Spiegel* published a paraphrase of the record of a meeting between Mitterrand and the former German Chancellor Willy Brandt last July. Mitterrand told Brandt that France "needs equilibrium between the blocs", has no intention of assuming any responsibility for the defence of its German neighbour, and prefers to concentrate totally "on the nuclear deterrent for its own territory." Brandt apparently complained that the Germans "were fed up with being treated as a colony by the Americans." Mitterrand gave him no sympathy.

In effect, post-Gaullist France has been in the position of manipulating much stronger forces than itself, and needs an "equilibrium" between them in order to play off one side against the other. For the time being, France feels the need to help create a better balance by tilting over to the American side in the East-West arms equation. It is the alleged arms imbalance on the continent of Europe that has brought about seemingly better Franco-American relations; elsewhere in the world, as in the Middle East and El Salvador, French policy is as ruggedly independent of and obtrusively annoying to the United States as before. No one need complain that the French are self-seeking; everyone else is.

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THE DEFECTION OF FRANCE was, in truth, a deadly blow to the alliance in its original form. Without France, Western Europe is a political and geographical amputee. France set the example, now being followed by others in varying degrees, of doing or not doing whatever it pleased, while holding in reserve "a hypothetical protection" and "a fiction of American intervention in Europe"—in Mitterrand's words. That de Gaulle's arguments and actions were not taken more seriously and debated more openly at the time has now to be paid for. Anyone reading Mitterrand's book still has to face essentially the same arguments and the same actions.

De Gaulle's withdrawal from NATO, however, presupposed that the military structure would remain substantially intact, for only in that way could he safely perform his balancing act. One of the peculiar aspects of Gaullism is that it pays off the most when the French are the only ones to practise it. Too many Gaullist-type nations in Europe would produce a confusion of weak, free-wheeling nationalisms in the West, leaving France with no backstop in case of need. As a result, French officials have taken the lead in warning against a European neutralist epidemic. It was Foreign Minister Cheysson who not so long ago saw fit to denounce the neutralist trend as a "danger", which he attributed to "immense weariness" and which made him "despair."

The French example is, therefore, not easily transferable. The Papandreou government in Greece may imitate French Gaullism by removing all nuclear weapons from Greek soil and withdrawing from NATO's military establishment. But these moves were only *half* of de Gaulle's strategy. The other half was building up France's own nuclear and conventional forces to a respectable level of defence and deterrence. Papandreou's Greece is only half Gaullist—the negative half.

West Germany is in a somewhat similar position, even though it is much richer and far more industrialised than Greece. The Germans can get rid of NATO's American nuclear weapons, but they are most unlikely to substitute their own. For a while, it seemed as if West Germany and France might form a new European axis, half in and half out of NATO. This eventuality now appears to be remote because Germany is being tempted by a pacifist-neutralist option that estranges it from France as well as from the United States. The French option turns out to be peculiarly French.

Yet the French case is most instructive because only France seems relatively immune today to the anti-nuclear and anti-American mood in much of Europe. The French do not need to demonstrate against nuclear weapons because they do not have foreign nuclear weapons to demonstrate against; they have their own, and the French are *not* demonstrating against them. They are not demonstrating against NATO, because they do not have NATO in their midst. The clue to a critical aspect of the European anti-nuclear and anti-American campaign may well be in France.

THE CLUE IS, fundamentally, simple and obvious. It helps to explain why a weapon that in its atomic form gave birth to the Western Alliance has now in its nuclear form become the favourite argument against it.

The short answer is the same in both cases: They are American weapons. Europeans first wanted them because they were American weapons, and now many do not want them for the same reason. The trouble is not so much in the weapons, as the French experience shows; the trouble is in the changed relationship between Western Europe and the United States.

The changes since 1949 are too familiar to be belaboured—"rough parity" between the Soviet Union and the United States; nuclear weapons stationed in and targeted on Europe; the recovery of Europe as an economic and political rival of the United States; the authority squandered by the United States in Viet Nam, Watergate, Iran, and elsewhere. Changes of such magnitude could not leave the alliance—or even illusions about it—unshaken.

A singular shift has taken place in the focus of the alliance. The main conflict is now within the alliance rather than between it and potential enemies. The campaign to get nuclear weapons out of Europe is at the same time a campaign to get the United States out of Europe. The anti-nuclear campaign is shot through with anti-Americanism. It is particularly virulent in West Germany, which was once "the most solid ally of the United States" and "has become the allied country in which anti-Americanism is sharpest", as Professor Alfred Grosser, the distinguished French historian who follows German events with particular care, recently put it. To make matters worse, the German manifestation of anti-Americanism is most extensive and vitriolic in the governing Social-Democratic Party.

Egon Bahr is not a run-of-the-mill German

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Social-Democrat. He has long been one of former Chancellor Willy Brandt's closest associates; he was a State Secretary during Brandt's Chancellorship, and was entrusted with the negotiation of the *détente* agreements with the Soviet Union and Poland in 1970. He is now head of the Social-Democratic Party's disarmament work and will undoubtedly play a leading role in the separate Soviet-German arms negotiations arranged during the recent Brezhnev-Schmidt talks in Bonn. A few months ago, Bahr accused the United States of "using NATO to run Western Europe as their protectorate", as if the Egon Bahrs would be in a position to make such an accusation if the United States were actually running Western Europe as a protectorate. What was most notable about Bahr's line of attack was its Gaullist overtones. Bahr, however, did not follow de Gaulle to urge West Germany to substitute its own nuclear weapons for NATO's. The nationalist side of Gaullism lends itself to disarmament as well as rearmament, as long as both exclude American weapons.

AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, another leading German Social-Democrat, Günter Gaus, came forward with similar views. Until recently, Gaus was the chief West German diplomatic representative to the Communist régime in East Berlin. He is now adviser on German and international affairs to the Social-Democratic Party's top leadership of which Brandt is the titular head. Gaus charged that the deployment of the new American medium-range missiles in Germany would make it the equivalent of a Roman-style American "province"—as if Roman rulers would have asked permission of their provincial officials to put certain weapons in their territories! Gaus also imputed to the United States a virtual conspiracy to use those missiles in Europe as a means of keeping nuclear conflict away from the United States and restricting it to Europe. Here again, a Gaullist element—that the United States would never open itself up to devastation through an intercontinental nuclear exchange—was employed without fitting into the entire Gaullist programme. Brandt and de Gaulle are also not without some intellectual affinity; Brandt's recent memoir, *People and Politics*, has a chapter on his conversations with de Gaulle that reads like the lectures of a teacher to a pupil.

On 8 November 1981, Gaus produced a full programme of his own in a speech at a Social-Democratic conference in Berlin. Startlingly, he called for a return to the old policy of "massive retaliation" and for repudiation of its successor policy, "flexible response." He demanded the revival of NATO's original strategy of 1949, by which he understood that any attack on Western Europe, nuclear or conventional, should be answered immediately by the most devastating *American* intercontinental missiles. Such a guarantee of American reprisal, he explained (as reported in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* the following day), could give Europe the possibility of reaching "a new stage of *détente* through the removal of atomic weapons from Central Europe." Europe, as Gaus sees it, should aim at an expansion of *détente* with the Soviet Union, a nuclear-free Europe, and the old American unilateral guarantee of "*totale Vergeltung*."

ON THE FACE OF IT, this arrangement would seem to be somewhat one-sided. The United States would commit itself to the risk of devastation on behalf of European security, while Europe would go on establishing closer ties with the Soviet Union under cover of American protection. Whatever one may think of this type of reciprocity, it has the virtue of making some things clear. A nuclear-free Europe in this scheme is intended to save Europe from a nuclear war by limiting it to the United States and the Soviet Union—just the opposite of the "American conspiracy" that Gaus had earlier imputed to the United States. We have here a yearning to return to the original basis of the Atlantic alliance in circumstances altogether different from those that originally prevailed. If Gaus had not fallen back on the unilateral American guarantee, he would have left a nuclear-free Europe in a state of nuclear pacifism. Here we have a kind of prestidigitator's trick of pulling out of the bag at the last possible moment the American "ultimate deterrent" to enable Europe to take out a pseudo-Gaullist insurance policy as it goes on with *détente* and nuclear disarmament.

Anti-nuclear West Germans are not the only ones who are struggling with the problem of backing up neutralism with some residual force. Professor E. P. Thompson, the British campaigner for a nuclear-free Europe, has rested his hopes on a different kind of force. The European peace movement, he has written, can be called "neutral" in the sense that it refuses to take sides at all. But he wants the term to embrace a "peaceful European opinion acting as a Third Negotiator, between both

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superpowers, with the ultimate objective of reunifying European societies and culture." His force, then, is that of "peaceful European opinion." One is tempted to tell him what the Duke of Wellington in full regalia is said to have told someone who greeted him on the street as Mr Jones: "If you believe that, Sir, you will believe anything."

Another hint of how Europe might make itself nuclear-free without worrying too much was given by Tony Benn, the left-wing Labour MP to whom the new British Social Democratic Party owes much of its success. Benn gave a speech in which he held out the cheerful prospect that the experiences of Afghanistan, Viet Nam and Algeria "may prove" that "a determined people is the best guarantee against permanent domination from outside." A nuclear-free Europe might become another Afghanistan, Viet Nam or Algeria, but no need to fret—the domination from the outside world would not be "permanent."

It is much easier, then, to get rid of American weapons than to put something equivalent in their place. Unfortunately, the United States has not made the problem any easier for the Europeans.

THE UNITED STATES in its present incarnation has also been straining to throw off the constraints and contradictions of the alliance.

The original programme of Candidate Reagan and the Republican Party to restore the country to the once blessed state of "superiority" betrayed a wish to re-establish the old relationships with both opponents and allies. This outburst of nostalgia evoked a time when American atomic or nuclear superiority appeared to be so decisive that opponents were apparently daunted and allies reassured. The goal of superiority never made military or economic sense; when Ronald Reagan implied that he relished the prospect of an arms race because "they can't win", he should have added—"and neither can we, even if we could afford it." The level of destructiveness from no more than a small part of the existing stock of nuclear weapons is so appallingly high that a race for superiority can only be a competition in redundancy. Nevertheless, even fantasies have their meanings—in this case, a return to a paradise lost of American prepotency.

The way the Reagan administration handled the affair of "the neutron bomb" was also evidence that it sought to break through the confines of alliance politics. The military aspect of the neutron bomb is not the point here. More significant was the official explanation for the administration's abrupt action. The bomb's limited range makes it totally useless in the United States. In the face of European resistance, it was made known in Washington that the United States could not permit the Europeans to exercise a "veto power" over an American weapon. It was left unsaid that the United States could not prevent the Europeans from exercising a veto power over the use of that weapon. If the neutron bomb is not an "alliance weapon", it is utterly irrelevant and immaterial. The West German government, caught in the middle, played along with the sham by calling the Reagan decision an "exclusively American affair." If this was an exclusively American affair, it is hard to see why any nuclear weapon is also a European affair.

What this byplay meant in effect was the potential transfer of American nuclear weapons back to the United States. If the successful European opponents of the neutron bomb have their way, the same fate awaits the other nuclear weapons stationed in Europe. In principle, all of them raise the same problem. The real issue is not whether Europe wishes to be defended by neutron bombs or Pershing IIs but whether Europe wishes to be defended by American nuclear weapons at all.

THE HANDLING OF the neutron bomb enabled the United States to take unilateral action to get out of an impasse in the alliance. *American unilateralism* seeks to do for the United States what *neutralism* seeks to do for Europe—to regain freedom of action or inaction. The Americans are mainly interested in freedom of action, the Europeans in freedom of inaction. The case of the neutron bomb illustrated both freedoms—the Americans insisted on freedom of action to produce the bomb, the Europeans maintained freedom of inaction to refuse the bomb.

The United States has increasingly taken unilateral action in order to take any action at all. Unilateralism has, in fact, become an alternative to isolationism. The United States is not isolationist today; it is isolated. Isolationism is a policy—being isolated is a condition. If the United States were isolationist, it would not take *any* action, unilateral or otherwise, where its immediate interests were not at stake. The chances are that the United States will continue to be more unilateralist than isolationist, if only to safeguard its far-flung interests throughout the world. Nevertheless, some semblance of isolationism may make a come-back. If the condi-

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tion became a habit, it could easily turn into a reasonable facsimile of the policy. Then there would be no need to make such halfway, unilateral decisions as the production and stockpiling of neutron bombs in the United States for a Europe which did not, at least for the moment, want them.

The neutron bomb and Pershing II missiles are not new types of nuclear weapons; they are "modernised" versions of existing weapons. Much of the pressure for such modernisation came from Europe, and especially from Chancellor Schmidt. In a famous public lecture (at the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, in October 1977), he demanded that something should be done to close "the disparities between East and West" in nuclear and conventional weaponry in Europe. The neutron bomb and Pershing IIs were answers to his prayers.

Yet NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns recently found it necessary to call attention to a popular European myth:

> "I am frankly appalled at the way people who know better have allowed the myth to spread that nuclear force modernization is an initiative being foisted by the United States on its European allies. The truth is that it was a European initiative . . . ."

The "myth" did not merely spread; it was "allowed" to spread. This kind of negligence must be attributed to something other than absent-mindedness.

YET ABSENTMINDEDNESS is about the kindest thing that can be attributed to the recent indiscretions by President Reagan and Secretary of State Haig. If they were blunders, they were the kind of blunders that tell more than the most carefully thought-out pronouncements.

A political storm broke in Europe over President Reagan's bumbling remark about the possibility of a limited tactical nuclear battlefield exchange without necessarily bringing on a full-scale Soviet-American nuclear war. As even *Le Monde* (21 October) recognised, the idea was neither new nor surprising, "a truth no specialist will dispute, which is that a limited nuclear war in Europe or elsewhere will not necessarily lead to either of the two superpowers having recourse to its chief strategic arsenal . . . ." Yet this "truth" struck a raw nerve. Why was there such a furious European reaction?

The reason is embedded in the logic of a limited nuclear war, which is in turn implanted in the doctrine of "flexible response." According to the doctrine, a future war should be held at the lowest possible level, nuclear or conventional. A limited nuclear war is obviously a lower level than a full-scale nuclear war. The principle seems reasonable enough—so long as no one asks where the level is going to be located or where that limited war is going to take place.

What is the name of the battlefield on which a nuclear tactical exchange could occur or a limited war break out? The name is obviously some place in Europe, or anywhere but in the United States. That was the battlefield President Reagan was actually talking about, however oblivious he may have been to it. A library of books has been written on "flexible response" and "limited nuclear war" without making that clear either. Yet there has long been a European tradition of preferring to be protected by strategic American nuclear weapons that Europeans have always believed to be the best ultimate deterrent to any nuclear or even conventional war in Europe. It may seem reasonable and even obvious to Americans that it is best to have a variety of options and flexibility of responses. The trouble is that options and flexibility unerringly point to a conventional or nuclear war in Europe as against a nuclear war between the Soviet Union and the United States.

Secretary Haig's equally fumbling recollection of a NATO proposal for a "demonstration" firing of a nuclear weapon also came as a shocking revelation in Europe. It should not have come as such a surprise to some highly-placed Europeans. For the idea was originally theirs.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT IT at present comes almost exclusively from Henry Kissinger's memoirs, *The White House Years*. In addition to its inherent interest, Kissinger's story gets us close to the innermost Western dilemma.

The idea was, according to Kissinger, the brainchild of Denis Healey, then British Minister of Defence in the Labour government headed by Prime Minister Harold Wilson, and today deputy leader of the Labour Party. Since NATO's conventional forces could hold out for only a few days, Healey thought it was essential to use nuclear weapons at an early stage.

> "Healey stressed [Kissinger tells us] the crucial importance of making the Soviets understand that the West would prefer to escalate to a strategic exchange rather than surrender." (p. 219)

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On the other hand, he wanted to hold nuclear devastation down to a minimum. The upshot was "the use of a very small number of tactical weapons as a warning that matters were getting out of hand."

Britain was supported by West Germany in this proposal for a "demonstrative use" of nuclear weapons. The plan called for setting off a nuclear weapon in a remote location, such as in the air over the Mediterranean, as a signal that something more "drastic" might follow. Kissinger himself never thought much of the scheme. He was persuaded that the Europeans wanted nuclear protection, but not on their territories—"what seemed 'limited' to us could be catastrophic for them." If it came to an ultimate crisis, Europe desired the early use of strategic or intercontinental nuclear weapons from the United States, in effect, "a US-Soviet nuclear war fought over their heads." The Americans sought to develop other options, starting with tactical battlefield nuclear weapons and ending with strategic intercontinental nuclear weapons only as the ultimate recourse.

THE RESULT in 1969 was a "temporary compromise" that merely "papered over the dispute." The NATO Nuclear Planning Group, to which the US, Great Britain, West Germany, and Italy belonged, decided to come down in favour of both "demonstrative" and "operational" uses of tactical nuclear weapons. But the American representatives, headed by Melvin Laird, then Secretary of Defense, had no illusions about the gap that was widening between European and American attitudes towards the use of nuclear weapons. Laird reported to President Nixon:

> "The longer-term problem of divergence between American and European views on strategy remains."

Kissinger himself recognised that "the real goal of our allies"—to commit the United States to early use of strategic nuclear weapons—underlined "the dilemma of tactical nuclear weapons."

For once, Dr Kissinger is right. Nuclear war presents a genuine dilemma. The present administration may have exacerbated it, but the dilemma was there long before Reagan, Haig, and Weinberger. The hard core of the matter is one of substance, not style.

THE DILEMMA ARISES from the very nature of NATO's nuclear arsenal. It is NATO's in form but American in fact. This brutal reality means that the ultimate fate of Europe, if it comes to that, must be decided by Americans or even by a single American, the President, not by Europeans. There would be no dilemma if the interests of Europeans and Americans were the same. Unfortunately, they both are and are not. They *are* the same to the extent of deterring nuclear war altogether. But they are not the same if it comes to nuclear war. It is in the interest of Europe to keep such a war away from Europe, and it is in the interest of the United States to keep it away from the United States. Away, for Europe, means in the United States; away, for the United States, means in Europe.

Nuclear weapons in Europe are inexorably linked with the United States because they are American weapons under American control. Anti-Americanism is, therefore, an inevitable concomitant of anti-nuclear weaponry. Where the weapons are not American, as in France, anti-Americanism of that type has no nuclear base to rest on.

How would the British feel, Chancellor Schmidt recently asked a British correspondent, if neither the British government nor the British nation had jurisdiction over "some 90 to 100 American missiles on British soil"? In an interview in *Time* magazine (19 October 1981), President Mitterrand expressed sympathy for the difficult "contradiction" that had been created for West Germany by virtue of being "loaded with nuclear explosives that are not under its control." That is where the raw nerve is. West Germany might still have quite a few difficult contradictions even if it controlled its own nuclear explosives, but at least it would feel that it was taking its fate into its own hands.

IS THERE A WAY OUT of the dilemma?

In such a dilemma, there is only one thing to do—to grasp one horn or the other, for one cannot have it both ways.

France grasped one of the horns by leaving NATO's military organisation and building its own nuclear and conventional forces. It is a course which Defence Minister Charles Hernu inferentially recommended to other European nations and to the United States. France, he has maintained, became a stronger and better American ally by getting out of NATO. "If France were fully inside NATO", he argued, "Frenchmen might go to sleep, saying to themselves, 'Oh, well, the Americans are there with their nuclear umbrella. There is no point in our

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making a strong effort.' It is this sense of independence that gives the French the feeling that they are not neutral."

If this prescription has done so much good for France, it presumably should do just as well for the other members of NATO. West Germany or Italy, for example, might get out of NATO, and thereby prevent themselves from going to sleep, cease depending on the American nuclear umbrella, make their own strong effort, and wake up feeling independent and unneutral.

NATO itself would in this event be emptied of meaning and membership. The French formula is based on a paradox—get out of the alliance in order to be a better ally. The French, of course, do not literally mean that. Their logic is supposed to hold good only for France. France is in the peculiar position of needing the alliance in order to benefit from staying out of it.

Yet the French are not the only ones to be impressed with themselves. General Bernard Rogers, the present US supreme commander of NATO, made the remarkable statement in Brussels last March that "France is an example for NATO." If that example were followed by other NATO members, General Rogers would not have much to command. The same strange thought has even come directly out of Washington. "From a military point of view", said Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, "we might wish we had a few more Mitterrand governments." If the United States wanted to inspire an exodus from NATO, it could do no better than to encourage more Mitterrand-type governments in Western Europe, as the Papandreou government in Greece has already demonstrated.

STILL, WHATEVER the implications for NATO, the French case cannot be dismissed. The French decision to get out of NATO was linked with a French resolution to have their own nuclear umbrella, make a stronger effort of their own, and develop a respectable sense of independence. If, according to French rationality, the American nuclear umbrella has made other European nations weak-willed and dependent-minded, the clear lesson is that they need to be shaken up and forced to take their fate in their own hands. The French even offer the United States a bonus—a decline in anti-Americanism.

Unfortunately, all this is easier said than done. In de Gaulle's time, independence from American nuclear weapons meant French nuclear weapons. Today, elsewhere, independence from American nuclear weapons is more likely to mean *no* nuclear weapons. The French option is, nevertheless, a theoretical possibility. Those who wish to take it need only build up their own armed forces, nuclear or conventional, individually or within a European framework. That framework is already there in the European Economic Community, which has increasingly taken on political assignments.

An alternative version would be for Western Europe to concentrate on conventional forces without nuclear weapons. Some of the best European minds have been advocating such a course. One school of thought professes to believe that there is little or no danger of a Soviet nuclear attack on Europe, because it would destroy the very assets that the Soviets could hope to gain. Others insist that the Soviets and their satellites are so strained internally that they could not risk launching an attack on Western Europe. If "nuclear blackmail" to extort political concessions is the real European problem, the decisive factor in any such crisis would be Europe's will and resolve to resist. If Europeans really believed that there was no need to worry about a Soviet aggression or nuclear war, they could rest secure in the knowledge that all they need are strong nerves.

THE THIRD European option is some form of nuclear pacifism, such as unilateral nuclear disarmament. The Americans and French clearly believe that nuclear force is necessary for an effective defence in modern warfare. On this assumption, nuclear disarmament really masks a more general type of pacifism. The anti-nuclear campaign is, in effect, essentially pacifist unless it advocates some other way to resist. The emphasis of the anti-nuclear movement is in fact almost wholly on what should be banned, not on what should be manned. If Professor Thompson's "peaceful European opinion" can do the trick of acting as a third force, negotiating between the superpowers and ultimately reunifying Europe, it has no need for either nuclear or conventional forces.

For good reason, then, Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria, no admirer of US policy, spoke critically some months ago of "a wave of pacifism sweeping Europe." At a French Socialist conference last year (Valence, 25 October),. Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy said that "the upsurge of neutralism in Western Europe, which hides behind pacifist speeches, must alarm us . . . ." If two such statesmen could make such flat and apprehensive statements about the state of Europe in 1981, the

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pacifist-neutralist tide cannot be easily dismissed as a figment of inflamed American imaginations.

An internecine struggle is being waged passively and actively, in the streets, in governing or opposition parties, and from country to country. The "Dutch disease" is not an American invention. Josef Joffe, an editor of *Die Zeit* (Hamburg), wrote in *Foreign Affairs* of Spring 1981 that "countries like Belgium, Holland and Denmark can no longer be regarded as full-fledged members of the Alliance . . . ." They have begun to play a waiting game, their active membership no more than a historical hangover or convenient fiction. The two countries that count the most, Great Britain and West Germany, are most divided. In Britain, the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress have officially adopted the policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament; in decline as they may be, they still possess a mass following and show how extreme the opposition, which is not limited to them, has become. A poll published in the London *Observer* reported that 53% of the country want an end to US bases. In West Germany, the governing Social-Democratic Party is split from top to bottom, with Chancellor Schmidt fighting a rearguard battle in his party's own executive *Vorstand.*

The final returns are, of course, not yet in, but the forces sapping the alliance have cut deeply into its foundations and show no signs of losing the initiative. These forces do not have to take over countries; it is enough for them to reach a certain critical mass to produce enough turmoil and division to make governments tremble and alliances totter.

NUCLEAR SHADOW-BOXING between President Reagan and President Brezhnev is not likely to change the nature of the European dilemma.

That dilemma arises from the European dependence on American weapons, not on whether there should be a few less or a few more. The horror of our condition is that there is such a redundancy of entire nuclear systems as well as of individual weapons on both sides that they can make token offers of reductions without essentially changing the devastating power of what is left. The Soviets are in the especially favourable position of being able to threaten Europe with a nuclear catastrophe even if they do away with all their *SS-4*s, *SS-5*s and *SS-20*s, as demanded by President Reagan. As McGeorge Bundy has pointed out, any long-range missile that can reach the United States can also reach Europe.

> "There are so many of these missiles—some 2,500—and they have so many large warheads—some 7,000—that less than 10% of the force could produce all the results in Europe that could ever be feared from the *SS-20*. . . . [As a result] when you have vastly more than 'enough' for inter-continental strategic deterrence, as both sides do today, you have more than enough for smaller assignments too."
>
> *Washington Post*, 20 October 1981

It is one of the wonders of the American political system that President Reagan can make a presumably earth-shaking proposal which high Washington officials immediately tell the press they do not expect the Soviets to accept. A proposal which requires the Soviets to get rid of hundreds of missiles they already have in place in order to save the United States the trouble of producing other hundreds of missiles which might never get placed in Europe is obviously designed to show what good prophets those officials are. By the time this nuclear badminton game is over, the spectators are apt to be more groggy than the players.

IN THIS SOVIET-AMERICAN GAME, West Germany is the main prize. It has just the right combination of strengths and weaknesses to make it gyrate wildly around and between the two superpowers. Its technology makes it the best Western partner for the Soviet Union. Its exposed military position makes it hesitate to give up the American connection. In effect, it profits from its strong point in the East and trades on its weakness in the West. Like Gaullist France, it can carry on this ambidextrous and ambiguous policy only by manipulating forces much greater than its own. It moves uneasily from being paid off by both sides to being caught in a crush between them. Even more than France, it now requires an "equilibrium" between the US and the USSR to get the most out of its central position and exploitation of *Détente*-cum-Deterrence. But in international life equilibrium is one of the hardest conditions to maintain. The result is that the present German policy of getting into the middle produces both the greatest benefits and the greatest risks.

In this mix-up within and between the blocs, American pressure on Europe will do no good. It has backfired so regularly in the past few years that alliance politics has become an exercise in

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American masochism. The United States has repeatedly made the mistake of telling its European associates what they should do. No good can come from such American tactics. It would be best for all concerned if Europeans were left to decide their own fate freely, bearing full responsibility for whatever they decide. The shibboleth of "American leadership" has taken on a false and hollow ring that merely serves to point up the lack of it. Every intrusion of American demands and pressures only makes the United States the issue, not the substance of the proposal.

On these matters there is no abstract right and wrong that Americans can decide for Europeans or anyone else. There is a coincidence or clash of national and regional interests, which have a disconcerting way of showing a different face in Washington, Paris, Bonn, London and . . . Moscow. The worst possible outcome is for Europeans to be presented with the choice of deciding for or against the United States. Whatever the future relationship to the United States may prove to be, it should be decided by Europeans for the sake of Europe, without making the United States an alibi, a scapegoat or a saviour.

But dilemmas of this sort cannot last forever. The original conception of the North Atlantic treaty was that it would give Western Europe time and means to defend itself. In strange and unforeseen circumstances, Western Europe is forcing itself to face this old challenge by struggling against being defended by the United States. If the best way out of the dilemma (as Professor Michael Howard and others believe) lies in "the field of conventional armaments", Western Europe is well able to take care of its defence if only it has the will and fortitude to do so. What it cannot have is a defence based on an alliance without allies and a leader without followers. It will be all too easy for Western Europe to get rid of "dependence on the United States." That is not a solution; it is the beginning of the problem.

Communion

Each season brings its own loneliness:
this morning the three bells ring
through frost. It is the temperature
I tell myself which keeps us
so deep and slowly moving, and
know that I am lying.

On the other side of the mist
an animal sounds muffled and far away.
The filtered sun shows its own sad beauty
and, just out of sight, the day shines.
Dearly beloved, the grass is always greener
where the others pray.

At night the stubble burns in long lines
of orange flame, making black pathways
to winter's shortest day where,
at the maze-heart, we find a cup
some old bread and a little wine.

Nobody said we must feel this love,
only that it is beyond our understanding.
Nobody said we must be happy.
Only at the heart of this mystery
something is about to happen which depends
upon our lives and our forgiveness.

Edwin Brock

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Michael Howard

The Causes of War

Historians & the Problem of Power

NO ONE can describe my theme as a neglected and understudied one. How much ink has been spilled about it, how many library shelves have been filled with works on the subject, since the days of Thucydides! How many scholars, from how many specialities, have applied their expertise to this intractable problem? Mathematicians, meteorologists, sociologists, anthropologists, geographers, physicists, political scientists, philosophers, theologians and lawyers are only the most obvious of the categories that come to mind when one surveys the ranks of those who have sought some formula for perpetual peace, or who have at least hoped to reduce the complexities of international conflict to some orderly structure, to develop a theory that will enable us to explain, to understand and to control a phenomenon which, if we fail to abolish it, might well abolish us.

Yet it is not a problem that has aroused a great deal of interest in the historical profession. The causes of specific wars, yes: these provide unending material for analysis and interpretation, usually fuelled by plenty of documents and starkly conflicting prejudices on the part of the scholars themselves. But the phenomenon of war as a continuing activity within human society is one that as a profession we take very much for granted. The alternation of war and peace has been the very stuff of the past. War has been throughout history a normal way of conducting disputes between political groups. Few of us, probably, would go along with those socio-biologists who claim that this has been so because man is "innately aggressive." The calculations of advantage and risk, sometimes careful, sometimes crude, that statesmen make before committing their countries to war are very remotely linked, if at all, to the displays of tribal *machismo* that we witness today in football crowds. Since the use or threat of physical force is the most elementary way of asserting power and controlling one's environment, the fact that men have frequently had recourse to it does not cause the historian a great deal of surprise. Force, or the threat of it, may not settle arguments, but it does play a considerable part in determining the structure of the world within which we live.

Indeed historians are usually less interested in the causes of war than they are in the causes of peace; in the way in which peaceful communities, controlled by legitimised authorities, have developed and sustained themselves at all. The great scholars who a hundred years ago gained the study of history its primacy of place in British universities, men such as Stubbs, Maitland and Tout, devoted themselves to discovering how a society so peaceful and so law-abiding as that within which they lived had come into existence. They examined the interaction between power and consent, freedom and obligation, State and community that has made possible the emergence of that humdrum condition of political life that we know as peace. In international affairs the occasions for rivalries, whether dynastic, religious, economic, political or ideological, have been so self-evident that historians have found it more interesting to study the work of those statesmen whose skill *avoided* conflict—the Castlereaghs, the Cannings, the Salisburys, even the Palmerstons—than those whose ineptitude failed to prevent it. The breakdown of international order does not, on the whole, strike us as a pathological aberration from the norm. On the contrary, the maintenance of that order and its peaceful adjustment to changing circumstances appears as a task presenting a continuous challenge to human ingenuity, and our wonder, like Dr Johnson's at women preaching, is not that it is done so imperfectly, but that it is under the circumstances ever done at all.

I MENTIONED the multiplicity of books that have been written about the causes of war since the time of Thucydides. In fact I think we would find

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that the vast majority of them had been written since 1914, and that the degree of intellectual concern about the causes of war to which we have become accustomed has existed only since the First World War. In view of the damage which that war did to the social and political structure of Europe, this is understandable enough. But there has been a tendency to argue that because that war caused such great and lasting damage, because it destroyed three great Empires and nearly beggared a fourth, it must have arisen from causes of peculiar complexity and profundity, from the neuroses of nations, from the widening class struggle, from a crisis in industrial society. I have argued this myself, taking issue with Mr A. J. P. Taylor on the subject in ENCOUNTER (January 1964), but now I wonder whether on this, as on so many other matters, I was not wrong and he was not right.

It is true, and it is important to bear in mind in examining the problems of that period, that before 1914 war was almost universally considered an acceptable, perhaps an inevitable and for many people a desirable way of settling international differences, and that the war generally foreseen was expected to be, if not exactly *frisch und fröhlich,* then certainly brief; no longer, certainly, than the war of 1870 that was consciously or unconsciously taken by that generation as a model. Had it not been so generally felt that war was an acceptable and tolerable way of solving international disputes statesmen and soldiers would no doubt have approached the crisis of 1914 in a very different fashion.

But there was nothing new about this attitude to war. Statesmen had always been able to assume that war would be acceptable at least to those sections of their populations whose opinion mattered to them, and in this respect the decision to go to war in 1914—for Continental statesmen at least—in no way differed from those taken by their predecessors of earlier generations. The causes of the Great War are thus in essence no more complex or profound than those of any previous European war, or indeed than those described by Thucydides as underlying the Peloponnesian War: "What made war inevitable was the growth of Athenian power and the fear this caused in Sparta." In Central Europe there was the German fear that the disintegration of the Habsburg Empire would result in an enormous enhancement of Russian power—power already becoming formidable as French-financed industries and railways put Russian manpower at the service of her military machine. In Western Europe there was the traditional British fear that Germany might establish a hegemony over Europe which, even more than that of Napoleon, would place at risk the security of Britain and her own possessions; a fear fuelled by the knowledge that there was within Germany a widespread determination to achieve a world status comparable with her latent power. Consideration of this kind had caused wars in Europe often enough before. Was there really anything different about 1914?

EVER SINCE the 18th century wars had been blamed by intellectuals upon the stupidity or the self-interest of governing élites (as it is now blamed upon "military-industrial complexes") with the implicit or explicit assumption that if the control of state affairs was in the hands of sensible men—business men, as Cobden thought; the workers, as Jean Jaurès thought—then wars would be no more. By the 20th century the growth of the social and biological sciences was producing alternative explanations. As Quincy Wright expressed it in his massive *Study of War*:

> "Scientific investigators . . . tended to attribute war to immaturities in social knowledge and control, as one might attribute epidemics to insufficient medical knowledge or to inadequate public health services."[1]

The Social Darwinian acceptance of the inevitability of struggle, indeed of its desirability if mankind was to progress, the view, expressed by the elder Moltke but very widely shared at the turn of the century, that perpetual peace was a dream and not even a beautiful dream, did not survive the Great War in those countries where the bourgeois-liberal culture was dominant, Britain and the United States. The failure of these nations to appreciate that such bellicist views, or variants of them, were still widespread in other areas of the world, those dominated by Fascism and by Marxism-Leninism, were to cause embarrassing misunderstandings, and possibly still do.

For liberal intellectuals war was so self-evidently a pathological aberration from the norm, at best a ghastly mistake, at worst a crime. Those who initiated wars must in their view have been criminal, or sick, or the victims of forces beyond their power to control. Those who were so accused

[1] Quincy Wright, *A Study of War* (Chicago, 1941), vol. II, p. 733.

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disclaimed responsibility for the events of 1914, throwing it on others or saying the whole thing was a terrible mistake for which no one was to blame. None of them, with their societies in ruins around them and tens of millions dead, was prepared to say courageously; "We only acted as statesmen always have in the past. In the circumstances then prevailing, war seemed to us to be the best way of protecting or forwarding the national interests for which we were responsible. There was an element of risk, certainly, but the risk might have been greater had we postponed the issue. Our real guilt does not lie in the fact that we started the war. It lies in our mistaken belief that we could win it. . . ."

THE TROUBLE IS that if we are to regard war as pathological and abnormal, then all conflict must be similarly regarded; for war is only a particular kind of conflict between a particular category of social groups: sovereign states. It is, as Clausewitz put it,

> "a clash between major interests that is resolved by bloodshed—that is the only way in which it differs from other conflicts."[2]

If we had no sovereign states one would have no wars, as Rousseau rightly pointed out—but as Hobbes equally rightly pointed out, we would probably have no peace either. As states acquire a monopoly of violence. war becomes the only remaining form of conflict that may legitimately be settled by physical force. The mechanism of legitimisation of authority and of social control that makes it possible for the state to moderate or eliminate conflicts within its borders or at very least to ensure that these are not conducted by competitive violence, the mechanism to the study of which historians have quite properly devoted so much attention, makes possible the conduct of armed conflict with other states; and on occasion—if the state is to survive—it makes it necessary.

These conflicts arise from conflicting claims, or interests, or ideologies, or perceptions; and these perceptions may indeed be fuelled by social or psychological drives that we do not fully understand and that one day we may learn rather better how to control. But the problem is the control of social conflict as *such*; not simply of war. However inchoate or disreputable the motives for war may be, its initiation is almost by definition a deliberate and carefully considered act, and its conduct, at least at the more advanced levels of social development, a matter of very precise central control. If history shows any record of "accidental" wars, I have yet to find them. Certainly statesmen have sometimes been surprised by the nature of the war they have unleashed, and it is reasonable to assume that in at least 50% of the cases they got a result they did not expect. But that is not the same as a war begun by mistake and continued with no political purpose.

STATESMEN IN FACT GO TO WAR to achieve very specific ends, and the reasons for which States have fought one another have been categorised and recategorised innumerable times. Vattel the lawyer divided them into the necessary, the customary, the rational and the capricious. Jomini the strategist identified ideological, economic and popular wars, wars to defend the balance of power, wars to assist allies, wars to assert or to defend rights. Professor Quincy Wright, the political scientist, divided them into the idealistic, the psychological, the political, and the juridical. Bernard Brodie in our own times has refused to discriminate:

> "Any theory of the causes of war in general or any war in particular that is not inherently eclectic and comprehensive . . . is bound for that very reason to be wrong."[3]

Another contemporary analyst, Geoffrey Blainey, is on the contrary unashamedly reductionist. All war-aims, he wrote,

> "are simply varieties of power. The vanity of nationalism, the will to spread an ideology, the protection of kinsmen in an adjacent land, the desire for more territory . . . all these represent power in different wrappings. The conflicting aims of rival nations are always conflicts of power."[4]

In principle I am sure that Bernard Brodie was right: no single explanation for conflict between states, any more than for conflict between any other social groups, is likely to stand up to critical examination. But Blainey is right as well. Quincy Wright provided us with a useful indicator when he suggested that "while animal war is a function of instinct and primitive war of the *mores*, civilised war is primarily a function of state politics."

Medievalists will perhaps bridle at the applica-

[2] Karl von Clausewitz, *On War* (Princeton University Press, 1976), p. 149.

[3] Bernard Brodie, *War and Politics* (1973), p. 339.

[4] Geoffrey Blainey, *The Causes of War* (1973), p. 149.

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tion of the term "primitive" to the sophisticated and subtle societies of the Middle Ages for whom war was also a "function of the *mores*", a way of life that often demanded only the most banal of justifications. As a way of life it persisted in Europe well into the 17th century, if no later. For Louis XIV and his court war was, in his early years at least, little more than a seasonal variation on hunting. But by the 18th century the mood had changed. For Frederick the Great war was to be pre-eminently a function of *Staatspolitik,* and so it has remained ever since. And although statesmen can be as emotional or as prejudiced in their judgments as any other group of human beings, it is very seldom that their attitudes, their perceptions and their decisions are not related, however remotely, to the fundamental issues of *power*; that capacity to control their environment on which the independent existence of their States and often the cultural values of their societies depend.

And here perhaps we do find a factor that sets inter-State conflict somewhat apart from other forms of social rivalry. States may fight—indeed as often as not they do fight—not over any specific issue such as might otherwise have been resolved by peaceful means, but in order to acquire, to enhance, or to preserve their capacity to function as independent actors in the international system at all. "The stakes of war", as Raymond Aron has reminded us, "are the existence, the creation or the elimination of States."[5] It is a sombre analysis, but one which the historical record very amply bears out.

IT IS HERE that those analysts who come to the study of war from the disciplines of the natural sciences, particularly the biological sciences, tend, it seems to me, to go astray. The conflicts between States which have usually led to war have normally arisen, not from any irrational and emotive drives, but from almost a superabundance of analytic rationality. Sophisticated communities (one hesitates to apply to them Quincy Wright's phrase, "civilised") do not react simply to immediate threats. Their intelligence (and I use the term in its double sense) enables them to assess the implications that any event taking place anywhere in the world, however remote, may have for their own capacity, immediately to exert influence, ultimately perhaps to survive.

In the later Middle Ages and the Early Modern period every child born to every prince anywhere in Europe was registered on the delicate seismographs that monitored the shifts in dynastic power. Every marriage was a diplomatic triumph or disaster. Every stillbirth, as Henry VIII knew, could presage political catastrophe. Today the key events may be different, the pattern remains the same. A malfunction in the political mechanism of some remote African community, a *coup d'état* in a minuscule Caribbean republic, an insurrection deep in the hinterland of South-east Asia, an assassination in some emirate in the Middle East, all these will be subjected to the kind of anxious examination and calculation that was devoted a hundred years ago to the news of comparable events in the Balkans; an insurrection in Philippopolis, a *coup d'état* in Constantinople, an assassination in Belgrade. To whose advantage will this ultimately redound, asked the worried diplomats; ours, or *theirs*? Little enough in itself, perhaps, but will it not precipitate or strengthen a trend, set in motion a tide whose melancholy withdrawing roar will strip us of our friends and influence and leave us isolated in a world dominated by adversaries deeply hostile to us and all that we stand for?

THERE HAVE CERTAINLY been occasions when states have gone to war in a mood of ideological fervour like the French in 1792, or of swaggering aggression like the Americans against Spain in 1898 or the British against the Boers a year later, or to make more money, as did the British in the War of Jenkins' Ear in 1739, or in a generous desire to help peoples of similar creed or race, as perhaps the Russians did in 1877 and the British dominions certainly did in 1914 and 1939. But in general men have fought during the past two hundred years neither because they are aggressive nor because they are acquisitive animals, but because they are reasoning ones; because they discern, or believe that they can discern, dangers before they become immediate, the possibility of threats before they are made.

The Habsburg Monarchy might have shattered into a dozen pieces, and the Russian railway system might have linked every corner of the Empire with rapid transit communications, without a single Bavarian farmer or Ruhr factory-hand necessarily having his way of life disturbed. But were German statesmen and soldiers being totally paranoid in their fear that, in a Europe where the Russians could deploy so vast a superiority of military power and were supported not only by France but by a string of client Slav successor states in the Balkans, those farmers and factory

[5] Raymond Aron, *Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations* (1966), p. 7.

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hands would indeed be very seriously at risk? And if our answer is that they were indeed being paranoid, and that that paranoia was induced (as many historians would now have us believe) by internal social tensions, what are we to say about British perceptions of German power in the 1930s? Why should the British people of that generation have felt disturbed by the revival of German military capabilities and the extension of their hegemony over Eastern Europe when German leaders at the time were quite sincerely disclaiming any intention of threatening either Britain herself or her control over her Empire? Was this also paranoia? Those historians who have suggested that it was are not popular with their colleagues.

But be this as it may, in 1914 many of the German people, and in 1939 nearly all the British, felt justified in going to war, not over any specific issue that could have been settled by negotiation, but *to maintain their power*; and to do so while it was still possible, before they found themselves so isolated, so impotent, that they had no power left to maintain and had to accept a subordinate position within an international system dominated by their adversaries. "What made war inevitable was the growth of Athenian power and the fear this caused in Sparta." Or, to quote another grimly apt passage from Thucydides:

> "The Athenians made their Empire more and more strong . . . [until] finally the point was reached when Athenian strength attained a peak plain for all to see and the Athenians began to encroach upon Sparta's allies. It was at this point that Sparta felt the position to be no longer tolerable and decided by starting the present war

Refuting the Irrefutable

THIS IS A STORY we all have known by heart for 40 years.

Hitler annexed Austria; the world felt uneasy for a while, but he got away with it. Some months later he invaded Czechoslovakia. The world felt outraged for a while, but he got away with it. He expected, quite reasonably, that he could repeat the scenario with Poland. He miscalculated; he did not get away with it. The Second World War started.

We know both the story and its simple moral: to try to pacify an aggressive imperialism by swallowing its repeated acts of rape is the surest way to bring about precisely what one wants to avoid, global war.

Everybody is ready to admit the moral when Hitler is spoken of. And it is easy and pleasant now to condemn Chamberlain. Not everybody is ready to admit that we face a similar situation now; and many Western leaders (including the Prime Minister of Canada and the Foreign Minister of France), faced with Polish events, play "super-Chamberlains" (that statesman after all, sobered up after the invasion of Czechoslovakia).

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ADMIRERS of the Polish junta among politicians and journalists keep repeating three irrefutable arguments:

FIRST: *"The junta had to impose the military dictatorship in order to avoid something worse." Of course it had to. It had to send to concentration camps and prisons thousands of workers and intellectuals. It had to order its executioners to pull wounded miners from ambulances and hospitals and finish them off on the street. It had to do all that, and a thousand similar things, if it wanted to avoid a society with free workers' unions, that is, a society in which the Communist Party would not be in full despotic power over all areas of life.*

In the same sense Hitler had to gas six million Jews if he wanted to remain faithful to his ideology, and the Cambodian liberators had to exterminate a third or so of the population if they wanted to build a happy Communist society as they conceived it. Cannibals have to eat. Briefly, everybody has to do what he is doing; whatever is, is right. So is the Polish junta.

SECOND: *"Solidarity went too far; it provoked the government." Of course it did. It did so from the first day of its existence and by the sheer fact of its existence. By demanding the independent unions and a relaxation of censorship, by protesting against police arbitrariness, by denouncing the institutionalised lie, by trying to get some time on TV to limit the Communist mendacity, by thinking of asking its members what they thought of free elections, by restoring human dignity in an enslaved society, it went too far.*

In the same sense blacks who want equal rights in South Africa go too far: the government cannot accept that. People in Argentina who ask about the fate of those who disappeared go too far; the rulers

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to employ all her energies in attacking and if possible destroying the power of Athens."

You can vary the names of the actors, but the model remains a valid one for the purposes of our analysis. I am rather afraid that it still does.

SOMETHING THAT HAS CHANGED since the time of Thucydides, however, is the nature of the power that appears so threatening. From the time of Thucydides until that of Louis XIV there was basically only one source of political and military power; control of territory, with all the resources in wealth and manpower that this provided. This control might come through conquest, or through alliance, or through marriage, or through purchase, but the power of princes could be very exactly computed in terms of the extent of their territories and the consequent number of men they could put under arms.

In 17th-century Europe this began to change. Extent of territory remained important, but no less important was the effectiveness with which the resources of that territory could be exploited. Initially there were the bureaucratic and fiscal mechanisms that transformed loose coagulations of territorial authority into highly structured centralised states whose armed forces, though not necessarily large, were permanent, disciplined and paid. Then came the political transformations of the revolutionary era which made available to these state-systems the entire manpower of their country; or at least as much of it as the administrators were able to handle. And, finally, came the revolution in transport, the railways of the 19th century that turned the revolutionary ideal of "the Nations in Arms" into a reality. By the early 20th century military power—on the continent of Europe, at least—was seen as a simple combination of military manpower and railways. The quality of armaments was of secondary importance, and political intentions were virtually excluded from account. The growth of power was measured in terms of the growth of populations and of communications; of the number of men who could be put under arms and transported to the battlefield to make their weight felt in the initial and presumably decisive battles. It was the mutual perception of threat in those terms that turned Europe before 1914 into an armed camp, and it was their calculations within this framework that reduced German staff officers increasingly to despair and launched their leaders on their catastrophic gamble in 1914.

But already the development of weapon technology had introduced yet another element into the international power calculus, one that has in our own age become dominant. It was only in the course of the 19th century that technology began to produce weapons-systems—initially in the form of naval vessels—that could be seen as likely in themselves to prove decisive, through their qualitative and quantitative superiority, in the event of conflict. But as war became increasingly a matter of competing technologies rather than competing armies, so there developed that escalatory process known as "the arms race."

As a title the phrase, like so many coined by journalists to catch the eye, is misleading. "Arms races" are in fact continuing and open-ended attempts to match power with power. They are as much means of achieving stable or, if possible, favourable power-balances as were the dynastic

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cannot tolerate that. Whoever in whatever despotic country is not quite satisfied with the despotism **goes too far**. *Serves him right.*

THIRD: *"The direct Soviet invasion and occupation would be worse for the Poles than the occupation by Polish security forces." This is the famous "I-will-be-a-milder-hangman" argument; we have known it in Poland for decades. This argument is irrefutable, and it is bound to be true always and everywhere simply because we do not know yet the absolute hangman and we can always imagine a worse one. Whoever followed the trials of the guardians of Nazi concentration camps has heard these pleas of innocence ad nauseam; "Other SS-men would be much worse in my place. . . ." The ungrateful Europeans, for some strange reasons, failed to understand the humanitarian motivations of hangmen. The ungrateful Poles are not likely to understand the tender feelings of the junta either, now or later.*

FOR THE TIME BEING one may indulge in only one prophecy. Soon the junta will state that a few people have been released from prisons and that some restrictions imposed on the population have been eased. Then we will hear a chorus of jubilation from the Western capitals: "You see, they change! We told you they would!" They might restore the state-owned pseudo-unions and call them "Solidarity", and why not? Yet the crosses that a year ago were erected to commemorate the victims of another massacre, in 1970, will be waiting. The junta can appease the nation only by exterminating it.

What a pity. Communism would be such a splendid idea if only there were no people; and in Poland in particular communism would be a marvellous thing if only there were no Poles.

Leszek Kolakowski

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marriage policies of Valois and Habsburg. To suggest that they in themselves are causes of war implies a naive if not totally mistaken view of the relationship between the two phenomena. The causes of war remain rooted, as much as they were in the pre-industrial age, in perceptions by statesmen of the growth of hostile power and fears for the restriction, if not the extinction of their own. The threat, or rather the fear, has not changed, whether it comes from aggregations of territory or from dreadnoughts, from the numbers of men under arms or from missile-systems. The means which states employ to sustain or to extend their power may have been transformed, but their objectives and preoccupations remain the same.

"ARMS RACES" can no more be isolated than wars themselves from the political circumstances that give rise to them, and like wars they will take as many different forms as political circumstances dictate. They may be no more than a process of competitive modernisation, of maintaining a *status quo* that commands general support but in which no participant wishes, whether from reasons of pride or of prudence, to fall behind in keeping his armoury up to date. If there are no political causes for fear or rivalry this process need not in itself be a destabilising factor in international relations. But they may on the other hand be the result of a quite deliberate assertion of an intention to *change* the *status quo*, as was, for example, the German naval challenge to Britain at the beginning of this century.

This challenge was an explicit attempt by Tirpitz and his associates to destroy the hegemonial position at sea which Britain saw as essential to her security, and, not inconceivably, to replace it with one of their own. As British (and indeed German) diplomats repeatedly explained to the German government, it was not the German naval programme in itself that gave rise to so much alarm in Britain. It was the intention that lay behind it. If the *status quo* was to be maintained, the German challenge had to be met.

The naval race could quite easily have been ended on one of two conditions. Either the Germans could have abandoned their challenge, as had the French in the previous century, and acquiesced in British naval supremacy; or the British could have yielded as gracefully as they did (a decade or so later) to the United States, and abandoned a status they no longer had the capacity, or the will, to maintain. As it was, they saw the German challenge as one to which they could and should respond, and their power-position as one which they were prepared if necessary to use force to preserve. The British naval programme was thus, like that of the Germans, a signal of political intent; and that intent, that refusal to acquiesce in a fundamental transformation of the power balance, was indeed a major element among the causes of the war. The naval competition provided a very accurate indication and measurement of political rivalries and tensions, but it did not cause them; nor could it have been abated unless the rivalries themselves had been abandoned.

IT WAS the general perception of the growth of German power that was awakened by the naval challenge, and the fear that a German hegemony on the continent would be the first step to a challenge to her own hegemony on the oceans, that led Britain to involve herself in the continental conflict on the side of France and Russia. "What made war inevitable was the growth of *Spartan* power", to paraphrase Thucydides, "and the fear which this caused in *Athens*."

In the Great War that followed, Germany was defeated, but survived with none of her latent power destroyed. A "false hegemony" of Britain and France was established in Europe that could last only so long as Germany did not again mobilise her resources to challenge it. German rearmament in the 1930s did not of itself mean that Hitler wanted war (though one has to ignore his entire philosophy if one is to believe that he did not); but it did mean that he was determined, with a great deal of popular support, to obtain a free hand on the international scene, *so oder so*, as he was in the habit of saying. With that free hand he intended to establish German power on an irreversible basis; this was the message conveyed by his armament programme. The armaments programme which the British reluctantly adopted in reply was intended to show that, rather than submit to the hegemonial aspirations they feared from such a revival of German power, they would fight to preserve their own freedom of action. Once again let me paraphrase Thucydides: "Finally the point was reached when German strength attained a peak plain for all to see, and the Germans began to encroach upon Britain's allies. It was at this point that Britain felt the position to be no longer tolerable and decided by starting this present war to employ all her energies in attacking and if possible destroying the power of Germany. . . ."

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WHAT THE Second World War established was not a new British hegemony, but a Soviet hegemony over the Euro-Asian land mass from the Elbe to Vladivostok; and what was seen at least from Moscow as an American hegemony over the rest of the world—one freely accepted in Western Europe as a preferable alternative to being absorbed by the rival hegemony. Rival armaments were developed to define and preserve the new territorial boundaries, and the present arms competition began. But in considering the present situation, historical experience suggests that we must ask the fundamental question: *What kind of competition is it*? Is it one between powers which accept the *status quo*, are satisfied with the existing power-relationship, and are concerned simply to modernise their armaments in order to preserve it? Or does it reflect an underlying instability in the system?

My own perception, I am afraid, is that it is the latter. There was a period for a decade after the war when the Soviet Union was probably a *status quo* power but the West was not; that is, the Russians were not immediately concerned to challenge the American global hegemony, but the West did not accept that of the Russians in Eastern Europe. Then there was a decade of relative mutual acceptance between 1955–1965; and it was no accident that this was the heyday of Disarmament/Arms-Control negotiations. But thereafter the Soviet Union has shown itself increasingly unwilling to accept the Western global hegemony, if only because many other peoples in the world have been unwilling to do so either. Reaction against Western dominance has brought the Soviet Union some allies and many opportunities in the global arena, and she has developed naval power to be able to assist the former and exploit the latter. She has aspired in fact to global power status, as did Germany before 1914; and if the West complains, as did Britain about Germany, that the Russians do not *need* a Navy for defence purposes, the Soviet Union can retort, as did Germany, that she needs it to make clear to the world the status to which she aspires; that is, so that she can operate on the world scene by virtue of her own power and not by permission of anyone else. Like Germany, she is determined to be treated as an equal, and armed strength has appeared the only way to achieve that status.

The trouble is that what is seen by one party as the breaking of an alien hegemony and the establishment of equal status will be seen by the incumbent powers as a striving for the establishment of an alternate hegemony; and they are not necessarily wrong. In international politics, the appetite often comes with eating; and there really may be no way to check an aspiring rival except by the mobilisation of stronger military power. An arms race then becomes almost a necessary surrogate for war, a test of national will and strength; and arms control becomes possible only when the underlying power balance has been mutually agreed.

WE WOULD BE BLIND therefore if we did not recognise that the causes which have produced war in the past are operating in our own day as powerfully as at any time in history. It is by no means impossible that a thousand years hence a historian will write—if any historians survive, and there are any records for them to write history from—"what made war inevitable was the growth of Soviet power and the fear which this caused in the United States." But times *have* changed since Thucydides. They have changed even since 1914. These were, as we have seen, bellicist societies in which war was a normal, acceptable, even a desirable way of settling differences. The question that arises today is, how widely and evenly spread is that intense revulsion against war that at present characterises our own society? For if war is indeed now universally seen as being unacceptable as an instrument of policy, then all analogies drawn from the past are misleading, and although power struggles may continue they will be diverted into other channels. But if that revulsion is not evenly spread, societies which continue to see armed force as an acceptable means for attaining their political ends are likely to establish a dominance over those who do not. Indeed they will not necessarily have to fight for it.

My second and concluding point is this. Whatever may be the underlying causes of international conflict, even if we accept the role of atavistic militarism, or of military-industrial complexes, or of socio-biological drives or of domestic tensions in fuelling it, wars begin with conscious and reasoned decisions based on the calculation, made by *both* parties, that they can achieve more by going to war than by remaining at peace. Even in the most bellicist of societies this kind of calculation has to be made and it has never even for them been an easy one. When the decision to go to war involves the likelihood, if not the certainty, that the conflict will take the form of an exchange of nuclear weapons from which one's own territory cannot be immune, then even for the most bellicist

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of leaders, even for those most insulated from the pressures of public opinion, the calculation that they have more to gain from going to war than by remaining at peace and pursuing their policies by other means will, to put it mildly, not be self-evident. The odds against such a course benefiting their state or themselves or their cause will be greater, and more *evidently* greater, than in any situation that history has ever had to record. Society may have accepted killing as a legitimate instrument of state policy, but not, as yet, suicide.

For that reason I find it hard to believe that the abolition of nuclear weapons, even if it were possible, would be an unmixed blessing. Nothing that makes it easier for statesmen to regard war as a feasible instrument of state policy, one from which they stand to gain rather than lose, is likely to contribute to a lasting peace.

The Owl, in a Kind of Isolation

I write for those who need no voice,
The élite and lonely, and the proud:
Like that one hovering by the ditch
Whose world is all the field of choice
Where mice and sparrows cry aloud

In the means of his claws. I watch him, rich
And yellow in the evening sky
Quartering his manor for a kill
As medieval as a witch
And lethal as a weasel. I

Who drive in low gear, following, still
Wonder what he is seeking there
Cold in the fallen mud and leaves
With gathered blood that has to spill
And feathery tenderness laid bare.

I know the hunger that bereaves
To satisfy some ache of need
Not for food only, but for power
In insolence of rustling sleeves
Above the abandoned, where they bleed.

I turn beside the standing tower
Of what once crumbled, years ago,
And left a chancel, thatched and spare
Against the wind, sensing them cower,
His victims, nine good feet below

The inexorable wings. Down there
In the ploughland, upright now and strong,
I see his great eyes fixed on mine
Through glass that he might smash and tear
In uncivil rage. I have been too long

Away from passion, and the line
Drawn between waiting and the claws
That reach for what they want. He turns,
Knowing this too, and with no sign
That he might care, follows his cause.

George MacBeth

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"I TRIED to enter but there were several Marxists guarding the door which they slammed shut and locked against me. . . .

"Most of the Moderates boycotted the meeting. For those who attended, it was a terrifying ordeal. Some of the Moderates wanted to leave but as one said 'did not think she would be allowed to.' The doors were locked, bolted and guarded. The Marxists themselves had broken into the premises to open them up to start the illegal meeting. The Moderates present were too terrified to speak against the Marxist proposals for they were in no doubt they would have been beaten up if they had. . . .

"We knew nothing short of a sledgehammer and paratroopers would get us through the front door, which was well and truly secured and guarded by a contingent of Marxist thugs. However, there was another way in, up the fire-escape at the back. . . .

"We entered quietly and briskly and with a few paces we had reached the chairman's table. . . .

"At this point there was a mass attack on the four of us by about twenty of the Marxists. They were vicious—kicking and punching. Chairs were sent flying. One person tried to pick up a chair to use against us and was only restrained by the fact that his chair was connected to all the others in his row. . . . I was forced out through the back entrance and nearly knocked down the stairs. From inside the hall I could hear some terrible thuds and thumps and bangs. . . .

"[One man] had been shocked and outraged by threats by one of the Marxists at the meeting to injure his wife and children. . . .

"[Another] was threatened by one Marxist that he would have 'his arms twisted off. . . .' [A third] had to arrange police protection of his home when he was threatened with the words: 'Your cards are marked. We've got your number, mate. My family will come over and do your family tonight.' [A fourth] was threatened over the phone that he would be beaten up. One delegate was told at a meeting, 'Sit down or I'll beat you up.'

"Sometimes it went beyond threats to actual violence. . . . [One man] had his hand injured and incurred extensive bruising to his legs from being kneed and kicked by Marxists at a meeting. [Another] was kicked very hard on the thigh by a kick aimed at his groin. He was limping about for quite a long time afterwards. [One] had a brick hurled through his window. . . . On another occasion the brakes on his motorcycle were tampered with. . . . Some members . . . were intimidated by a 'picket' of their meetings by various Marxists. One Moderate lady was spat upon. . . .

"More recalcitrant individuals were subjected to the crude technique of being followed in the street by a number of Marxists on their way to or from meetings. . . .

"Most frightening of all to many people is the 'anonymous after-midnight phone call. . . .' A middle-aged lady with several kids and a heart condition . . . was perhaps the firmest resister of Marxist incursions . . . and in their view she was clearly in need of political education. She got it. . . . The phone would ring at 1.00 a.m. She would race down the stairs to answer it, panting with the strain on her heart. The phone would be hung up. She would go back to bed. She would start to go back to sleep. The phone would ring again. She was phoned in this way several times a week between 1.00 and 4.00 a.m., often three times within the hour. . . ."

GENERAL JARUZELSKI's Poland? No. London: Newham North-East. While awaiting the British Labour Party's decisions on how to handle the "Militant Tendency" and other entryist groups, I've been looking at some of the evidence so far published. Nobody comes out of it very well. The excerpts above are from *Enemies of Democracy*, by Paul McCormick,[1] the young "extreme Moderate" who from graduate work at Balliol College, Oxford, rode to the rescue of Reg Prentice, then Newham North-East's beleaguered Right-wing Labour MP. Or rather, he rode now and then on a would-be rescue, using a fellow-student—in true entryist fashion—as his "agent in place." The fellow-student, Julian Lewis, seems to have been a long-suffering chap: it was he who got his window smashed and his brakes maltreated.

At first, Reg Prentice seemed not to want to know. When he finally accepted help from the Balliol bed-sitter brigade, he was on his way out already—making for the Tory Party, where at least they don't wear bovver boots. But McCormick and Lewis soldiered on, meeting the militant entryists with their own procedure-wise tactics, and using the law to try to halt improperly convened meetings with Marxists in control. They lost one of their legal cases: the judge, although "incorruptible, perfectly just, above suspicion" (McCormick's words) was apparently first cousin of Tony Benn and, before he became a judge, "was renowned for his extremely

[1] *Enemies of Democracy*. By PAUL MCCORMICK. Temple-Smith, £3.50.

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Left-wing views." Otherwise, McCormick and Lewis were remarkably successful—not only in stemming for a while the Marxist infiltration, but also in revealing its tactics, both procedural and punitive.

I said that nobody came out of the story very well. Some of the locals in fact do: stalwart men and women with *Coronation Street* names. Julian Lewis, the one-man ginger group, also seems something of a hero. But some of the locals would be more at home in *Muck and Brass* than *Coronation Street*; and McCormick himself, although a valiant fighter for representative democracy against rule by party caucuses, writes less subtly than his mentor John Stuart Mill. With his knock-'em-down-hooray style and his Common-Room lawyer's sheaf of court injunctions, he must have maddened his opponents. At least he didn't kick them or threaten their families.

Among his opponents, it seems, were some of the very people who ought to have been resisting the entryists' procedural chicanery. Reg Underhill, as he then was, must about that time have been collecting material for the report on entryism that Labour's National Executive Committee so long suppressed; yet by McCormick's account his role in the Newham North-East imbroglio was ambiguous, temporising, and weak. As a colleague from Islington North attested, the National Executive Committee "has done nothing to prevent the systematic harassment and attempted takeover by the extremists, but has been quick to intervene whenever the Moderates . . . take steps to try to protect themselves." Underhill, as National Agent of the Labour Party, was appointed to sort out the little local difficulty; but, however sympathetic he might be to his fellow-moderates, he had to satisfy the National Executive Committee, with its built-in Left-wing majority. There may be honour, but there's precious little dignity, in being caught between two fires.

I WAS PUT ON TO Paul McCormick's older book by reading another, published a few months ago: John Tomlinson's *Left, Right*.[2] Tomlinson calls McCormick's work "somewhat unbalanced"; and this is a fault he has sought to avoid by discussing political extremists at both ends of the spectrum, from the Militant Tendency to the National Front. To judge from his bibliography, the Right is far better documented, with ten separate studies against only two of the Left—one of them McCormick's, the other an account of *The Left in Britain 1956–68*, now six years old. The disparity may be revealing. For years now, keen students of politics have tended to be Left-of-centre, more easily alarmed and intrigued by Right-wing shenanigans than by skulduggery on the far Left. And Britain's weedy latter-day storm-troopers have always been avid for publicity, whereas her wily potential Kommissars have thrived on stealth.

Tomlinson, a former Labour MP and junior Minister, is far more measured than McCormick; but he agrees with him that some extremists on both sides are "threats to democracy." Whereas McCormick describes in detail the methods of the extreme Left—moving into an area, getting on to Party committees, being helpful and assiduous, then bringing friends in, finally dominating meetings, shouting down opposition, rigging elections, and if need be resorting to violence—Tomlinson anatomises the *groupuscules*, interlinked, shifting, changing names and slogans partly to shake off investigators like himself.

The most interesting, and most frustrated section of his book concerns the funding of extremist groups. Both the National Front and Militant Tendency claim to be self-financing; but Tomlinson's not so sure. A Tory peer, a merchant banker, and a property magnate are said to have offered cash to the National Front if it got rid of its maverick Martin Webster; and some small businessmen have undoubtedly helped. So, it appears, have "dirty books" (one NF property has been a warehouse for hard-core pornography). The $64,000 question, however, is how far the Front is financed from abroad. Rhodesia under Ian Smith? The World Anti-Communist League, subsidised by Taiwan, Saudi Arabia, and South Korea? Libya (for anti-Semitic purposes)? Iraq? Tomlinson keeps us guessing; he also hints at extreme Right-wing groups in France, Spain, Germany, and the United States—but there's nothing he can prove.

The Ariadne's thread of Left-wing finance is tantalising too. The labyrinth is extensive. It leads directly to the publishers of *Militant*, the Cambridge Heath Press, which has lent the Militant Tendency no less than £148,500. Some of Cambridge Heath's funds came from Workers International Review Publications; but where did that firm get its cash? Tomlinson doesn't know—or doesn't say. What he does suggest, referring to the Far Left in general, is that Libya, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and the Soviet Union are all involved. The Governments of the first three, he points out, "take as much interest in the activities of the extreme left as they do [in those] of the extreme right." He adds: "Both Iraq and the Soviet Union fund the obscenely anti-Semitic US Labor Party which in turn supports the European Workers' Party which itself disburses funds to various sympathetic factions." The USSR, tactically shrewd if ideologically unorthodox, helps to support West European Trotskyists, laundering the money through East and West Germany. And "towards

[2] *Left, Right: The March of Political Extremism in Britain*. By JOHN TOMLINSON. John Calder, £4.95; Riverrun Press, $10.95.

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the end of January 1980, as the controversy over Militant's presence in the Labour Party gathered momentum, the Soviet KGB dispatched from Paris to this country one of its top specialist agents briefed to infiltrate the Tendency itself with the object so far as possible of shielding it from complete or damaging exposure. . . ."

HAS TOMLINSON FOUND the Minotaur? It's hard to say; but readers of his book will certainly watch with interest the Labour Party's own promised efforts to track it down. Meanwhile, they may (like me) have been looking at other instances where "enemies of democracy" have been at work. The *locus classicus* is Eastern Europe in the wake of World War II.

There, with a regularity that made it a sickening ritual, the same pattern was repeated over and over again. Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia all suffered the same fate—to say nothing of the cognate but different cases of Finland, Albania, and Yugoslavia. The basic scenario was as follows. First, amalgamate in a coalition Government the representatives of two rival Governments-in-exile, one from London, the other from Moscow. Ensure that the latter, the Communists, have a firm foothold—if possible, a majority; if not, some key posts (including that of Minister of the Interior, controlling the police). Hold fresh elections if you have to; but harass the non-Communists—beat them up, break up their meetings, ban their literature, cut off their paper supplies. Gradually, improve your hold on the Government; finally, ease the non-Communists out. And to help you, use extra-Parliamentary means. Foment strikes, threatening those who refuse to join them. Form a Workers' Militia. Infiltrate the administration with People's Committees. Finally, establish a one-party State.

After its Prague coup in 1948, the Czechoslovak Communist Party produced a textbook expounding these methods; characteristically, it was called *How Parliament Can Play a Revolutionary Part in the Transition to Socialism and the Role of the Popular Masses*. The two halves of the unwieldy title represent what the handbook called "a pincer movement operating from above and below": control of the government and manipulation of the masses. I'm sure it's a concept familiar to "enemies of democracy" nearer home.

SO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE about it?

Paul McCormick suggests a number of safeguards: direct election of the National Executive Committee and National Officers of all political parties by secret ballot of the whole party membership; postal ballots for constituency party officers and executive committees, with a referendum if requested by 15% of the members; guarantees of autonomy for constituency parties; external scrutineers for all ballots; legal right of access to party records; tighter rules for joining political parties; and a statutory quorum for all meetings to prevent minority caucus control. John Tomlinson is less specific: but he does propose Government investigation and public information, plus international cooperation to deal with terrorism. "Eternal vigilance", for him, is still the price of liberty.

My only qualm at that is a rooted dislike of being forced into politics. But with so many "activist" busybodies around, the rest of us, who have better things to do, may have no choice.

M

Ask

Written once more in the sand after rain.
Scratched once more on the stone emerging from the sea.
What do stars write on the sand
in a night without stars—if they write at all.
Ask the thistles in their unbridled blossoming
ask the chameleon taking a short cut
across the wall of your house
ask the wind which comes from the Sahara
and goes to the river Hiddekel
ask the waves that return from the sea
and the waves that do not return
ask yourself

David Rokeah

Translated from the Hebrew by Ruth and Matthew Mead

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Peter Scupham

Fachwen: The Falls

(I)

Green upon green: the crag discloses
Oak leaves over coronals of fern;
In quick vernacular the Fall rises,
The field's tilt makes clear and plain

Its puzzle of gorse, rough cups of harebell,
Ling and heather bonded to the height,
Soft crosses of yellow tormentil
Fringing a crop of split slate.

These flowers of the high pasture,
Grazing colour from a chancy sky,
Swell stem to blossom, become other.
Time adds, and cancels out, another day.

Butterflies in a coarse garden
Twirl clarities of white and red;
Poise and fold, the life hidden
Under the brief stain of a shade.

And arms, crooked on a green terrace,
Ease to fronds of the sun's fire,
Warm as longing, a kept promise,
Or cool, mortal, and beyond desire,

While the loose bolts of polished water,
Letting their silks and satins down,
Preserve in tricks of light and amber
The seeming of a world of stone.

(II)

Innocence: a stud of more-than-pebbles
Under their late-summer pelts of moss—
The unlicked cubs, Pliny's bear-shapes
Fostered by boulders, cumbersome wet-nurses
Lurching about a chatterbox of water
And hung with tingling webs, each crack and hollow
A choke of mould, a nest of quick decay.

Passage: a pack-horse bridge, the dolmens crossed
On stretchers of cold iron, their flat maps
An iconography of nowhere, traverses
Where wood-ants tease and flicker out their angles
Over the spread and eddy of the Fall.

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Decay: the broken body of the hill,
Sulking a bruise of green and violet shale
Over the gritstone and conglomerate,
Twisting a cottage beaten to its hearth,
A floor wafered with an absent roof.

Bedrock: the Quarry Hospital, which bares
A mortuary slab of dressed and guttered stone.

(III)

The animation and suspense of water,
Where swelling stones, which rolled and gathered moss,
Point their white flocks the error of their ways,
Steady the channels' cut and counter-cross;
Where spinning threads pay out about the maze
Of time before, of time to follow after.

Here, Gothic slime, coagulate and brown,
Hung stiff above the brabble and the foam,
And blocky boughs peeled off to the half-nude.
Matthias Grünewald at Isenheim:
The landscape struck into its attitude,
The melancholia of the north set down.

Above, blent green against a chalky blue
Whose fiction reaches to a distant star,
And branches levelling those fans across
Which carry space without a spill or jar.
The plunging light is held against the press
Yet slips a trifle of its substance through

To quiver on a needle-point of grass,
Sharpen a saw of bracken, patch a stone
Whose ghosts of lichen bleach into the air.
The films of shaky white are on the turn
Where foliage lays a shaft of hillside bare,
Narrows an eye through which the waters pass.

The mid-point view: an equipoise of shade
Clouding the oaks which crutch down to the lake,
The yaffle with a cry stuck in its throat,
The heart of water, at its fall and break—
A glass which fractures to its own clear note,
A bright thing lost among a darkening wood.

(IV)

Spread shade rusting to mould, turns of a no-track
Pulled hard, and against the drive of the waters:
That sullen tone of a voice confused, Brythonic,
Void of sense—a fool's reply to a question
Long fleshed in the grounding of church and chapel.

Then, a cut to the bone; now, the brief whip-flick
Of bramble or nettle, skin's hairline fractures
Which heal, as this heals not, though green disguises

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The hill's hurt: that probing, dressing of gangers
Bargained into the grave as the rains rubbled
Waste and spoil to the lake and its grey deceptions:
Fish-tunnelled hills, quarries of blur and quaver. . . .

Ling brightens. Somewhere off to the right-hand
Sun plays to an empty pit and gallery:
Gouges brimmed with half-light. Topping the incline,
A smashed hut, and a spool of snaking cable
Angling down its bait: a dead thing rising.
Riding light on the ridge, thickets of hazel
Speak of spent lungs reaching into the freshets;
Small things hover or dart, swim in a shoal of bracken. . . .

The Fall scores the hillside a little deeper.
Waters of Life, of Babylon: cold, unfailing.

(V)

If you could read this Chinese charactery,
Ideograms of twig crossed in the plash,
Grasses which rune "Wish you were here",
Or "This is a dry house shared with midges",

Then we could make the landscape our device,
And spell messages, such as "Yes, I am waiting
Under the mountains, by the falling water",
Or "I expect your letter with impatience."

As the Provincial Governor has left town,
I, his clerk, must write his letters for him,
Juggling, with such Mandarin as is at my command,
Flowers and absence, seasons and expectation,

Noting the brilliance, versatility,
With which the waterfall adjusts its dress;
How screens diminish to a single thread
But seem to find no trouble in maintaining

A style beyond all doubt or criticism.
The grass, now that I look more closely,
Is what is lost in the translation,
But says, so far as I can follow it:

"We have here a true voice at last.
Minor, no doubt, but perfectly in key.
I think we can say water has found itself
And will go on to break new ground."

Such, perhaps, is the letter I shall send.
No doubt the Governor would have more to say
Than this, entrusted to a cockle-boat
Of stanzas rigged a trifle carelessly.

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MEMOIR

Oldsters & Youngsters

Reflections of a German Publisher—By GERD BUCERIUS

"The days of our years are three score and ten . . . yet is their strength labour and sorrow. . . ."
PSALM 90

THE OLDER GENERATION is, of course, guilty of everything—and directly responsible for all the current ailments of our society. And with what dark cunning do all those over 50 (who used to be "over 30") call out to the youth, "Take advantage of your golden opportunities". . . even if there aren't any nowadays!

This is the gist of an argument published in my paper *(Die Zeit*, Hamburg) by an outraged German theologian whom I take to be rather characteristic of the new, progressive, caring, forward-looking school of Protestant churchmen. Yet the truth is quite different: never before has a society given its young people so much freedom, so much space for self-realisation, so many opportunities to "do their own thing", and all in such good and prosperous times as European history has never known. Who but the older generation fought the main battle against the ruins and the want of the post-War era, and created an unprecedented affluence for all but an unhappy

DIE ZEIT

THE POLEMIC *which is here being conducted between-the-lines is actually between a famous publisher and some of his own editors and leading contributors. Not a few readers of the influential Hamburg weekly,* Die Zeit *(circulation: 400,000), have found it both amusing and instructive to follow the arguments, openly contested in print, between Dr Gerd Bucerius, founder and owner of the paper (as well as of a great West German publishing empire), and the viewpoints expressed every week by writers who, enjoying complete editorial freedom and independence, go on in their own way. Occasionally "the boss"—an honourable, generous, if distinctly constitutional monarch—asks for (and gets) a little space in the back pages of the paper to put his own dissenting case.*

So he tells the Zeit*'s liberal-left readership that the ruthless invasion of Afghanistan by the Soviet army has really put paid to the illusions of* "détente" *so sedulously cultivated in its columns. Again and again he makes the effort to explain that terroristic violence is not (repeat not) to be excused, or justified, or rationalised by its allegedly "idealistic" motivations. When* Die Zeit *published a frontal attack—from the pen of Dr Ralf Dahrendorf—on the new "Committee for the Free World" (the curious argument ran that lonely individuals not mass committees should do the rallying, and anyway the world is endangered from the Right, not the Left),* Die Zeit*'s publisher promptly joined the Committee, sharing as he did its concern over spreading totalitarianism. Here, in this essay we have translated, he mounts a counter-attack against the latest progressive trend in the German ideology: the new theological identification with the Youth Cult (and the damaging quotations are all from articles in his own publication).*

THE UNUSUAL DUEL *goes on; there is no more regaling editorial spectacle in all of Western Europe. From the outside one could almost wish (treasonable as it might be for an Editor to say so) that at least in this rare case the Publisher, a sound, eloquent, principled man of affairs, had more of a say in the running of his own paper.*

GERD BUCERIUS *recently celebrated his 75th birthday. His long and distinguished life includes a career in the law (where, as an anti-Nazi, he was instrumental in helping refugees and emigrés); a Parliamentary career as a CDU-deputy in the Bonn* Bundestag *(up to a falling-out with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer); and as publisher of* Die Zeit *(edited by Countess Marion Dönhoff and Theo Sommer) as well as other periodicals (including, for a term,* Der Monat*). Obviously he is a man who (in André Gide's definition of a true liberal) likes "to swim against the tide." He is still proving himself to be a dissenter to a fault.*

M.J.L.

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few? Surely it is not inappropriate to expect that youth recognise and make some efforts to seize the new chance presented to them. But throughout Western Europe the older generation is afflicted with a peculiar lassitude, perhaps even humility, which has left a vacuum where false prophets and distorted perceptions are left to flourish.

I, for one, perhaps because I have just turned 75, am no longer willing to listen quietly, patiently, to the cannonades of generational insult. I have shed my humility, although I know that in the last analysis all notions of "old" and "young" are deceptive and invidious. After all, most of the young are quite indifferent to the circus which is mounted in their name though hardly in their interest. But, the debate with the small vocal minority—or rather, with their mentors—is an urgent one: for in today's society we must focus our attention on the real problems, on the maintenance of the social "safety-net" which is increasingly endangered by dwindling prosperity in these leaner, less productive times.

Youth, we are told, wants little to do with "achievers" and their achievements, the triumphs of yesterday's so-called "rat-race." This is a case of repressing and evading realities, as if the achievements of their elders constituted an eternal reproach to the offspring. Yet, the parents rebuild and transform the world in the space of two generations? And doesn't that suggest to the young how much *they* could do if they took the example to heart?

I was born in Germany in 1906, when there was real hunger abroad in the land. Gerhard Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, his bitter play about exploited weavers, was no figment of the literary imagination. Even the fare of the East Prussian aristocracy was rather sparse (although in Silesia things were better). In the middle-class *bürgerliche Familie* there was meat only on Sunday (with the left-overs for Monday); codfish on Fridays. During the rest of the week one's father passed a single dish around the table: just oatmeal or rice (with sugar and some cinnamon) or legumes. I would guess that according to the present-day nutritional standards of even the most humble household we received only about half of the necessary protein from our diet. To be young in those days meant never really to have had a square meal, never to be really "full." And it has, I confess, left its tell-tale marks to this day: members of my generation can't leave anything over; we still feel compelled to scrape our plates clean.

In order to eat "well", we rationed sparingly. Roughly one-fourth of a well-paid civil servant's salary had to be put aside for "a rainy day" or for the education of the children. In a crisis, no family had ready recourse to assistance, and the welfare provision which nowadays we take for granted just didn't exist, even in the so-called Bismarckian welfare-state. *Sparsamkeit war Bürgerpflicht*; but the idea of civic duty now has a ridiculous ring, and the very notion of "austerity" has become grotesque or incomprehensible. Most people lived in meagre circumstances, even if some enjoyed the advantages of such subsidised housing as existed, with few "public places" available, and with only short holidays "*auf dem Lande*", in the nearby countryside. Who ever dreamt of a journey to a foreign land? The "advanced" and "powerful" Europe of my generation was a different world.

GERMANY'S RISE in the late 19th century was based precisely on the "saved capital" that derived from "hard work" and went hand-in-hand with hunger; both went a long way in pulling the country out of the ruinous depths of two lost wars. And how else could it have been done?

Unfortunately, the stark outlines of the achieved reconstruction still need to be recapitulated. The post-1945 struggle against want and hunger is won; and throughout Western Europe a great and unprecedented educational-cultural framework has been erected. Look at some startling figures: from 1910 to 1980 the life expectancy of a 20-year-old male has risen by some 10 years, of a 20-year-old female by some 12 years; for the decline of child mortality the statistics are even more dramatic. In the face of all this, are we really (in the modish phrase of the New Theology) only "plastic people", the hopeless victims of a wild, purposeless, outburst of wasteful economic growth?

No one bothers to ask a worker whether he would have preferred life in 1900 or 1925 to life in the 1980s. Needless to say, he doesn't complain; he's too busy asking for his 6% more. Consider the recent West Berlin riots over squatting in unoccupied houses: hardly a worker is involved, but among the militants one young man happens to be the son of the Police Commissioner, and of course lives with his family in a roomy villa in Berlin's fashionable West End.

Nor was the achievement of the post-War period a matter of "bread alone." After church on Sunday, our grandfathers still went to their offices (or their clinics); my father was happy if he got a day off on Sunday and (towards the end of his life) a Saturday afternoon off as well; two-to-three weeks' holiday a year was the maximum. If my calculation of our current national, regional and religious holidays is correct, the entire number of real working days per year—this year—comes to a total of 220. Was it wild, purposeless, wasteful economic growth which enabled our societies to grant their working citizenry so much leisure time?

It could be that our phrase about "*Vergangenheitsbewältigung* (coming to terms with the past)" really means total forgetfulness.

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Memories are short, if not non-existent; and there is a widespread conviction in our country that everything has sprung from nothing—a nice piece of sociological magic which the young generation will sorely need when they in their time have to get something done. Window-smashing alone will not get them very far up the High Street. In any case, there will be mounting resistance from the "old society" to the new ways of violence, and perhaps even—and high time, too—to those intellectual and spiritual leaders who mischievously legitimise "the fire this time."

OUR THEOLOGIANS CLAIM that young people will "no longer take seriously establishment politicians who budget funds for military barracks but not for schools and kindergartens. . . ." What a mindless cliché, as untrue as any vacuous formula could be—for who could be blind to the fact that in Western Europe there have never been so many educational institutions of every size and shape? In West Germany, there were 500,000 university students in 1970; today there are a million. As for those military barracks, I would have thought that most West Europeans consider them necessary for NATO defence, and whoever opposes them—a legitimate democratic right—should declare so more directly.

Perhaps theology always induces casuistry; our theologians have persuaded themselves that politicians gleefully unleash helmeted police-forces against dissident youth but brusquely turn away when the cry goes up for more playgrounds. I can't speak for Zurich or Belfast or Liverpool, but here in Hamburg—indeed all over the *Bundesrepublik*—there is an extraordinary programme of vocational guidance, and each year some 650,000 apprentices get employment (not always the job they want, but no system can possibly provide that). Those much-maligned "Multinationals"—and hated "Big Business' in general—have done a great deal for "post-industrial" training (Siemens spends some 50,000 DM for each $3\frac{1}{2}$ year apprenticeship, as does the publishing and printing firm Gruner & Jahr).

It could be that we are confronting a case of self-induced paranoia. For how far does the Establishment really react to the challenge of the counter-culture and its different life-styles? With threats? With police charges? With frame-ups? To begin with, one might think that the "Alternatives" of the counter-culture are deep, dark secrets, conspiratorially withheld from the light of day, whereas of course media publicity is exactly what they have thrived on. Each new commune, each innovative experiment in "authentic living", gets its colourful feature story (with pictures). Taken at their best, some of the models and their proponents are not without charm and talent; one often finds able young persons turning their backs on remunerative employment—which they could easily find in the "straight" economy.

But, once again, look at some hard social statistics. When a counter-culture couple has a baby, the costs for its "normal" healthy delivery in a hospital amount (in Germany) to some 8–10,000 Marks. Any ailment, "normal" or "alternative", which calls for a day in hospital costs 4–500 Marks. Taking a broader perspective, it is clear that our social service system is based on a "social contract" according to which everybody contributes, in his own way, to the whole (by paying taxes and social insurance contributions, etc). If every citizen were merely to "do his own thing", the entire system would collapse. At least in this sense, the "drop-outs" of the counter-culture lead a parasitical life.

As for the police, it is obvious that "the Greens" in almost every case opposed themselves directly and illegally to a democratic majority decision; when they occupied nuclear power sites the police had to clear them out, and rightly so; yet the spokesmen of the anti-nuclear power movement claimed: "We refuse to be transfixed by the idea of legality, like some rabbit by a snake—we are only exercising our legitimate rights. . . ." "Legitimate"? legitimated by whom? During the anti-nuclear riots at Brokdorf (a nuclear project near Hamburg) I had the impression that it was the police who were "dropping out" when they quietly endured their own ranks being pelted by stones, burned by petrol, and assaulted with iron bars, not to mention obscene harangues. Can those youngsters truly be the torch-bearers of a "a new vision of social justice" against a "cruel and inhumane bureaucratic State? Is this the idealistic movement which is supposed to be "an enrichment of our body politic?" The old discredited ideologists used to celebrate them as "the avant garde of history"; today's new theologians sanctify them all "in the spirit of God." The names of both Progress and Providence are being taken in vain.

THE VERY URBANITY of our civilisation is somehow under assault. One recent remark struck me as yet another neo-romantic revival of an old intellectual hatred of the city. "Buzzing neon-lights, money rustling like leaves in autumn . . . rising ever higher, spreading ever wider, still loyally devoted (despite crises) to the triumphant dynamics of department-store abundance. . . ." Obviously Germany's new theologians have an aversion to the city. Yet in my own youth, Berlin's Potsdamer Platz could not be loud enough, the crowds in the Friedrichstrasse never bustling enough. The subway, the hurtling buses, the innumerable cinema

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marquees, the seductive theatres and bookshops, the earthy proletarian character of Wedding where we had our student digs: like Walt Whitman's "million-footed Manhattan" it was all a splendid creative outburst of vitality, and even the most attractive of our small towns and villages could not hold their place against it in our affections.

IS THIS JUST "the way it used to be"? Speaking again only of my own experience, I feel our cities have vastly improved during the last half-century. In the inner sectors, valuable historic places are being restored; new parks and islands of green have been built; trees and flowers have been tended. *Wanderweg*, the hiking trails, take the wanderer from the centre to the surrounding woods. In an urban centre like Hamburg "nature" is not far away—even for those (half of Germany's families) who don't own a car, the trains to the Sachsenwald and the Lüneberger Heide are quick and cheap. Theatres in Hamburg are not at the moment at their zenith, but its museums are undeniably excellent. In Frankfurt the restored 'Neue Wache" in the city's centre is handsome, and a walk along the Main river rewarding. Munich hardly needs to be praised for its rare mixture of cosmopolitanism and natural beauty, its reputable schools, and its cultural fare (first-class theatres and opera). I don't know how progressive theologians spend their evenings, but the citizens of Munich appear to have leisure time to pick and choose whenever they want to go out. I hasten to add that I am making no narrow political point here; whether run by Social Democrats or Christian Democrats, Germany's local governments have been almost uniformly energetic and constructive.

But all our sympathies are to be conscripted for quite other causes. We are asked to "understand" that the anxieties of our youth stem from their status as "future unemployables." We are told (by a leading German academic, Professor Walter Jens) that the suicide rate among youth is "a cardinal problem" of a society which structures its education by way of tight entrance-requirements, mind-killing examinations, cold, creativity-

Of Kindness—and Cruelty . . .

THE PLIGHT *of the young unemployed in Britain today is, without any doubt, pitiful. It is awful to be roaming the streets without any hope, meeting rejection after rejection. On the other hand, it seems to me that we have made a great mistake in bringing up the present teenage generation with unrealistically high expectations of happiness, comfort, and ease of life.*

Historically, the young have always had to make their way in the world through difficulties, trials and painful apprenticeships. But we have brought this generation up to believe they have a "right" to work, a "right" to success and material ease without having to pass through difficulties, rejection and hardships. And because they have these high expectations of life, they consequently feel much *more* **depressed and dejected by ordinary difficulties than if they had been raised more realistically.**

I LEFT SCHOOL *at 16, in 1960. As a matter of a fact, I was expelled from my convent school for cheekiness and insubordination. Once expelled, that was it. There was no question of my going to another school.*

It was made clear to me that I had had my chance at education, and as I had misbehaved, I would have to take the consequences and make out on my own from now on.

FIRST I BECAME a waitress. Then I moved up in the world to become a clerk typist. Ambitiously, I thought I might get to be a better-paid clerk typist if I learned French properly. So I went to France to be an "au pair" girl.

Being an "au pair" in those days came pretty near to being a skivvy. You rose at 6.30 a.m. and began work straight away. You worked at housework and childcare until 9.30 at night.

It was a hard and lonely life for an 18-year-old, but in those far-off days it seemed to be a universally accepted fact that youngsters were expected to go through a time of testing, difficulties and constant correction for the errors of their ways.

WHEN HE WAS 18, *my husband was doing his National Service in the Army. Being drilled and shouted at by a tough sergeant-major was no bed of roses; but as he had emerged from a school where boys were obliged to start the day with an ice-cold shower at 6.0 a.m., the vicissitudes of barrack life followed on almost as a logical extension.*

MARY KENNY *was born in Ireland (1944) and educated there. In the 1968 turbulence she was prominent in the movement for "youth and women's rights." She writes a regular column for the* Daily Mail *and the* Sunday Telegraph, *and has recently published a book of memoirs entitled* Christianity Works *(Michael Joseph, 1981).*

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inhibiting grades.

But this only leads me to puzzle over the mystery of how we managed to survive in yesterday's schools. The hard-pressed pursuit of good grades was far more intense in those days. In 1932 I desperately wanted to pass my final law-school exams, and get married; and for that I needed a job. One could get a place as a judge's assistant if the final exam result was at least a "Second"—the bridegroom-to-be would then be offered the princely sum of 209 Marks per month. The average number of "seconds" came to only 5.7% of law-school graduates, and if I didn't make it to the top there went my marriage plans and much else besides, for the Nazis were on the march and my fiancée happened to be Jewish. Thoughts of suicide?

We had one unusual advantage at that time: the message from our parents, loud and clear, was simply that it was our problem to get on with our studies; the family had enough hassles of its own. Nowadays, as I can see all around me, vast amounts of tea and sympathy are dispensed, and our young people are pitied and consoled for so long that they become convinced that all is cruel and hopeless, with no real solutions in sight. Time was—and not so long ago—when young people sensed that to choose death rather than the dilemmas of life was to face swift condemnation as a weakling and failure; today our young would-be suicides know that the Establishment is guilty, that it is society that will be accused and condemned.

I apportion the guilt quite differently. How can we expect the young to make real efforts towards worthwhile goals when their teachers and academic guides proclaim that their efforts ("in *this* society") are in vain, that the game isn't worth the candle. These psychological pressures weaken even the strongest. And they all shrink back from difficulties which the older generation accepted as a challenge.

As if lives in modern times were ever led without tribulations, indeed without catastrophes. When I was eight years old—in 1914—our fathers had to "go to war." When we were twelve, that War was lost and our whole world had collapsed. Up to the age of eighteen we knew only inflation (the wild, grotesquely uncontrollable sort), yesterday's

. . . *to Young Generations*

I AM NOT SAYING **that such a framework of growing up made marvellous men and women of our generation. In fact, it turned many people of my generation into thoroughly wet liberals.**

You can have too much authority, too much strictness, too much repression, just as you can have too little of it. So the generation who are in their thirties and forties now raised their children permissively as a reaction against disciplines which, perhaps, did lack flexibility.

As a consequence, many young people today are much nicer human beings than we were: sweeter, gentler, more "caring." But in reacting against the old disciplines, the pendulum swung too far.

THIS IS *nowhere more manifest than in the whole job problem. There is no getting away from the fact that there is, arithmetically, a heck of a lot of unemployment. But there is also a lack of skilled labour.*

The play-centred, creative education system has dismally failed to equip many youngsters with ordinary, practical skills or even, in many cases, with simple literacy and numeracy. The idea which has been dinned into them that it is their "right" to have a job, and it is the Government's fault if they do not get one has only succeeded in creating unhappiness and resentment.

And the job market itself has been utterly warped by legislation which makes it very nearly impossible to fire anyone. If an employer sacks someone today, the first reaction is to seek redress in an industrial tribunal for the great wrong that has been done.

IT MEANS, **by implication, that being fired is a terrible blot on your character, and consequently represents a deep personal failure.**

I've been fired from lots of jobs, and in most cases, it did me the world of good. That's how you learn—by mistakes. It doesn't mean that there is some deep loss of personal value. It means that you didn't do that particular job very well—so you must learn to do the next one better.

When there is no firing, there is no hiring. If an employer can't sack anyone, he is going to be a hundred times more cautious in taking anyone on. His prejudices will deepen against minorities like black people, because he will feel that he daren't take anyone on who runs the slightest risk of being an unknown quantity.

One employer I know now avoids hiring anyone under 35.

> *"I'm sorry, but my experience is now that young people just do not have the work ethic in the same way as the middle-aged and older generation. They apply for jobs bristling with their 'rights'.*
>
> *"If you tell them their work isn't up to scratch and they must improve it, they immediately get up on their high horse; they take it as a personal insult. The women burst into tears and the men say they are going to the union about it."*

IN BEING **too kind to the next generation, we have been paradoxically rather cruel. Because we didn't tell them that, for most people, life is rather a hard business, the shock of this discovery, when it comes, is eventually more embittering.**

Mary Kenny
DAILY MAIL

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money being only worth half of today's. Then came a few "good years"; but in 1929 (I was 23) the global economic depression struck; and everyone was plunged into mass misery, though only half the workers were in the ranks of the unemployed. From 1930 on, the struggle was essentially between the extremes of Nazism and Communism—young people flocked to both sides with notable enthusiasm, often as starry-eyed as the enthusiasts of today. After 1933, some of the survivors pulled in their heads so as not to lose them. If we had any hope it was, disastrously enough, for a lost war which would rid us of Adolf Hitler.

WELL, WE GOT our defeat, but at what a price for old Europe! But one small lesson was learned by the survivors: that one could survive, and that one could emerge from the ruins with new vigour and social purpose. In the now well-established weekly newspaper which I started, at first all our savings were lost, the bailiffs were regular visitors, payrolls went regularly unmet. I would be pleased to know that there are still young people in the land ready to risk everything in order to build something. Or are they too terrified of the awful pressures of the forthcoming cruel examinations?

Unemployment, I know, is a serious matter; yet in the paper I own (which employs about 190 persons), about five to ten positions remain unfilled. Talented specialists, of one kind of another, are a rare commodity everywhere. Industrial plants desperately seek technicians, but the technology colleges never get enough students. About 28% of our technical enterprises cannot find the engineers they need; many trades look in vain for apprentices. The sociologists our society needs it already has in abundance (and, if you please, pays them rather well); but it seems that the sociologically-trained false prophets, trapped in their two-culture lag, have a mind set against trade and commerce and cannot bring themselves to advise the youth to go into science and industry. They send them instead out into the desert of social and literary studies where gainful employment is necessarily a mirage.

We should not overdo the paradoxes of unemployment and the ironies of unfilled posts. But even the simplest of jobs cries out in vain for help. I have an 84-year-old neighbour who owns a house, rents part of it, and has a terrible problem every winter when the snow piles high and she wants to pay somebody to clear it. The Employment Exchange tells her that "occasional or part-time jobs are not wanted. . . ." She put a notice on a tree in front of her door: "Will pay 17,50 DM per hour" (£4.00, $8.00), but that didn't help much either. What does it tell us about the desperations of unemployment? Or are there now categories of unworthy labour to which our students, so busy torturing themselves over the true meaning of existence, want to consign only hapless Turk and Yugoslav "guest-workers"?

ACCORDING TO the conventional wisdom, there is no law, no order. "All the articles of our Constitution are supposed to be in force, but if you try reminding anybody of one of them you quickly get put down as a trouble-maker. . . ." The fact of the matter is that the Supreme Court, as guardian of the Constitution, has since 1951 reviewed some 4,206 cases in defence of the rights of the citizen. I would very much like to know which complaints, without good or tenable reasons, the Court has ever rejected.

IN GENERAL, I concede that the sense of social continuity, the awareness that the lives we live are inherited from our ancestors and have to be passed on to our descendants, used to be rather stronger than it is today; for in our time (with new rules about divorce and rights of children) we have been strengthening the individual, and hence the centrifugal forces in society. And now we have the spectacle of dismay among "progressive" parents when their 18-year-olds leave home and prefer to be "independent" (with all their allowances, of course). And more than that, society must immediately provide them with a flat at rent-controlled prices.

How I wish that I were in a position to make them an offer which they couldn't refuse. Instead of "occupying houses" (our squatters in West Berlin have been engaged in a continuing war with the local police) they might conceivably be persuaded to get together in one of their famed "collectives" and start *building* houses. There are even a few progressive building societies (like the *Neue Heimat*) which would help them to organise the project. After all, do our 18-year-olds have a right to demand of society private quarters before they have even made a social contribution of their own? Who ever promised anyone a rose garden? And even in a garden hard work is necessary . . . .

As indeed it is for a conscientious doctor or a well-trained nurse; for a teacher who genuinely cares about the future of his pupils; for a trade-union official who slowly, skilfully, tries to reconcile the interests of his members with the general good; for a business manager who, above and beyond his balance-sheet, cares about the welfare of his personnel; for a skilled machinist, or an able lawyer, or a farmer in the fields . . . More than that, I fear, has not been promised to man.

Often it is less, for happiness pursued is not happiness achieved, and all these banal pieces of

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ancient wisdom do need to be repeated in a revolutionary time of utopian expectations. Progress is never steady, justice never perfect; and there are always sad reversals. I too find imperfection depressing, though never boring; for it is, as all the great writers have told us, *la condition humaine*, and a challenge as well. Is this conformity? Perhaps; but at least it has kept us from naively trying to turn the world upside down every couple of years.

One of our new theologians warns us: "You have no idea at all of how deep a contempt the younger generation now feels . . .". Well, if this angry man of God says so, then so be it (although one wonders how a Christian can condone such feelings of ill will toward his fellow-man). But I look back neither in anger nor in contempt, only in sadness at the sight of generations of the young, misled by false prophets and dark teachings, wallowing in their self-contrived despair.

Mr Brocklehurst's Hymn

(Mr Brocklehurst was Treasurer and Manager of Lowood Institution, a charity-school in which Jane Eyre was a pupil)

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
  Who commanded me to rule,
Supervise, chastise and govern
  In this charitable school.
    Praise Him! Praise Him! For His Wisdom!
  He chose me to be His tool.

Day by day I humbly labour;
  No task is too mean or small;
Scrimping, scraping for our Saviour
  Who put paupers above all.
    Scrutinise them! Mortify them!
  Free them from the Devil's thrall!

If my blessed Lord should ask it,
  I will check each washing-line,
Laundry-bill and linen basket,
  Darning-needle, thread and twine.
    Orphanages! And Asylums!
  Need such oversight as mine.

Bread and cheese shall be forbidden,
  Burnt porridge is better fare.
From these starved, vile-bodied children
  Souls immortal may appear.
    Fire and brimstone! Catechism!
  Torments now bring bliss elsewhere.

Curling hair is an excrescence,
  Vengeance on such vanity.
Chop and crop all bright abundance:
  Nature is the Enemy.
    Shameful! Sinful! Flesh is bestial!
  Subjugate humanity!

Ruth Silcock

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

Ceremonial Farewell

By François Bondy

"To die is to become the prey of the living."
SARTRE,
L'Être et le Néant

THEY WERE for more than half-a-century Europe's most legendary "intellectual pair", together in the cafes of the Paris Left Bank, uninterruptedly exchanging ideas and gossip, "engaging themselves almost as one in the causes and crusades of the day. There was over the years an extraordinary constancy, even when on occasion they separated and took to themselves other companions along other routes, and even indeed (as she has recorded in the volumes of her memoirs) when there was on this-or-that point of philosophy, literature or politics a measure of sharp disagreement and open conflict.

Yet one can't help noticing that it was not Simone de Beauvoir whom Jean-Paul Sartre appointed to be his heir and executor, and it was not to her that he turned but to "Victor", the young militant Benny Levy who provoked him to a deep revision of many views (on Jews, on violence), for his "political testament" (and it surprised so many of his intimate circles, not least Mme de Beauvoir).

"I have been, I am no more. . . ." Now that he is dead, is it time only for "prey" and "booty"? Of the 560 pages of Simone de Beauvoir's "ceremonial farewell",[1] 160 are a detailed chronicle of the miseries of the philosopher's last years, the rest a record of conversations, or rather, interviews, which she conducted with him in Rome in the summer of 1974. Taken together they are at once a biographical document and a personal obituary, a mournful farewell and a pious act of possession against other freebooters, as if she would always be the first to pray and to . . . prey. For the clear message emerges, "He was, after all, mine. . . ." Even though as she writes, in final resignation, "His death separates us, death will not unite us. . . ."

But her record of the dying years of Sartre's sufferings, his illness and blindness, his collapse into physical and spiritual helplessness, has no sentimentalism about it, only a literary rigour and even ruthlessness which has already given pain to their friends and embarrassment to French critics and readers. Or is this, too, part of the "continuing debate and polemic" which Sartre always knew would follow and from which he would now forever be excluded? Once again there are the charges and counter-charges that the philosopher was being "used and abused", that both the essence of his ideas and the meaning of his life were being misunderstood and misinterpreted. Who is guilty here? Perhaps no one is innocent.

Indeed there is in his *L'Être et le Néant* (1943) a section called "My Death" in which Sartre reflects on a philosopher's capacity for infinite self-interpretation; in the last analysis, when he is "no more", he is an easy victim for commentators yet to come, since it is history which would always have the last word on meanings and truths. When death comes one argument ends, another discussion begins, and the philosopher who is "no more" remains forever defenceless.

THE TITLE, *La cérémonie des adieux*, appears to be a phrase of Sartre's own, which he would use to her at one of their separations. Now she writes, "Here is the first of my books—the only one—which you have not read before it was printed and published. It is entirely for you and yet touches you not. When we were young, at the end of every discussion the victor would say, 'And now you are caught in your little box. . . .' Well, now you are in your little box, never to come out again. Even if I were to be buried next to you there would be no access. . . ." (I should note that in the French the form is always here "*vous*" and not "*tu*", and it should not be mistaken for coolness or formal distance: the *tu* between Sartre and, say, the young militants of '68 is far less intimate than this *vous*.)

If her description of her mother's mortal illness was that of "a gentle death" (but there was irony in that title), this account of Sartre's dying miseries is a chronicle of horrors in which no miserable detail is considered too unimportant to be registered; and although I can understand (and indeed even sympathise with) the howls of the embarrassed Paris critics, I wonder whether Sartre himself would have much objected. Revolted by the onset of his own mortality, he may have hated the nauseating *Ding-an-sich*, but never its literary representation. Eyes go dark, and he falls and hurts

[1] Simone de Beauvoir, *La cérémonie des adieux, suivi des Entretiens avec Jean-Paul Sartre* (Gallimard, Paris, 564 pp.).

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himself like a stumbling baby; bladder and intestines lose control, and he is repeatedly found in his own wetness and dirt; alcoholism is a desperate refuge (little whisky bottles, hidden away), and he sleeps through the night on the apartment floor. The little fellow had always been fairly robust, but the combination of Scotch and innumerable *Corydran* pep-up pills only reduced his resistance and self-control. At one point, when Simone de Beauvoir calls his attention to the increasing incontinence, he cracks, "At my age one must be modest. . . ." Quite immodestly she records the stains and odours and, endlessly, all the other signs of general physical disintegration. Once he put to her the fearful question, "Will I never be able to see again?" and she replied, "No, I'm afraid." She reports: "This was so heart-breaking that he wept through the night. It was awful to be present at the agony of a hope. . . ."

In these last years when he was almost blind he knew only what was read to him (among other things, Joachim Fest's *Hitler*). Although he himself would say that it made no real difference, one is saddened that the final volume of his *Flaubert* remained a vague, futile project. In some moments of energy he breaks out into Sartrean "*engagements*" and hurls warnings against the Bonn *Bundesrepublik* (for the Germans want to dominate Europe again), and even against the dangers of Italian "repressiveness" (although he might have been told how weak and helpless the Italian State really was). Occasionally he would be read newspaper reports from *Libération*, which he had helped to establish and which has become a useful journal. And it is in *Libération* that one aspect of the "continuing polemic" has been raging as Sartre's adopted daughter (and heir) has defended herself against Simone de Beauvoir whose views have been represented in *Le Canard Enchaîné*: there we are told, among other things, that Sartre's young favourite and companion always enjoyed his great generosity but never took the trouble to take care of an unpaid telephone bill.

It is all reminiscent of the goings-on in one of the blackest of Balzac's novels. One old friend visited Sartre in the hospital and recorded his last words as: "And the next whisky will be on me. . . ." Simone takes the trouble to correct him, and to give the authentic death-bed version: Sartre closed his eyes, touched her hand, and said that he loved her very much. . . . Such gestures, she hastens to record, were very unusual for him.

THE VARIOUS CONVERSATIONS, of which so little notice has yet been taken, make up the bulk of the book. I was very much struck by the revelation that at least one of Sartre's famous political articles—the one that praised the "great freedom" he found in the USSR—was not written by him at all, but

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came from the pen of his "secretary" at the time, M. Jean Cau. But now that he "is no more", how can one put it to him that this does not quite square with his vaunted theory of Engaged Writing, the unconditional existential personal responsibility of the Committed Intellectual? Was, then, his devotion to freedom as he understood it so absolute that he could afford to take liberties with it? Still, I prefer the image of his erratic spontaneity to the ceremonial solemnity of the Sartreans, young and old. Logic and inconsistency were harmonious parts of his irascible intellectuality, and he often appeased his ideological friends out of politeness or weariness or sheer talkativeness. "All right", he says (pressed on by Simone), "let's discuss it, if you wish. . . ."

In the end I wonder if any reader new to Sartre (and to his *compagne*), could come away from these pages of a "ceremonial farewell" with a notion that Sartre was a figure of importance. For my own part I needed to reassure myself by turning to *L'Être et le Néant* and to the pages of his extraordinary novel *La Nausée*. It only served to remind one that even for an Existentialist philosopher it is the works that remain that need to engage us, and not the last melancholy ruins of his personal existence.

The Lowenthal Paper

Bonn

I DON'T SUPPOSE I need to underline for readers of ENCOUNTER the importance of the role that Richard Lowenthal has been playing in the whole Post-War period towards the clarification of international (and, especially, ideological) problems, whether in the early Cold War period or the late *détente* phase. Several dozen sharp and argumentative articles have appeared in these pages. When he was a leader-writer on *The Observer* in London (in the great days when David Astor was publisher and distinguished writers like Andrew Shonfield and Sebastian Haffner were influential), the diplomatic line was incisive, vigorous, and persuasive.

But there was another side to Lowenthal's importance, and it may (in the slight confusion when his byline takes on an umlauted *ö*) have been lost on his Anglo-American followers. The current explosion in German left-wing politics over a Memorandum which he recently wrote on the future of the Social Democracy under Helmut Schmidt and Willy Brandt calls for a little personal history. For, long before his emigration to England as a refugee from Hitler (and his subsequent academic work at Columbia and California), he was active in German left-wing politics, first as a Marxist leader of the student youth, then as an independent socialist. When the War ended he published—only in German, and under the pseudonym "Paul Sering"—a small, powerful book called *Jenseits des Kapitalismus*, it played an extraordinary role in the clarification of Left-wing politics, then dominated by such figures in the SPD as Dr Kurt Schumacher and Mayor Ernst Reuter. After he took up Willy Brandt's invitation to return to Berlin as a Free University professor of politics, Lowenthal found himself at the centre of the student turmoil of the 1960s. He never faltered in his critique of Marxist-Leninist totalitarianism and in his support for the forces of reason and moderation which triumphed in the Bad Godesberg programme of 1959, in no small way a victory for "Paul Sering."

Now again, not for the first time, or the last, the Left seems to have lost its way. The bromidic phrase, here and in Britain (not to mention France, Scandinavia, and Italy), is: "What do Social Democrats stand for?" Should they turn to the Left, as with Tony Benn and Papandreou and Erhard Eppler, and renew themselves at the sources of "pure socialism"? Or should they continue to face the new social and political issues of the day with a less outdated ideology than ever before, with open-minded scepticism and gradualist many-sidedness (as do Helmut Schmidt, Roy Jenkins, Michel Rocard)?

THE "LÖWENTHAL PAPIER", as the German newspaper headlines daily refer to it, was originally written for the Social-Democratic Party's magazine, and only became a *cause célèbre* when leading figures like Herbert Wehner and Anne-Marie Renger began to Xerox copies and send it around—as if it were a bomb-shell against Willy Brandt and for Helmut Schmidt in the tense skirmishing of Left-Right forces before the all-important SPD Conference in Munich this April. The Munich *Parteitag* is likely to be, as *Der Spiegel* reports (14 December 1981), "the toughest battle over fundamentals since Godesberg in 1959. . . ."

This wasn't, apparently (and he has since confirmed it to me), Rix Lowenthal's intention, although he did send Willy Brandt a copy of the manuscript, accompanied by a letter which noted that they had "grown somewhat apart in recent years. . . ." For him, as readers of ENCOUNTER well know, politics is not a matter of personality wrangles and faction-fights. The theoretical suppositions were important, and he wanted to get the principles and the concepts right. Brandt had been obviously looking to the left, to the "integration" of all the groups and grouplets which had first emerged in the 1968 militance, and should now return from their isolation in ecological-pacifistic-anti-parliamentarian romanticism to the main-

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stream of socialist politics. Chancellor Schmidt had been warning against the influence of the "drop-outs" (*die Aussteiger*) which would alienate the real heart of the socialist movement, namely, the broad masses of the working people who were realistically concerned with jobs, growth, security in the real present-day society, not in a green utopia of May-pole dancers.

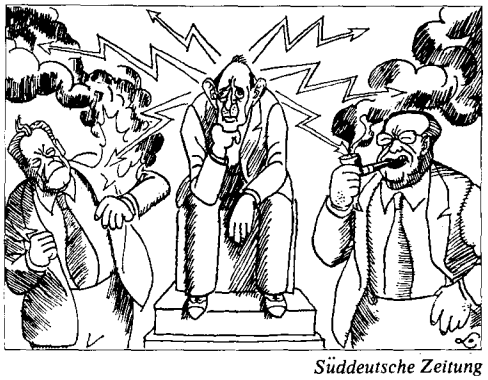
Rix Lowenthal took a clear position on behalf of the realists, although it was not easy, personally, to seem to be opting against Willy Brandt, with whom he had once collaborated on a biography of Ernst Reuter, Berlin's great "Cold War Mayor." When the *Festschrift* for Brandt's 65th birthday was published, he was the editor. But, as the Germans say, *es scheiden sich die Geister*, there comes a parting of the ways. When signatures began to be appended to the "*Löwenthal Papier*", the lines drew taut and it suddenly was: "*Rix oder Willy*?"

It is, to be sure, in some ways an uneven contest. Brandt still has great power within the Party apparatus (not to mention the Socialist International of which he is chairman), and there are forces on the German Left who have even been hoping for his return to the Chancellorship. On the other side a "theoretician", a mere intellectual—but surely it would not be for the first time in the history of the liberal-Left that the vigour of polemical clarity could win the day. Yet when I asked him the other day whether the debate was really about "theory", he said no, it was about "strategy." The Party must simply know what it wants and where it is going. To turn its back on "Industrial Society" in order to pick up some marginal anarcho-alternative votes in the wilder precincts of the "homeless Left" would be sheer folly—and electoral disaster.[1] Ecology can help correct some of the excesses of contemporary technological civilisation, but the protection of the environment is not a full-time programme for a prospering modern economy. Who will be there to spare two million workers the miseries of unemployment if we are all to be tender-hearted woodmen busy sparing the trees? And indeed, the riotous excitement about cutting down a piece of a forest adjacent to the Frankfurt Airport occupies more attention on the far Left than the *Bundesrepublik*'s failing finances or Poland under martial law.

ON THIS ISSUE, as on many others, two extreme and mindless ideologies are ranged against each other. One has been supporting growth at any price, as if any expansion of industrial society (at no matter what cost to the plundered environment) contributes unfailingly to social well-being. The other has been opposing economic expansion, making with its fetish of "zero growth" an absolute commitment to "ecology" and "the environment", and agitating as if expanding industry and innovative science were themselves evil.

Here Rix Lowenthal, reasonable as always, takes a strong moderating position against both extremes. In a sharp comment on an official SPD document on the subject (written by Volker Hauff), he points out that

> ". . . it is not a simple-minded matter of either ecology or growth, of either quantity or quality, for even a *selective* growth—paying attention to environmental considerations (and sometimes deciding hard priorities one way rather than another)—would have ultimately to be quantified for its social and political-democratic justification. . . . Modern society cannot live with an *absolute* priority to prevent all ecological damage. It is foolish and stultifying to be constantly melodramatising the 'imminent exhaustion' of all our natural resources. . . . The 'friends of the earth' have themselves been poisoning our political environment by setting up a 'Green' or an 'Alternative' ideology which opposes all industrial growth, all forms of modern economic development, and indeed seeks to subvert democratic-majority decisions, based on an assessment of the general public interest, in the



Süddeutsche Zeitung

BRANDT, LÖWENTHAL, WEHNER

[1] Such considerations are often taken to be a conflict of principle versus expediency. This is not so. It should be a *principle* of a serious political party to want to come to power and to exercise governmental influence on behalf of its ideals. The comfort of a dogmatic purity is the expediency of narrow ideological spirits.

A *Guardian* editorial recently pointed up the problem in the British context (*International Herald Tribune*, 30 December):

> "The choice before Labor is clear. Either it settles for being a narrow, committed ideological party, taking perhaps 20% of the vote election by election, but never very much more—which is what Benn is offering—or it seeks to recreate, even at the expense of compromise, a broader, left-of-center coalition which carries with it some prospect of power."

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name of 'local victims' and their veto right of absolute self-determination. . . ."[2]

THE OPPOSITION TO Lowenthal is not confined to the "drop-outs" of '68, frenetically trying to find an *Ersatz* for exhausted revolutionism by battling with the West Berlin police to defend the squatters occupying tenements, or marching against nuclear-power plants, or demonstrating for "peace without weapons", but reaches into the higher responsible circles of Schmidt's government and party. Men like Minister Volker Hauff and general-secretary Peter Glotz think of themselves as youthfully "future-oriented"; but it is almost as if they were trying to build the future in one country, and appear insensitive to the economic pressures of an inventive Japan or to the political pressures of a totalitarian East which is, as in Poland, ready every day to move whole police regiments and army divisions to stave off (only 50 miles away) "liberalisation" and "dangerous ideas." Lowenthal would have wished that his old friend Willy try to "integrate" not the ragamuffin mob of neo-romantic *Aussteiger*, disorienting a society against its own best interests, but a troubled electorate alarmed by new economic and diplomatic uncertainties. Neither on the issue of "Peace" nor of Poland has Nobel-Prize-winner Brandt been in tune with the major thrust of social democratic opinion in the West. Troubles in El Salvador and Namibia drive him to angry militant protest; tragedy in Warsaw stirs in him only caution, worry about strong words, and a sudden eagerness to leave other people's internal troubles alone.

But, even as I write, Brandt's new-found prudence in the face of wholesale violations of human rights has also become Chancellor Schmidt's remarkably neutral attitude towards the establishment of a military *Junta* in a "neighbouring land" where German friendship and finance were supposed to be "relaxing tension." In today's newspaper (*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, 31 December, p. 4), I note that Richard Lowenthal's name is among the signatories calling for a more vigorous critique of the shameful events in Poland than either Brandt or Schmidt have been able to bring past their lips. It could be that soon the coming battle will not merely be about a sounder political strategy, or a more coherent social theory, but about those quintessential European values in whose defence Rix Lowenthal has never faltered.

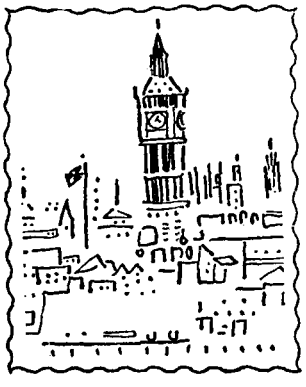
F.B.

[2] "Hauff contra Löwenthal?", in *Die Zeit* (Hamburg), 18 December 1981, p. 11.

London Commentary

Brideshead Resisted

Chronicles of a Social Alpinist—By EDWARD PEARCE



AT THE TIME this appears the American public will be settling into the eleven-part serialisation of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* which, with uncommon sharpness, we have unloaded on to their networks. Will the Americans coo or squirm? It is an important question from which they may learn a lot about their own state of political health.

Brideshead follows *Upstairs Downstairs* and *The Diary of an Edwardian Lady* as an addition to the list of commodities marked under the trade label "NOSTALGIA." It is also a hymnal to the true English vice—not flagellation, snobbery! The narrator is dining with Rex Mottram, a loud, successful Canadian (based upon the real-life Brendan Bracken to whom Evelyn Waugh owed great obligations).

> "I rejoiced in the Burgundy . . . . [It] It seemed . . . a reminder that the world was an older and better place than Rex knew, that mankind in its long passion has learned another wisdom than his."

Burgundy! But then the narrator, Charles Ryder, is that sort of young man.

Lady Julia (and we are frequently reminded that she is *Lady* Julia, daughter of the Marquis of Marchmain) describes her marriage to Mottram:

> "Oh, Charles, what a squalid wedding! The Savoy Chapel was the place where divorced couples got married in those days. . . . My own friends came, of course, and the curious accomplices Rex calls *his* friends . . . . Mummy said we couldn't use

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> Marchers. . . . There was great awkwardness about the tenants. In the end Bridey [her brother Lord Brideshead] went down and gave them a dinner and bonfire there which wasn't at all what they expected in return for their silver soup tureen."

Brideshead Revisited, novel and TV screen treatment, is a desolating experience. More than anything else it celebrates the aristocracy as a kind of virtue. To be one of the long-enobled, to live in a house with wings and a chapel, is a state of grace from which no trifling human defects can detract. Accordingly, the Flytes—drunken Sebastian, bitchy Julia, religion-crazed Cordelia—are all the objects of Ryder's unpleasant combination of euphoric adulation and cold-eyed determination to join. There is quite a thesis waiting to be written on the determination of ambitious young men in different parts of the world to get on or, alternatively, to get *in*.

Now, although the screen version has been rightly praised for its fidelity, the script-writer John Mortimer, a mild man of the left, has quietly toned down and filtered some of the very worst Waugh, notably the treatment of Hooper, a clumsy, uncultivated, lower-middle-class officer. That passage is fairly near to being the apotheosis of Waugh's hatred for the commonality.

> "I told you to inspect the lines."
>
> " 'M I late? Sorry. Had a rush getting my gear together."
>
> "That's what you have a servant for."

Hooper, it seems,

> "had not as a child ridden with Rupert's horse or sat among the campfires at Xanthus-side. . . . Hooper had wept often, but never for Henry's speech on St Crispin's day, nor for the epitaph at Thermopylae. The history they taught him had few battles in it but, instead, a profusion of detail about humane legislation and recent industrial change."

That is childish and nasty but speaks eloquently for the author himself, a malevolent and spluttering version of Miniver Cheevy:

> *Miniver cursed the commonplace*
> *And eyed a khaki suit with loathing.*
> *He missed the medieval grace*
> *Of iron clothing. . . .*

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED is the story of Waugh/Ryder's shrewdly judged attempt to buy himself a season ticket into the landed gentry. It is interwoven with a very forgettable tract for triumphalist Catholicism, culminating in a deathbed reconciliation by the unbelieving Lord Marchmain to the Church of Pacelli, Franco and some very good families, which it would require a stomach of zinc not to be turned by. But Lord Marchmain does not rejoin his Church before stressing rather more important points.

> "Aunt Julia knew the tombs, cross-legged knight and doubleted earl, marquis like a Roman senator . . . tapped the escutcheons with her ebony cane, made the casque ring over old Sir Roger. We were knights then, barons since Agincourt, the larger honours came with the Georges."

Ryder attaches himself at Oxford to Lord Sebastian Flyte, an alcoholic futilitarian upon whom some 40% of the text is lavished. As a college servant remarks, "A most amusing gentleman. I'm sure it's quite a pleasure to clean up after him."

Then he seeks out Sebastian's sister, Julia. They conduct a shipboard romance which comes over on television as if it had been written for a parodistic Fiona & Nigel, all sterile, significant pauses (by this time Charles has grown a moustache with which to brush Julia's cheek—and the actor, Jeremy Irons, had taken on the look of a higher-toned version of the young Schicklgruber). Waugh, a relatively chaste author, does stipulate sexual intercourse, so Mr Mortimer, literal-mindedly and with an eye to the ratings, has Mr Irons in his underpants doing the standard RADA press-ups. Julia happens to be married to Rex who is a colonial and doesn't understand Burgundy, so that's all right. Except, of course, that Julia throws a religious tantrum next to the fountain in the park at Brideshead. She gets over it and has another agreeable turn of dalliance with Ryder. But when Lord Marchmain comes back from his atheistical exile in Venice to run through his ancestors, find God, and die in the Queen's bed in the Chinese drawing-room, Charles and Julia part, moved by a deep wisdom which has evaded them for the previous 80 pages. Ryder has the consolation prize of God, awarded to him at Lord Marchmain's bedside: "a phrase came back to me from my childhood of the veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom. . . ."

This novel and its television treatment are, not to be nice about it, trash. The thing is a species of epic novelette. Never mind for a moment its puerile snobbery and social finessing, parts of it could have been written by somebody on a six-books-a-year contract to Mills & Boon:

> ". . . the dark horizon of tumbling water, flashing now with gold, stood still above us, then came sweeping down till I was staring through Julia's hair into a wide and golden sky, and she was thrown forward on my heart, held up by my hands on the rail, her face still pressed to mine.
>
> In that minute, with her lips to my ear and her breath warm in the salt wind, Julia said, though I had not spoken, 'Yes, now,' and as the ship righted itself and for the moment ran into calmer waters, Julia led me below."

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THE TELEVISION VERSION, though sparing us some of this *oloroso* dialogue and thinning out a little the spirit of clerico-fascism in which the book was written, remains dreadful and adds inevitable little dreadfulnesses of its own. Because Ryder, artist, *arriviste* and supercreep, acts as narrator, he is not blessed in the text with a great quantity of dialogue. In consequence the actor Jeremy Irons who plays this projection of a grander good-looking Waugh, hangs around a great deal rather like an under-employed footman.

Again, the producers commissioned by Lord Bernstein of Manchester's Granada TV (only a life peer, alas) have tried to waltz this tosh past us by dressing it up. Estimates of the cost vary but the location photography alone must have kept NATTKE, our sumptuously over-manned cameramen's union, on double-ply overtime velvet for months. It was shot at Christ Church, Oxford, in Venice, and at Castle Howard in Yorkshire. Great actors like Olivier and famous ones like Gielgud have also been brought into small parts to intimidate the feeble critics. If visual splendour could redeem narrative tat, Lord Bernstein would have done it. But alas, this gambit only indulges Waugh's vulgar, if clever, dream of the great folk and their environment still further. Vast tracts of the film create the impression of having been shot through a slick of golden syrup. Sebastian and Ryder drive off into a haze of light and pause to picnic upon champagne in countryside which looks like the old advertisement for Summer County margarine. Indeed one way and another advertising images are important to *Brideshead*, partly because acres of the film could so easily dissolve into top-of-the-market plugs. Charles, stalking on the upper sun-deck before he gets Julia, really should have done a cologne-for-men or panatella ad. And as Kingsley Amis, that unfoxable son of the chapel and the suburbs, remarked in a savage review, the Venetian trip is pure Martini all the way. For that matter the ITV advertisements seemed to merge with the show. A woman of stupifyingly gormless chic, in the early stages of seduction to a stage Frenchman for the promotion of Cointreau; a hostess surveying her super-splendidly laid dinner table before snatching an illicit After Eight mint under the eye of a roguish husband—they could all have been subsumed into the greater commercial called *Brideshead* and nobody would have noticed.

FOR *BRIDESHEAD* is soft-selling a class to the Americans after having sold it with tolerable success to the general British public, and with no trouble at all to some of the more gushing reviewers. "Watching it has been like floating down a river as powerful as the Mississippi and as beautiful as the Loire. . . . Unfortunately Diana Quick has not the assured upper-class glamour of Julia. She gives her a touch of the schoolmistress. Lady Diana Cooper still has this glamour, even in old age."

Brideshead is an advertisement all right—for every false, wrong, sycophancy-inspiring quality which is doing better than it should in Britain. Waugh trembled with rage at the encroachment of "the lower orders", not least because his own encroaching had been done very recently and because there were indications that he had only reached the banquet in time for coffee. The novel Waugh wrote in some hysteria towards the end of the last War is, when screened, smoother, sleeker and more palatable for the uncritical. It was a very apt production for the year of the latest Royal Wedding. It says: "Here are beautiful people living in beautiful houses (big ones) surrounded by culture and sustained by a very classy sort of religion. We trust that you know your respectful place."

Martin Wiener in his new book, *English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit* (1981), has a splendid phrase for what he regards as an English decadence: "The Counter-Reformation of Gentry values." For Wiener and other social critics—like Stephen Haseler (ENCOUNTER, January)—we have been set in our country over many years on a false turning, best seen as the victory of Oxford over Manchester, of Gentlemen over men. Oxford, city of aspiring dreams, was never a more loathsome arcady than in the early episodes of the *Brideshead* serial. But is this decadence narrowly English or will *Brideshead* ring the bell for AB yearnings in Kansas and Minnesota? For me Lord Sebastian and his teddy bear, Charles and his Burgundy, Julia using theology as a short cosh, Lord Marchmain and his noble ancestors, Anthony Blanche and his camp act, and the whole tribe of toad-eaters and servers-up of toad might well in some nice crude pre-Marxian revolution have been swept away by angry tenants not all contented with donating silver soup tureens. They are futile, feckless, unmeritable people; and the men who watch the charts and the polls seem to think that we like and admire them. Now is America—which confected its own plastic aristocracy in the Kennedy era and whose left-wing journalists can turn into running footmen at the lengthening of a vowel—is America sound enough, *republican* enough, to silence gentry values with the flick of a switch and watch something comparatively grown-up like *Kojak*? For even if the soap is from St James's, *Brideshead* is also soap opera. It is a bad novel by a good novelist, rendered marginally less offensive by Mr John Mortimer's social conscience but drawn out from its thin substance like a piece of chewing-gum in the hands of the Inquisition. If America salutes *Brideshead*, the battle of Yorktown will have been a wasted effort.

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A Special Book Section

Politics & World Affairs

Assessing the Arsenals

Nuclear Policies—By LAWRENCE FREEDMAN

THE RECENT UPSURGE in popular interest and concern about all nuclear issues has inevitably generated a large crop of books. This is entirely healthy because the issues raised by the use of nuclear power as a source of both energy and military strength are far too important to be left to a handful of officials and specialists. It is not so much surprising that these issues have suddenly become controversial as that for so long there was so much apathy.

More surprising still was that the interest in this area first concentrated on nuclear energy, worrying about nuclear systems designed *not* to explode instead of those designed to enable nuclear explosions to occur exactly when and where and at the scope and intensity required.

The only serious public debate over nuclear weapons during the 1970s took place in the United States and not in Europe. Moreover, unlike the one that is now under way in Europe, the American debate was less about the risk of nuclear war but of the Soviet Union stealing a march on the West. Influential voices argued that a determined investment in military hardware by the Kremlin had shown a return in a potentially decisive strategic advantage. Without urgent action the West's position would become intolerable. Henry Kissinger spoke in 1978 of a window of vulnerability in the first half of the 1980s that would have to be endured before any counter-measures could begin to take effect.

This preoccupation with strategic weakness helped Ronald Reagan to win the Presidency in 1980. Although shared by some West European conservatives, the general European view was that this alarm over the shifting military balance was overdone. The only book of those under review to reflect this American debate is that by Dr David Baker on *The Shape of Wars to Come*.[1] It even has a foreword by the redoubtable General George Keegan, late of US Air Force Intelligence, who has helped make paranoia a technically sophisticated art form and whose conviction as to Soviet superiority, particularly in the area of directed-energy weapons, made him extreme even by American standards. Baker has accepted Keegan's line on how the real arms race is now in this area of directed-energy weapons, which might in principle be able to neutralise an adversary's nuclear offensive systems. This is despite the fact that the feasibility of the project has been seriously questioned by competent scientists.

This need not detract from the book's value as a detailed and largely reliable history of the military uses of space, complete with lots of interesting diagrams and photographs. Unfortunately, Baker fails to provide a single reference or even a bibliography. It is a bit much having a sub-title—"The Hidden Facts Behind the Arms Race in Space"—when it can only be justified by hiding the many open sources that must have been used in the research.

The belief that the main problem with the arms race is that the United States has been losing it informs much of the current US Administration's policies. One of the reasons for the growth of the anti-nuclear campaigns in the West is anxiety over President Reagan's corrective measures and the less-than-reassuring way in which he presents his views on strategy and foreign policy, though the campaigns themselves can be traced back to the furore over the neutron warhead in 1977–78. The combination of a breakdown in *détente* and a series of highly-publicised decisions on nuclear armament has undermined the confidence (that grew with the successful management of the Cuban Missiles Crisis in 1962 and with the Partial Test Ban Treaty of the following year) that the international community really could learn to live with "the bomb."

[1] *The Shape of Wars to Come*. By DAVID BAKER. Patrick Stephens, £8.95.

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People have been reminded of the extent to which preparation for mass destruction is a continuing function of government in the world's major powers, and at a time when relations between these powers are unusually tense.

ALL THIS HAS LED to renewed worrying about nuclear war itself. Whereas a few years ago books on the subject were concerned essentially with the mechanisms of deterrence, with liberals arguing that they were robust and conservatives that they were fragile, the emphasis now is on the dangers of the arms competition getting out of hand and ending in utter disaster.

It is one of the ironies of the recent shift in popular concern that it has caught out the liberals more than the conservatives. The conservatives can see the peace movements in Europe as an inevitable accommodation to Soviet strategic superiority. The liberals, however, have been arguing in the context of the US strategic debate that the balance of terror is essentially stable, and that there is little profit for either side in a continual arms race. Now these same liberals find themselves castigated by those of similar, if usually less moderate, political persuasion for supporting an immoral system of deterrence through threats of genocide. Their critics even use similar arguments to the US hawks as to how new technologies are rendering the balance extremely delicate—except that the critics blame the US rather than the Soviet Union. The liberals now cling to an insistence on multilateral disarmament, with justice in that unilateralists put unwarranted hope in the power of positive example and in that any progress will come through hard negotiations between governments. But there is something of a distortion in that the objective of arms control has always been to stabilise nuclear relationships rather than remove the offending weapons altogether.

A member of the European peace movement, for example, might well get intensely irritated with the apparent complacency of Michael Mandelbaum's erudite musings on *The Nuclear Revolution*.[2] Mandelbaum provides an interesting and perceptive series of essays on how nuclear weapons have changed the pattern of international relations. His writing suffers from attempting to endow his points with a greater aura of profundity than they sometimes deserve, and the reliance on analogy (with Napoleon's military revolution, the Anglo-German Naval arms race, Tariff competitions, millennial movements, and so on) is not always as productive as it might be. At the end, however, the book succeeds in that it does make the reader think harder about the actual consequences for international life of the capacity for nuclear annihilation.

The paradox he points to is that in a world of sovereign states, with an essentially anarchic international system, peace is preserved through mutual fear. To achieve this nations must maintain such military capabilities that a failure in the system will be catastrophic. Mandelbaum seems to be reasonably confident that the system will endure, because nuclear war really is "unthinkable" and so the net result of "the nuclear revolution" may even be beneficial. Such a line of argument, which has much to commend it,[3] was quite common a few years ago (it informs the whole concept of "mutual assured destruction") but is quite out of tune with the current rhetoric.

Mandelbaum's conclusion is that our very inability in the West really to comprehend an all-out nuclear war may be our salvation—"what makes nuclear war possible also makes it unthinkable." But what is so striking about the attention now devoted to nuclear matters is that however much the prospect of annihilation strains the imagination, once it has reached the popular consciousness it cannot be easily shaken away, and creates powerful political pressures.

MAGNUS CLARKE'S title *The Nuclear Destruction of Britain*,[4] certainly suggests something more in keeping with the tenor of our times. However, readers may be surprised to find a scholarly and dogged pursuit of difficult questions about the likely course of a nuclear war and its impact on British society rather than another tract on the horror of it all. In fact, Clarke's analysis leaves little room for doubt as to the catastrophic consequences of nuclear bombardment. He does this by stressing the blows to the country's economic and social structure as much as levels of casualties. The problem is that he is far too precise in his judgments, especially when considering the likely Soviet tactics in attacking Britain, offering views as to the most probable time of the attack (Christmas Day morning) as well as the type of weapons that would be used and their likely distribution. He eschews consideration of situations which might actually trigger war, but some political context might have prevented him from virtually ignoring the existence of allies and from postulating a Soviet attack that is so well-planned and executed that it assumes

[2] *The Nuclear Revolution: International Politics Before and After Hiroshima*. By MICHAEL MANDELBAUM. Cambridge University Press, £17.50, paper £5.95.

[3] *War and Change in World Politics*. By ROBERT GILPIN. Cambridge University Press, £15.00. This impressive book, though not specifically looking at the nuclear issue, also stresses the important restraining influence of nuclear weapons.

[4] *The Nuclear Destruction of Britain*. By MAGNUS CLARKE. Croom Helm, £11.95.

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astonishing calm and calculation in the Kremlin.

A similar uncertainty as to Britain's relations with its allies at a time of crisis, and of the degree of rationality that might be expected of national leaders when faced with the ultimate decisions about whether or not to "go nuclear", pervades the contribution by Jeff McMahan, a Cambridge philosopher, to the debate on Britain's own nuclear capability.[5] One wonders what sort of philosopher would permit a publisher's blurb which claims a book to be "a completely balanced assessment .... Without bias."[6] The pose of aloof detachment soon slips, but McMahan certainly follows his own path and his argument generates some insights, including recognising the case for civil defence in the absence of a national deterrent; but as with Clarke the lack of any political sensitivity devalues his conclusions. Although he dismisses most of the threats which the UK nuclear force is supposed to deter, he does assign some credibility to the risk of nuclear blackmail but feels that the US can look after this for us so long as we let them keep the Holy Loch base (but no others).

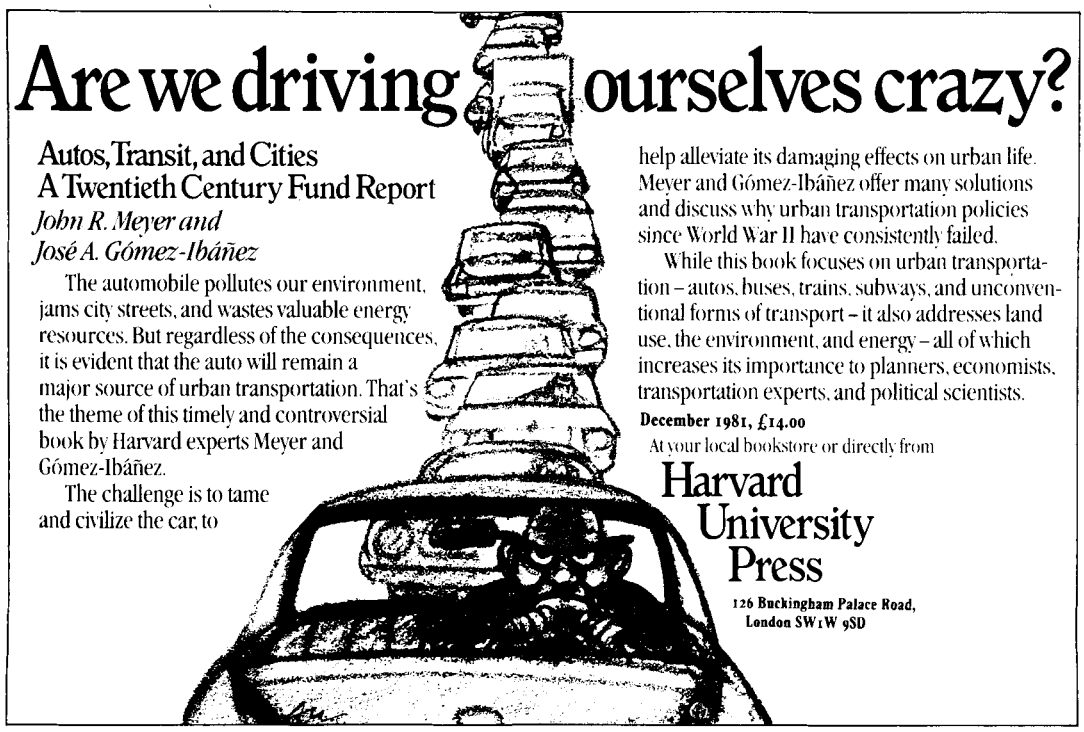
It is welcome to find a philosopher wishing to contribute to a discussion on policy, particularly as he keeps firmly to the point and does not drift off into metaphysics. We return to the paradox that no serious analysis can find logic in engaging in nuclear war, while the fear that such a logic might be found contributes to preventing war. Perhaps the problem of McMahan's analysis is that he concentrates on the logic of nuclear strategy without getting to grips with the more basic attitudes and political arrangements that shape so much of the actual policies.

[5] *British Nuclear Weapons: For and Against*. By JEFF MCMAHAN. Junction Books, £9.95, paper £3.95.

[6] Publishers seem to assume that the best way to sell books on nuclear weapons is to offer a definitive bias-free guide—another example is the title of *How to Make Up Your Mind About the Bomb*. By ROBERT NEILD. André Deutsch, £2.95. The blurb for Sir Alan Cottrell's book, discussed later, describes it as "totally objective." Neild's book, incidentally, is the most lucid critique of UK nuclear policy, and is far less tortuous in its logic than McMahan's.

[7] *Nuclear Nightmares*. By NIGEL CALDER. Penguin Books, £1.50.

IT IS ONE of the great strengths of Nigel Calder's "investigation into possible wars", *Nuclear Nightmares*,[7] that he never forgets the political background. Calder is content to describe, with admirable clarity, the weapons and the attitudes of these in the "nuclear business." The effect is much more chilling than indulging in polemics, for we are reminded just how much we rely on perfectly reasonable but fallible human beings to prevent


Are we driving ourselves crazy?
Autos, Transit, and Cities
A Twentieth Century Fund Report
John R. Meyer and
José A. Gómez-Ibáñez
The automobile pollutes our environment, jams city streets, and wastes valuable energy resources. But regardless of the consequences, it is evident that the auto will remain a major source of urban transportation. That's the theme of this timely and controversial book by Harvard experts Meyer and Gómez-Ibáñez.
The challenge is to tame and civilize the car, to help alleviate its damaging effects on urban life. Meyer and Gómez-Ibáñez offer many solutions and discuss why urban transportation policies since World War II have consistently failed.
While this book focuses on urban transportation – autos, buses, trains, subways, and unconventional forms of transport – it also addresses land use, the environment, and energy – all of which increases its importance to planners, economists, transportation experts, and political scientists.
December 1981, £14.00
At your local bookstore or directly from
Harvard University Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

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catastrophe. Calder considers four possible routes to nuclear war: the standard NATO scenario of a conflict in Europe; the proliferation of nuclear weapons to less stable parts of the world; accident or miscalculation through failures in command and control; and the "counterforce game between the superpowers and the possibility that one of them might make a forthright attack on the nuclear forces of the other." It is this last "nightmare" that has dominated the US strategic debate, and has been picked up frequently by the more informed of the anti-nuclear campaigners, perhaps because it is a fear derived from technological developments. I have always found it less worrying than scenarios that see risk in the pressure of political circumstances and the weaknesses in command structures. An unprovoked and calculated gamble on an unproven capability that cannot promise the complete disarmament of the enemy is never likely to impress a politician.

At the end of the book Calder describes his feelings, in a way with which anybody who works in this field can sympathise, as "those of a busybody who has shouted 'Fire!' in the theatre and now cannot point to the safe way out." A catalogue of measures is suggested which might reduce some of the risks, but Calder does not pretend that complete disarmament is on the cards. With a generation coming to power that "did not experience the shock of Hiroshima and regard nuclear weapons as normal gadgets", Calder concludes by suggesting that the world's leaders should occasionally be assembled to witness the awfulness of a multi-megaton blast.

Louis René Beres also discusses alternative routes to nuclear catastrophe, though with variation in emphasis.[8] His three routes are through war between the superpowers, proliferation, and the acquisition of nuclear devices by terrorists. His is a much more organised and comprehensive discussion than that of Calder, if a less easy one to read. After discussing how a catastrophe might come about by each of these routes, Beres then discusses the consequences before concluding by examining forms of prevention. Many of the proposals are the common fare of disarmament conferences—SALT, test-ban treaties, strengthening of safeguards against proliferation, and so on. When there is so much difficulty in making progress with even the most modest of these measures, it is hard to see much hope for the more far-reaching, especially when they involve calls for a new international political order.

THE BEST THING, in addition to some spirited invective, about Martin Ryle's *The Politics of Nuclear Disarmament*[9] is the title, for he is at least clear that progress cannot be through a series of technical fixes to be urged upon the world's leaders, but must be linked throughout to changes in relations between states and even to new political relations within states. Sadly his political analysis is so crude, overstated and fanciful that the uncommitted reader may only conclude that the situation is utterly hopeless. If "a 'utopian' international order . . . is . . . a minimal necessity if humanity is to survive", the most honest reaction is to give up. Ryle also propagates the populist myth, dashed most dramatically in 1914, that everything is really the fault of the governing élites, and that the common people wholly disapprove. He believes that the "vertical divide between nation and nation" is far less important than the "horizontal divide *within* each nation between civilians (common victims) and military (the common enemy)."

Ryle, despite his obvious intelligence, has so little grasp of the actual workings of national and international politics that he offers nothing but a prospect of massive disillusion. The establishment might take comfort from the thought that the new disarmament movement, like its predecessor, may well lose itself in the cul-de-sac of revolutionary politics. However, it is hardly encouraging, given the fundamental issues raised by nuclear weapons, if we cannot sustain a public debate on the matter without the whole thing degenerating into a contest between a smug complacency and bad-tempered extremism.

AT THIS POINT it might be instructive to turn to the parallel debate on nuclear energy, for this began early in the 1970s and its line of development may offer us lessons for the debate on armaments which began much later. One aspect of the nuclear energy debate, which (as can be seen from Ryle) is already becoming part of the armament debate, is that it has become generalised into an argument over democracy. The anti-nuclear protest has stressed the centralisation of decision-making and the intensive security apparatus that accompanies reliance on nuclear materials for fuel. This is remarked upon in all the books discussed below. It is well brought out by Dorothy Nelkin and Michael Pollak's analysis of the anti-nuclear movements in Germany and France,[10] although the authors may be too sympathetic to the movements they describe to keep the challenge represented to certain values

[8] *Apocalypse: Nuclear Catastrophe in World Politics*. By LOUIS RENÉ BERES. University of Chicago Press, $20.00, £12.00.

[9] *The Politics of Nuclear Disarmament*. By MARTIN M. RYLE. Pluto Press, £2.50.

[10] *The Atom Besieged: Extra-parliamentary Dissent in France and Germany*. By DOROTHY NELKIN and MICHAEL POLLAK. MIT Press, $17.50, £10.85.

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about technology and political life in perspective. Nor is the treatment of the pro-nuclear position adequate. Nevertheless, the illumination of the various currents of opinion within the anti-nuclear movements, and their organisation and background, is interesting, and some useful observations are made on how the variation in political structure between the two countries has made a difference to the comparative success of the two groups. The federal structure of West Germany, for example, offers more scope for a well-organised opposition than does the centralism of France.

The full flavour of anti-nuclear commitment is captured by reading Dervla Murphy's *Race to the Finish?*.[11] Ms Murphy is better known as a travel writer and her book is organised as a sort of Cook's tour of nuclear scandals, starting with the biggest of them all—the series of accidents at Three Mile Island in March 1979 which provided the nuclear industry with its worst-ever publicity. Ms Murphy happened to be visiting friends nearby at the time. She makes clear in the preface that she is a wholly committed "anti-nuke", so we are spared the pretence of impartial enquiry. At one point she decides that there are fundamental differences between "pro-nukes" and "anti-nukes", according to their ability to imagine something better than the status quo. "Pro-nukes, then, are essentially timid, Aztec-types who have been sold the idea that nuke idols are necessary to preserve their way of life." One of the more endearing features of the book is her continual wonderment that many of the pro-nukes she meets are nice and caring people.

Unfortunately, writing about nuclear power as a rather unpleasant foreign country, with all the eyesores and local disgraces described in great detail, does not make for an easy read. The book does not succeed either as a polemic or as a guide to the issues. Virtue is claimed in the fact that the book is written by a non-specialist for non-specialists, but the result is only a communication of muddle. The specialist with the ability to popularise his subject knows what to stress and what to leave out. On this particular journey Ms Murphy has simply got lost in detail.

AN EXAMPLE OF A SPECIALIST communicating in concise and comprehensible terms is provided by Sir Alan Cottrell, formerly Chief Scientific Adviser to the Government.[12] This book can be recommended for anyone who wants a guide through the controversy on nuclear safety. For the purposes of this article, a striking feature of Sir

[11] *Race to the Finish? The Nuclear Stakes.* By DERVLA MURPHY. John Murray, £9.50, paper £5.95.

[12] *How Safe is Nuclear Energy?* By ALAN COTTRELL. Heinemann Educational Books, £2.50.

'Seldom can a biography of a major world figure have been so well timed' *The Listener*

SADAT

DAVID HIRST & IRENE BEESON

At first Henry Kissinger thought he was a clown. Later he called him the greatest statesman since Bismarck. Unquestionably Anwar Sadat ranked among the most remarkable leaders of our times. In his eleven years as President of Egypt he astonished the world with a series of exploits – the expulsion of 20,000 Soviet experts in 1972, the smashing of the 'impregnable' Bar Lev line in 1973, the descent on Jerusalem in 1977 and the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian Peace Treaty in 1979 – each of which was more spectacular than the last. Yet who really was this self-styled *Fellah*, inspired in all he did by 'the ethics of the Egyptian village'? Clown or statesman? Egoist or visionary? True friend of the West or disastrous liability? His recorded words and deeds speak for themselves. And the conclusion is inescapable. Sadat was another Shah, but, mesmerised by Sadat 'the peace maker', America refused to see it. Western politicians, and much of the Western media, lent themselves to a public relations exercise which reveals as much about their own gullibility as it does about the man who so successfully foisted it on them. 384 pages. £11.50 (in the US, $19.95)

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Alan's introduction and conclusion is his sheer frustration with the quality of the existing debate. He is particularly harsh on those "who have exploited the public's ignorance of nuclear technicalities to aggravate its justifiable worries into *unfathomable dreads and irrational hatreds*", but also criticises those "who have alienated many people by their secretiveness, bland pronouncements and superior 'daddy knows best' attitudes." In his conclusion he argues that the issue is not whether all nuclear reactors are dangerous or all are safe: "Some are more safe than others, others are safe in some conditions, dangerous in others."

The point therefore is that there is choice even if the current lines of energy (and security) policy are maintained, and the issue is how are these choices made and how can the public be confident that the right choices have been made. It is therefore quite appropriate that the debate on nuclear power should lead to a debate on democracy, but not of the sort that poses anti-nuclear, civilian, grass-roots populism versus pro-nuclear, militarist, centralised élitism. How does one ensure that government decisions on technically complicated matters of great importance are subject to effective and responsible scrutiny?

The fact is that the decisions taken up to now have not demonstrated the quality of judgment that engenders confidence in the future. The excellent study by Irvin Bupp and Jean-Claude Derian[13] explains how highly dubious technical and financial assessments of the promise of light-water reactors were uncritically accepted. They demonstrate how the nuclear industry is now suffering from the cavalier approach it adopted towards public opinion, and its own customers, in the formative years. Apart from anything else, the success of the protest movement in delaying approval for new installations has pushed up the cost of construction and so has upset the economic calculations.

NORMAN MOSS's superb examination of the whole gamut of issues connected with uranium[14] brings out even more clearly the need for a blend of political, technical and economic analysis if the real choices for public policy are to be identified. In an imaginative study, Moss begins with the discovery of uranium and tells how the role of this mineral in energy and weapons production created a unique set of issues.

This is a book for anyone who cares about these issues—of the safety of nuclear reactors, the pressures to export nuclear technology and the consequences for proliferation, the shift to plutonium represented by the "breeder" reactor—yet finds it difficult to keep in touch with their development. Moss fairly but firmly explains the competing views by describing how they have been worked out in national and international political arenas. He is particularly good on the controversies surrounding the highly elaborate, well-intentioned but over-ambitious and insensitive policies of the Carter Administration and the negative reaction of America's West European allies. It is a difficult story to tell if justice is to be done to the various arguments, but Moss does it very effectively.[15]

Moss notes in his introduction some points that emerge from his account: the speed with which what appears to be a technical issue can become political (he cites the case of the question of how much uranium we can find in the ground); the shortsightedness of so many people involved in nuclear power in the past about the consequences of what they were doing; the extent to which changes have been brought about by new perceptions and attitudes rather than new technologies; the international interdependence of nuclear power; and the "incongruity of scale"—the likelihood of a nuclear holocaust appears at times to turn on small questions of technical detail (which partly explains his first point).

THE EXPERIENCE illustrates the difficulty of having any sort of constructive debate on issues which combine high technology with high passion. One lesson that might be drawn is that in the absence of firmly-based technical judgments, policy can come to be based on the wishful thinking of interested parties, or else will be assumed by others to be so.

A second lesson is that criticism of the technical failings of particular policies becomes extremely difficult when the overall debate is polarised. Every comment becomes a litmus test of basic views on nuclear power. And a third lesson is that, in democratic societies, technical assessment by itself is rarely a sufficient basis for policy. As a practical matter it is always difficult to ignore the interests connected with any billion-dollar projects, and sometimes it must be recognised that a raw nerve in society has been touched and that deep fears and

[13] *The Failed Promise of Nuclear Power: The Story of Light Water.* By IRVIN C. BUPP and JEAN-CLAUDE DERIAN. Basic Books, £3.95. This brings up-to-date the original (1978) version of the book. In a preface they record their frustration at being continually asked whether they are "for" or "against" nuclear power. Like Cottrell their answer is "Yes, but . . . ."

[14] *The Politics of Uranium.* By NORMAN MOSS. André Deutsch, £4.95.

[15] For an insight into the thinking of the Carter Administration and the European reaction, see the essays by Joseph Nye and Pierre Lellouche in an unusually useful collection. *Nuclear Proliferation: Breaking the Chain.* Edited by GEORGE QUESTER. University of Wisconsin Press, $20.00, £12.00; paper $6.95, £4.20.

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passions have been roused, which policy-makers ignore at their peril.

All of these lessons are relevant to the debate on nuclear weapons. They are reinforced by a reading of two quite different books, both excellent of their kind, on the nuclear weapons policies of the Kennedy Administration. Desmond Ball has an astonishing investigative gift, and he has examined in detail every dimension of the early decision on strategic ballistic missile force levels.[16] He demonstrates convincingly that the force levels were not the simple product of strategic doctrine or exaggerated fears of future Soviet capabilities, but of haste and political compromise. On the more positive side of the Administration's ledger, Glenn Seaborg, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission at the time, has written a fascinating memoir, based on his diaries, of the efforts, partially successful in the event, to achieve a ban on nuclear tests.[17] Again, in addition to much new information (including that on Britain's role in the negotiations which led up to the 1963 Treaty), what comes over is the necessity for political sensitivity in addition to good and decent objectives.

In some ways the position now is similar to that in the early 1960s: a crisis point in East-West relations combined with a number of pressing choices on the shape of future nuclear arsenals. Then as now, there were those who felt that the choice was as simple as "Red or Dead" or "Appeasement or Containment", and that once this fundamental choice had been made everything else should follow. The fact that neither the worst fears of catastrophe nor the best hopes of disarmament of two decades ago have been realised makes the current discussion chastened and even cynical.

The first requirement of a policy on nuclear weapons is to ensure that they are never used. So long as that basic requirement can be met, then there might be opportunities for easing these weapons out of their central spot in international affairs—by reducing their role in NATO strategy, by sensible measures of arms control, and so on. Such an effort requires as much attention to the realities of the political climate as to the characteristics of the weapons. For this reason it also requires more than the transitory passions of a great campaign, which create unreal expectations and impatience over the time taken to organise even the most limited of reforms, and so may achieve little but disillusion. Yet whatever doubts there may be about the exaggerations and slogans of the protesters, it would be a shame if the alterna-

[16] *Politics and Force Levels: The Strategic Missile Program of the Kennedy Administration.* By DESMOND BALL. University of California Press, $34.40, £16.50.

[17] *Kennedy, Khrushchev and the Test Ban.* By GLENN T. SEABORG. University of California Press, $16.95, £12.00.

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tive was found only in the satisfaction of those responsible for nuclear policies in their established formulas, simply because up to now they have managed to avoid the holocaust.

Rough Judgments

The Interpretation of Elections—By RICHARD ROSE

LOUIS NAPOLEON said that an election was like baptism: it was absolutely essential in an age of democratic faith, but one didn't want to spend all one's life in a font. This is the view of many contemporary rulers, starting with François Mitterrand, to whom France has given, by the narrowest of margins, the biggest of all electoral plums—a seven-year term as President. Politicians who actively like campaigning, such as Jimmy Carter, often do so because they are bad at governing.

Ordinary citizens are like Louis Napoleon: they may regard elections as necessary, but they do not want to spend all their time with a ballot in their hand. Ordinary people spend most of their time thinking about ordinary things: their family, friends, job, and health. They do not worry overmuch about matters that they can hardly affect, like the prospect of a Third World War; that is what politicians are for. A free election is an extraordinary event. Temporarily, it puts in the hands of millions of people with only a mild interest in politics the collective power to decide who governs.

To say that voters do not think much about voting is not to say that elections are unimportant. From Portugal to Greece, Mediterranean countries have shown how important it is to choose a government in a free election, rather than live with the dubious advantages of a stable authoritarian régime. Eastern Europe, without any ideological justification for the free choice of governors, is another example of the difficulty of governing without popular ballots. Governments there have few means of taking the political temperature, short of illegal counter-régime activities, such as food riots. Nor do they have a simple means of response except, as in Poland today, by calling in the Army. The problems of whether or when to change leaders are intense when the penalty for losers is not four years in opposition, but may be four years in Siberia—or worse.

Elections are certainly important to politicians, whose personal ambitions are disposed of by periodic ballots. And it would be a bold person who asserted that it makes no difference when an election puts government in the hands of Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, François Mitterrand or, for that matter, leaves it in the hands of Helmut Schmidt rather than making Franz Josef Strauss the German *Bundeskanzler*.

Elections must mean something, but what exactly *do* they mean? A deluge of books about voting and elections emphasises that elections are very rough judgments. Voters do not voice their views by writing books, as do political philosophers; instead, like illiterates, they mark an X on a piece of paper. Collectively, voting legitimates the authority of government in Western nations, but to what extent, if any, does it also give direction to government?

ONE THING IS CERTAIN: elections decide who does *not* govern. This is spectacularly true in America and Britain, where voters have repeatedly shown a readiness to eject a President or Prime Minister. Academic studies of the 1980 American Presidential election—*The American Elections of 1980*, edited by Austin Ranney, and *The Election of 1980* edited by Gerald Pomper[1]—emphasise that it was a plebiscite rejecting the stewardship of President Carter. Five out of six Americans thought the President had done a bad job in managing the economy, and three out of four thought he had not handled foreign affairs well.

In view of the halo that surrounds the winner of any election, it is important to bear in mind the shallowness of the endorsement of Ronald Reagan. Ronald Reagan won only 51% of the popular vote and was positively endorsed by only 28% of adult Americans. A Gallup Poll found that an absolute majority had confidence in Reagan's ability on only one of 19 issues, namely, strengthening the nation's military defence. Ominously, half the electorate had greater confidence in Jimmy Carter on only one issue: keeping the United States out of war.

Ronald Reagan is President of the United States

[1] *The American Elections of 1980*. Edited by AUSTIN RANNEY. American Enterprise Institute, $8.25, dist. Transatlantic Book Service, £6.20. *The Election of 1980: Reports and Interpretations*. Edited by GERALD POMPER. Chatham House, £15.00.

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today by default of the previous incumbent, not because of the policies or ideology that he espouses. A CBS/*New York Times* election-day poll found that 51% of voters see themselves as politically middle-of-the-road, compared to 31% calling themselves conservative, and an even smaller 18% who describe themselves as liberals. When voters were asked whether unemployment or inflation was the bigger problem, the median respondent was literally a "don't know."

In politics, as in everything else, nothing succeeds like success. But there is a great difference between being a successful campaigner and a successful President, as candidate-turned-President Jimmy Carter demonstrated. What does Ronald Reagan have to do to succeed as President? In the concluding chapter of the Ranney volume, the Berkeley political scientist Aaron Wildavsky argues that Reagan must avoid the tempting middle ground between endorsing big government and cutting back government. To follow the *via media*, Wildavsky rightly notes, will not reduce the size of government; it will only make government grow bigger more slowly. But it is not clear that Americans want government to contract. In the same volume, William Schneider of the Hoover Institution reports polling evidence that shows that the median voter wants to keep government spending and government benefits as they are, rather than increasing or decreasing greatly what government does. So far, President Reagan has shown himself as adept as Franklin D. Roosevelt in defusing ideological conflicts. He had endorsed big cuts in federal taxes and simultaneously accepted a big increase in the federal deficit.

THERE IS A TEMPTATION for Europeans to dismiss the Carter-Reagan choice as something that couldn't happen here. After all, European parties are parties of principle. Moreover, as Anthony King argues in the Ranney book, even if European politicians are unprincipled, they are at least experienced in the ways of government. However, King's analysis of the 1974–79 Labour government in Britain, contained in another American Enterprise Institute election study, *Britain at the Polls, 1979*, edited by Howard Penniman,[2] shows that experience is no guarantee of success. Between them, Prime Ministers Harold Wilson and James Callaghan had had 58 years in Parliament and 16 years in senior Cabinet office. Nevertheless, in 1979 Labour polled the lowest share of the vote for a party in office at any British general election since 1924.

[2] *Britain at the Polls, 1979*. Edited by HOWARD R. PENNIMAN. American Enterprise Institute, $8.50, dist. Transatlantic Book Service, £6.50.

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JOHN MURRAY

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In Britain as in the United States, the governing party lost office because it was unpopular; it was not because their views were widely endorsed that the Conservatives won. In May 1979, the Gallup Poll found that the median voter did not want lower taxes and fewer governmental services, as the Conservatives promised, or higher taxes and more welfare services, as Labour promised. The median voter wanted things left as they were.

A common element in the latest French, British and American elections is that voters have made the seat of power an ejection seat. By pushing a button, voters have collectively thrown the mighty down from their eminence. To do this, voters do not need to be sophisticated; they need only to make a retrospective judgment about whether to reward or punish the incumbents. *Retrospective Voting in American National Elections*, a statistically elaborate study by a California Institute of Technology political scientist, Morris P. Fiorina,[3] demonstrates how past performance shapes decisions about future government. Party identification is the link. To give an effective rough judgment on candidates, a voter need not know enough to evaluate future policies, but simply make a judgment about which party will be more successful in achieving valued ends, based on past performance.

A NECESSARY CONDITION of retrospective voting is that parties are reasonably consistent and cohesive. Yet every writer on American politics agrees that party today means far less to voters or candidates than it did a generation or a century ago. When candidates are ready to campaign against the failure of their own party's record, as both Carter and Reagan have done, then voters become disoriented because the nation's future governors disown responsibility for their party's past actions.

The reason for the dissolution of parties in America and Britain is political, not sociological. We do not need to wade through decennial census reports of changes in class structure; the evidence of political failure is published monthly in unemployment and inflation rates. Unlike America, Britain has not had a Viet Nam war or a Watergate to discredit governors. But it has had nearly two decades of successive Conservative and Labour governments failing to meet their own (and the electorate's) desire for economic growth.[4] In this, Britain can claim to be a decade ahead of such countries as Germany or Sweden, and even further ahead of France and Italy.

When a retrospective judgment on past performance promises little for the future, what would we expect voters to do? In America, voters stay home. In 1980 the turnout for the Presidential election was only 54%. Yet the shortcomings of America's leaders have not reduced Americans' commitment to democratic institutions. *A Question of Loyalty*, a survey by the Stanford political scientist Paul Sniderman,[5] found that even in the San Francisco Bay area only 17% of the electorate could be classified as disaffected. Three-fifths were moderates, having some positive and some negative views about the way that American government is working. In radical San Francisco, those uncritically in favour of the American system of government outnumbered those who were completely negative. It was just this scepticism about the effectiveness of government that Ronald Reagan appealed to in 1980, encouraging Americans to trust the resourcefulness of their federally subsidised society rather than (in view of President Carter's failure to rededicate Washington to the pursuit of "goodness") the politicians in Washington.

In Britain, political failure has encouraged an increase in voting for third parties, the Liberals and Nationalists in 1974 and the Social Democratic Party in 1981. The creation of an alliance between the Social Democrats and the Liberals has given the Liberals credibility as a potential party of government, and not merely as a party of protest. Equally important, the Social Democrats have become emancipated from any responsibility for past failure, even though "the Gang of Four", their collective leaders, had spent on average nine years from 1964 to 1979 as ministers in two Labour governments. It remains to be seen whether at the next British general election the electorate or the media will allow the Social Democrats to be "a party without history"—and therefore exempt them from retrospective judgments on their competence.

A NEW PARTY SYSTEM implies the need for a new electoral system. In America the dissolution of party in the Presidential campaign suggests that Americans ought to adopt the French (and, for that matter, the Deep South) method of electing a leader by a pair of ballots. In the first, any number of candidates could run. The second ballot is a run-off, in which the two most popular (or least unpopular) candidates face each other. The rigidities of a written Constitution in America mean that a change in the electoral system is not practical politics.

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[3] *Retrospective Voting in American National Elections*. By MORRIS P. FIORINA. Yale University Press, $35.00, paper $9.95; £24.50, paper £6.95.

[4] See Richard Rose, *Do Parties Make a Difference?* (Macmillan and Chatham House, 1980), chapters 7–8.

[5] *A Question of Loyalty*. By PAUL M. SNIDERMAN. University of California Press, $23.70, £13.75.

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In Britain, the first-past-the-post electoral system has never been defended on grounds of fairness. It is a device for disproportional representation, manufacturing a majority of seats in the House of Commons for a party with a minority of the popular vote. Giving 100% of power to a party with less than 50% of the vote can only be justified as long as the party that benefits is deemed successful. This is less and less the case, and in Britain there is now a loud cry for proportional representation.

The people decide how they vote, but politicians decide how the votes will be counted. A great virtue of *The People and the Party System*, Vernon Bogdanor's study of electoral institutions in Britain in the past century,[6] is that it is not mealy-mouthed. Bogdanor makes it clear that electoral laws are decided to suit the convenience of the party in power, and not by the people, for politicians view such matters of principle in terms of their own partisan advantage. This was as true when Asquith and Lloyd George were Liberal ministers as when Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams were Labour ministers.

In making the case for proportional representation, Bogdanor rightly emphasises the importance of differences between proportional representation systems. If PR were to be introduced in America today, most political experts would recommend the Scandinavian party-list system, which strengthens party accountability. By contrast, in Britain the logical system to introduce in an era of distrust of parties is the Irish system, which includes a single transferable vote. This makes a PR election a primary contest within each party as well as a general election between parties. But Bogdanor fails to consider properly the case that institutional engineering does not guarantee effective government. The best argument for PR today is retrospective, a rejection of the effects of the past two decades of party competition.

ON FIRST THOUGHT, the case for the referendum appears more clear-cut than the case for PR. If you want voters to decide, then why not let people vote on measures as well as men? *The Referendum Experience*, a study of the 1979 Scottish devolution referendum,[7] unintentionally emphasises the limits of the referendum as a democratic decision-making device, since it failed to produce a straight answer. The devolutionists could claim victory, since 52% of the voters approved of devolution. But the anti-

[6] *The People and the Party System: The Referendum and Electoral Reform in British Politics*. By VERNON BOGDANOR. Cambridge University Press, £20.00, paper £6.95.

[7] *The Referendum Experience: Scotland 1979*. Edited by JOHN BOCHEL, DAVID DENVER and ALLAN MACARTNEY. Aberdeen University Press, £12.00.

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devolutionists could also claim victory, since 67% of the eligible electorate did not vote for it. For once, the psephologists had to describe themselves as "don't knows", since a majority of those voting approved devolution, but this was less than 40% of the electorate, the proportion deemed necessary to put devolution into effect.

Unintentionally, *The Referendum Experience* demonstrates how referendums are used by politicians for their own convenience—in this case, to reduce conflict within the governing Labour Party. The referendum was not called from a sincere desire to see how the Scots wished to be governed; only a constitutional convention could provide a reflective and representative answer to such a question, and Bogdanor's study confirms the tendency of referendums to be used, in Britain as in France, for the convenience of the governors. Although Bogdanor favours the use of a referendum, he does not succeed in devising a procedure for determining under what circumstances and on what issues a referendum should be held in Britain. In California the answer is simple: anyone with patience, a political organisation, and the best part of a million dollars to spend on a petition can call a referendum.

THE MINIMALIST THEORY OF DEMOCRACY propounded 40 years ago by Joseph Schumpeter in his *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* does not require voters to determine policies, or to give direction to policies. All the voters have to do is choose between two teams competing for control of government. The burden of deciding who should fill the chief offices of government and what government should do is transferred to the leader of the winning party.

A newly elected American President appears well positioned to take over government, for he can make more than 1,500 appointments at all levels of government in the executive branch, and to federal judgeships as well. The very scale of the task becomes self-defeating, for the average Presidential appointee stays in a job for only two years, and a President has dozens of jobs to fill each week. He has not the time, the knowledge, or even the inclination to take an interest in every person who is commissioned to govern in his name It is debatable whether a President could recognise half the people who serve as "his" appointees if they all turned up at a White House Christmas party.

A generation ago, appointing people to head Washington agencies was not so difficult: the party provided a list of those who deserved jobs, and seemingly important posts, such as Ambassador to the Court of St James, could be given out as political plums. Today no President can be indifferent to the performance of persons appointed to govern in Washington. Ambassadorships continue to be plum postings for friendly millionaires, but government is responsible for so many activities at so great a cost that it makes a big difference if the head of even a seemingly unimportant agency like Housing & Urban Development or General Services gets into trouble.

The Kennedy administration faced this problem, for President Kennedy's staff only knew people who would help them to win votes, and did not think about who would help them govern until after the 1960 election. Although there were a few inspired appointments of complete strangers to the President, such as Robert S. McNamara, brought from the Ford Motor Company to the Pentagon, the basic method was BOGSAT (a Bunch Of Guys Sitting Around a Table, thinking of people they knew). A new study of *The Politics of Presidential Appointments*, by G. Calvin Mackenzie,[8] shows how the process has become bureaucratised since then. It still remains political, since the criteria for what makes a "good" appointee are in dispute, but the need to appoint strangers to govern in the President's name has grown with the growth of the Presidency since 1961.

In Britain the Prime Minister's difficulty is that she (or he) knows ministerial candidates only too well. Some sort of job must be given to about one in three established MPs in the governing party. An MP is likely to make a reputation by a display of debating skills in the House of Commons. But unfortunately these are not the skills needed to make decisions and give guidance to big, bureaucratised departments in Whitehall. Presidential appointees in Washington may suffer because they are ignorant of how to handle Congress, but at least they are usually experienced in giving leadership to large organisations, whether profit-making companies, foundations, or universities.

Eppur, si muove. Notwithstanding the infirmities of politicians, there is no doubt that government changes policies as well as personnel. The anticipation of future electoral punishment or reward is one incentive for governors to alter their course. And if they do not respond to this incentive, the electorate can turn them from office.

NEW PEOPLE can do new things. Politicians entering office to undo the errors of their opponents have an immediate incentive to act; the fact of victory gives them a short political honeymoon with the press, with bureaucrats and with legislators, and this can be used to introduce

[8] *The Politics of Presidential Appointments*. By G. CALVIN MACKENZIE. The Free Press, $19.95, dist. Collier Macmillan, £13.95.

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innovations early in a term of office. Inexperience is itself an incentive to try something new. After years in office, a Wilson, a Trudeau, or even a Churchill or a Roosevelt, may be sceptical about whether anything new is still worth trying. The will of a Thatcher or the personality of a Reagan may be less important than the fact of their newness. Change itself can be a necessary and sufficient condition to make a difference to public policy, whether the new leader be young or old, handsome or ugly, bright or simple. This is the argument of Valerie Bunce in her imaginative comparative study of political succession, *Do New Leaders Make a Difference?*[9]

The problem of changing policies and changing leaders is not confined to countries with free elections, and a stimulating feature of Dr Bunce's study is that she examines the effect of political succession in both the Communist bloc and Western nations. Soviet elections are meaningless, though the need to change policies is real in the world of COMECON. Established leaders will tend to defend measures that have palpably failed, because they are personally identified with them; in order to abandon an unsuccessful policy it is often necessary to abandon a politician too. The higher up the official, the more difficult this is and the greater the legacy of failures a long-serving leader leaves behind, as Stalin's passing showed.

Dr Bunce uses case-study materials and, less convincingly, budget statistics to argue that changing leaders is as important in Eastern Europe as in Western Europe and America. It is a means of maintaining the régime by disposing of unsuccessful policies and politicians. The parallel should not be pushed too far, for change is far riskier and uncertain in Eastern Europe, but it is fair to suggest that a succession crisis as a means of adapting a fundamentally rigid régime is very roughly analagous to an election defeat as a means of redirecting a flexible Western system of government.

To argue that new leaders make new policies is to assume that government is about decision-making. But the message of neo-conservative writers to governors is: "Don't just do something, stand there!" In *The Economic Prerequisite to Democracy*,[10] Dan Usher, a neo-conservative (or perhaps, neo-liberal) economist, argues that government should avoid making decisions that clearly identify winners and losers, since such decisions risk increasing alienation from government among the losers. Redistribution of income is one familiar example of such a policy. A more pointed example is the distribution of a limited amount of food in a famine state, say, India. Whatever decision government makes, thousands will starve—and starve because of government's choice.

The ideological bias of Usher's argument will appeal more to the followers of F. R. Hayek than to the followers of Gunnar Myrdal or Lord Kaldor. But the argument is infirm technically, because it assumes that in a contemporary mixed-economy welfare state it is possible to turn most of the tasks of government back to the market, and this is just not on. Government has a great momentum of its own. A newly elected government receives the inherited expectations of past governments. There are hundredweights of laws already on the books, thousands of programmes in place, millions of public employees, and tens of millions of voters expecting that government will continue to provide them with whatever benefits they have grown accustomed to, whether a social security cheque or a tax expenditure for an oil company. Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives are unintentionally proving this. Since the Conservatives entered office in 1979, pledged to cut back government, the proportion of Gallup Poll respondents prepared to pay more taxes to receive more government services has actually increased.

VOTING IS NOT the only way to resolve political differences. This advice to harried British and American politicians comes from the most unlikely of sources, an academic study of decision-making in the Swiss Free Democratic Party in the canton of Bern, conducted by Jürg Steiner, a Swiss now teaching in the University of North Carolina, and a former student, Robert H. Dorff.[11] After nearly two years of studying hundreds of deliberations, the researchers found that only 12% of discussions were concluded by voting, whereas 30% of debates were resolved by consciously avoiding making any decision at all. When experienced party politicians are willing to vote only once out of eight times, the utility of elections is clearly limited.

In an earlier study, Steiner had found that the Swiss often resolved differences by amicable agreement. A discussion would begin with the participants articulating different views, and end with what a British observer would call "a typical English compromise", or a Washingtonian "a deal acceptable to everyone." Only then would a proposal be put to a meeting, and be carried *nem. con.* However, the Free Democrats resolved only one-fifth of their problems by amicable agreement.

Political differences, this study suggests, are

[9] *Do New Leaders Make a Difference?* By VALERIE BUNCE. Princeton University Press, $29.50, paper $9.25; £15.80, £4.95.

[10] *The Economic Prerequisite to Democracy*. By DAN USHER. Blackwell, £9.50.

[11] *A Theory of Political Decision Modes: Intraparty Decision Making in Switzerland*. By JÜRG STEINER and ROBERT H. DORFF. University of North Carolina Press, $19.50, £12.70.

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most commonly resolved by interpretation. The meeting's chairman, the secretary who writes its minutes, or the officials responsible for implementing the group's recommendation state their interpretation of what the group is prepared to accept, though not vote for. Interpretation is an art, not a mechanical formula for making decisions. The art lies in stating a view that gives some positive impetus to action without provoking expressions of dissent or a request to postpone making any decision on the ground that no decision is better than a divisive vote. In effect, Steiner and Dorff have found a label to describe the way in which a Prime Minister normally sums up a Cabinet meeting. This art form is also practised in the Executive Office of the President in Washington. Officials will spend hours drafting statements that avoid committing the President to a decision. His position is left open for others to interpret as they wish—and for the President to interpret as he wishes after it is clear what is the most popular outcome.

ONE REASON for resolving political differences by interpretation rather than by voting is that there is often no majority for any policy. Most issues do not divide neatly into two and only two alternatives, and to force votes as if they did is to manufacture a majority by a process that may actually endorse a second-best choice. From this perspective, a referendum is a peculiarly bad way to decide an issue, because there is no chance to deliberate about alternative interpretations. Moreover, as Robert Dahl pointed out in a classic study written in response to the 1968 student revolts,[12] decisions taken by voting make no allowance for expertise or efficiency. A majority-vote decision may be best in the eyes of a one-dimensional democrat—but it can be inefficient, ill-conceived, divisive, and doomed to failure on many other criteria.

Decisions by interpretation can produce positive outcomes when proponents of divergent alternatives hesitate to force a vote for fear of defeat. An interpretation of a discussion may not be entirely acceptable to every participant, but it is likely to give each something, if only because any one interpretation is unclear at the margins. Moreover, because a chairman's interpretation has not been voted upon, it will have less legitimacy than a decision by majority vote. Anyone unsure of an outcome can accept the chairman's interpretation, remaining free to challenge it later if the result is not satisfactory. An interpretation avoids the delay of a non-decision, but it is only a temporary decision.

[12] Robert A. Dahl, *After the Revolution?* (Yale University Press, 1970).

A virtue of this Swiss study is that the authors do not claim too much for this way of resolving political differences. They frankly admit that it may reduce participation in politics, and make political innovations less likely, as "the sense of the meeting" will often be more conservative than a confident majority's view. Moreover, it is recognised that the limited but real power given to the interpreter "blurs the distinction between democratic and autocratic decision-making."

ORDINARY PEOPLE are not fools. The great bulk of survey evidence in these election studies emphasises that voters have a shrewd and realistic appreciation of their own limits, the limits of the people they elect, and the limits of government generally. They do not expect elections to resolve most of their personal problems; in a non-totalitarian society, this remains the prerogative and responsibility of individuals, their families, and friends.

Nor do ordinary people expect elections to resolve all of the country's collective problems. If elections could do that, then hardly any government would ever be defeated, for what the majority of voters want is easily identified and persistent: peace and prosperity. Voters are prepared to make rough judgments about which party can govern better in future, in the light of past performance and party loyalties. If party loyalties continue to erode, voters may turn to new parties or to independents (a John Anderson in the US, or the Social Democrats in Britain). Paul Sniderman suggests that voters will not turn to new parties out of total disenchantment or in the naive belief that a new party will transform society. Instead, they will hope that it can't be worse than the old ones.

Free elections do not guarantee successful government. Only a Utopian or a charlatan (or someone who was a bit of both) would claim this. Free elections simply give citizens the right to make a rough judgment about how they have been governed. It is up to the winners to interpret what that judgment means, knowing that they too will be judged in another four years. The question that each leader will face when next going to the polls is already known. Ronald Reagan put it to the American people at the conclusion of a television debate with President Carter:

> "Are you better off than you were four years ago? Is it easier for you to go and buy things in the stores than it was four years ago? Is there more or less unemployment in the country than there was four years ago? Is this country more secure in the world today?"

In the uncertain state of Western nations in the 1980s, any politician in opposition can pose such a

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challenge, and any incumbent is likely to be on the defensive, explaining why conditions are not as good as everyone would like. The great merit of free elections is that the electorate can face the same question and give different answers at different times, on the basis of their own interpretation of whether times have been good or bad. For all its faults, this method of changing control of government is simpler, quicker, and better than the accumulation of failures, intrigue, and violence needed to secure policy succession in most Second- and Third-World countries today.

The Ideology of Reaganism

An "American Century" Again?—By ESMOND WRIGHT

IT WAS to "American renewal" that President Reagan asked his fellow-countrymen to address themselves when he took office a year ago. On cue, the editors of the seven TIME INCORPORATED Magazines—*Time, Life, Fortune, Sports Illustrated, People, Money* and *Discover*—devoted special reports in each journal to that theme, as seen from their varied standpoints.[1] Here the editor-in-chief of Time Incorporated has obligingly collected under one cover 23 of these stories.

Henry Grunwald has a purpose in mind, and puts it clearly enough in his introductory essay—American industry has lost its productive magic; Government is as intrusive as it is inept; the American secular faith that obstacles exist to be overcome and that tomorrow will be better than today is now a creed corroded by doubt and even by despair.

> "Abroad, allies whom we rescued from the shambles of World War II defy us, former enemies whom we defeated now often outproduce and outtrade us. Our power is challenged by growing Soviet ambitions and military prowess; by OPEC's endless extortions; by a chaotic, largely hostile, Third World. Much of this was symbolized by two recent events that showed the U.S. relatively powerless: the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the Iranian hostage crisis. Is this what has become of the American Century?"

His own answer can but be a series of bromides.

> "Not really. America's domestic and foreign crises are genuine. But they have been widely exaggerated. The U.S. is more self-critical than any other nation; it is also more resilient than most. The U.S. has not suddenly turned into a second-rate power, or even (as is sometimes suggested) into just another big power. It remains unique. It has immense resources—physical, intellectual, spiritual—which are not being fully or rightly used. An American renewal is entirely possible. But it is not inevitable. . . . It will take great and disciplined effort and exact a considerable price. It will also require a virtue rare in America: patience."

His editors are more penetrating; and if at the end of the analysis they too are apt to fall back on rhetoric, in the course of it they probe the strength and weaknesses of contemporary America in an interesting—and in places an original—style. Here, in 160 pages, is a vivid guide to the state of mind of, and the problems and the opportunities that confront, those whom William Saroyan, writing in the spring of 1941 when Hitler was extinguishing Europe, called "The People with Light Coming out of Them." Will the flame be rekindled, and from what ashes?

A NUMBER OF THEMES interpenetrate these articles, and they have not only intrinsic interest but much to teach us in Britain. Only one article is devoted to politics as such. It recognises that only half of those eligible to vote in November 1980 actually did so; that over the last 15 years there has been no certainty where the US has been heading and little awareness of competence in its elected leaders; and that "there is hardly a single element in the U.S. system that could not benefit by some serious scrutiny, some re-evaluation, some alteration. . . ."

Yet the proposals, when they come, are in fact singularly modest: a shortening of the over-long 37-primary marathon that exhausts both voters and candidates; a reduction in the numbers of White House officials; longer terms and some Federal funding for Congressmen; a major reduction in the bureaucracy ("the red-tape factory"); and more political top aides. There is proper scorn for the idea of a single six-year term for the President, and a

[1] *American Renewal.* By the editors of *Time, Life, Fortune, Sports Illustrated, Money, People* and *Discover.* Time Incorporated, $1.50.

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shrewd awareness that it is foolish to see the Presidential-Congressional system as in any way "Parliamentary" (... "the parliamentary system ... works much better in a homogeneous state of moderate size than in a continental nation of increasing diversity"). There is no mention of one reform that was a real runner after the narrow Presidential victories of 1960 and 1968, the reform of the Electoral College, which is in fact the most curious survival of all the 18th-century devices to thwart the voice of the people.

And there is a continuing faith in the judiciary, which some might feel has since 1954 made more and more decisions that are properly political, and in which the Supreme Court can only review 200 of the 4,000 cases a year that litigants put up to it. Indeed what goes all but unmentioned is American litigiousness itself, and the great legal apparatus that has become entwined with the American version of democracy. The US has some 30 times as many lawyers per capita as has the UK. Government by laws means government by lawyers, and they grow apace, producing paper and rules—and fees. But they are—thanks not to the Constitution but to Chief Justice John Marshall and his successors—the lions that guard not "Throne or Altar" but "the Word made binding", the Constitution. And no doubt, given the roles played by Judges Devlin and Scarman, we are on our way to government by judges too.

THE "REAGAN LINE" in foreign policy emerges clearly, and without much contention here: the American nuclear deterrent must be made less vulnerable to Soviet attack, and the Soviet lead in medium-range nuclear weapons and in conventional forces must be reduced. There should be a greater capacity to resist subversion, and the removal of some restraints on covert action by the CIA. The draft—it is boldly argued—should be restored, and serious efforts made to retain in service the essential core of middle-rank officers and NCOs. Alongside this "muscle" there remains, however, faith in *détente* and in the Western alliance. The psychological offensive should be in American not Russian hands. It is in the self-interest of the US to help the Third World nations to solve their problems of poverty, overpopulation and social unrest. Strobe Talbott's article on defence could well serve as Alexander Haig's *vade mecum*.

IF THESE ARGUMENTS strike a familiar note to a British reader, so do the arguments—drawn largely from *Fortune*—of the need to curb inflation and the money supply, to liberate the tax-payer, to hold down hard on Federal spending. "Our expenditures for plant and equipment ran to a little more than 10% of GNP during the Seventies, which puts us last among the major industrial nations, behind even Britain. . . ." There has been a loss to foreign competition (US imports rose from $100 million worth in 1961 to $3 billion worth last year), in fields as diverse as shoes and footwear, copper products, radio and TV. Yet there are success stories omitted here—like that of Bass Shoes in Marine—that show remarkable adaptability to the trends. There, as here, the call is for "innovation", for improvement in productivity performance, for more R. & D. On the tax strategy there are forthright and well-sustained arguments.

There should be positive encouragements to savings by abolishing taxes on the proportion of earnings that go into savings. There should be easier rules on depreciation (a 10-5-3 formula, by which buildings would be written off over 10 years, equipment over 5 and cars and light trucks over 3). Double taxation of dividends by both the company and the individual shareholder should cease.

There are alarming indications, in more than one article, of the high cost of Government; not just in bureaucratic salaries but in a host of indirect ways. The average General Motors car in 1980 cost $8,300 (it was $3,500 in 1970), of which $700 was due to safety and emission-control equipment, $400 to union cost-of-living wage increases, and $160 to higher payroll taxes for social security. After reading this, one is tempted to invite Sir Geoffrey Howe or Leon Brittan to take out a subscription to *Fortune*. One cannot expect them to sympathise with the proposal for the freezing of the minimum wage, or for them or the trade unions to accept the idea of lower wages for ex-school-leavers. Full social security benefits should not begin at 65 but, says *Fortune*, at 68. Government aid to school-lunch programmes should be for the needy only—with none of the psycho-sociological agonising that accompanies such proposals in Britain—and social benefits for all with incomes of $20,000 should be taxable. And—wait for it—all wage or salary increases should be banned unless matched by improved productivity by the employees. As I reflect on it, why not a *Fortune* subscription for all the British Cabinet? And Mr Norman Tebbit might note the case made here for one-year union contracts, since all others build in inflation into the system. High-technology companies in the US are strikingly free from unions at all.

The pages on education are at once familiar and unfamiliar. There are the customary appeals for "excellence" and "quality", for discipline and homework in education, the customary concerns over illiteracy and innumeracy among school-leavers. There is a vivid description of the improvements brought by discipline and example to John Marshall High School in Chicago's inner city, which six years ago was declared by the Chicago

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Board of Education to be "out of control", and where, then, "the reek of marijuana permeated the halls."

The plain clothesmen and uniformed police are still needed, but at least teachers do not now have to lock their doors to teach. Clearly if there is improvement in some inner-city areas, there is still a long way to go.

The strongest reinforcement to this call for renewal of values in education comes in fact in the fascinating section on Sport. The career of a black student like Roosevelt Thompson who went from Central High School in Little Rock (which 24 years ago was closed by Governor Faubus in order to prevent negroes being admitted), where he was an all-state football star, to an honours-programme at Yale, is encouraging. So the careers of men like Supreme Court Justice Byron ("Whizzer") White or of ex-Rhodes scholar and New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, or ex-Olympic oarsman turned child-rearing-expert Dr Benjamin Spock, or ex-West Point footballer-turned-astronaut Frank Borman. They show that the 19th-century English ideal of *mens sana in corpore sano* still has meaning—even if there are threats there as here from professionalism, from "phony academic transcripts for athletes", from the intrusion of "the big money" and "the big eye" of television. Team spirit is not what it was, but sport still sustains that faith in competition that is basic to Americanism.

THERE ARE, however, three articles in this collection where the parallels with Britain cease.

First, the US has immense natural resources that utterly dwarf our own, and which make "renewal" altogether a smoother prospect there than here. It has superb internal communications (in Bell Telephones, interstate highways, and easy, frequent and relatively cheap air travel) and fewer strikes than in Britain. The US is the Saudi Arabia of coal, with 300 years' supply at current rates of use. From uranium to corn, from telephones to higher education, the riches are fantastic, not omitting an educated, sophisticated, and skilled population. Not least in higher education is it outstanding. Nowhere in the world—it has now to be conceded—is there any rival to the graduate schools of the 30 or so major American universities.

Secondly, the interest in scientific initiative and the respect for technical advance is impressive. The US is growing barley in arctic Alaska; developing a "wind farm" in New Hampshire; the shuttle flight in space is now a reality; it believes in applied science, and a moving appeal is made here for a commitment of a fixed percentage of GNP to pure basic research. (There is in fact stronger evidence than is revealed here, in companies like Digital Equipment and Wang Laboratories.)

And, thirdly, from Walter Guzzardi Jr., in the pages of *Fortune*, comes the most arresting and searching article of all, "The Right Way to strive for Equality." This should be compulsory reading for all progressives. He asks some searching questions about what has been called "the Egalitarian Revolution." The "white flight to the suburbs" and the increasing enrolment of white children in private schools has left many public schools in the areas of urban burn-out almost entirely black. But, Guzzardi argues, "Affirmative Action programmes ought to be reconsidered. . . . Large portions of the black community . . . are now competent enough to make it on their own." Aid should cease to be indiscriminate, but should be steered to specific and tested projects, to "enterprise zones" and to ghetto institutions.

> "In the 1970s the egalitarian thrust went too far. Its meaning became too muddled, its costs too high, its supporters too militant. . . . Equality must live in tension with other values just as cherished."

IS THIS, THEN, an *alpha* collection? Not quite. There are anxieties revealed here, where that prop of old-style America is concerned, the Family. There are one-and-a-quarter million abortions in

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the US each year; by the time the next century opens, over 50 million people will be over 65, with all the problems of pensions, caring, security. But the traditional nuclear family, a married couple living with children, now constitutes only one-third of all households; and nearly half of all children now being born are expected to spend part of their lives with a single parent. The American image can no longer be of the warm family of Andy Hardys, Lewis Stones and the girl next door, living alongside twinned groups in Main Street, US. The agenda for this problem, outlined here, is thin.

There is a minimising of crime and violence, and of the laxity of gun control that still leaves American life open to cranks and eccentrics. Is it just fanciful to imagine that it has more of these per capita than other societies? There is not a word on religion—yet 100 million Americans go to church every Sunday; and there is among them a genuine "Moral Majority." There is one reference to the passing of small-town America and to the emergence of regionalism, yet this is the most striking economic-cum-political phenomenon of all. There are stories to be told of economic adaptation: and not just in the Sun Belt, or, along Route 128 which links Boston's high-technology growth-points. There is in the healthy stress on competition as an especially American trait, all too little reference to Puritanism, to the doctrine of Work, or to that immigration and absorption of countless millions, who did not share that "Protestant ethic", but who within two generations have been transmuted, homogenised, and reborn. For millions of immigrants over two centuries, life in America *has been* totally renewed. And—the editors might have added—in Ronald Reagan the Abe Lincoln myth itself has been renewed. Dixon (Illinois) did not in 1911 have real log cabins, but the Reagan story is itself testimony to the still-binding truth of the American or, if you wish, the Capitalist dream.

But the agenda is clearly expressed. A stronger Presidency plus a stronger (and—more supportive) congress but, politically, no major surgery. Clearer signals, more muscle and less piety in foreign policy. A stronger sense of duty and a new pride in the word "patriotism" (in Lance Morrow's beautifully written appeal for "a new sense of nationhood"). In economic terms more competition, more freedom for private capital to invest; and in the private arena a return to what the 18th century called "virtue." Jefferson, yes, but Hamilton too. Virtue, yes, but also *virtu*. Maybe, after all, only the Prime Minister need read it? For all her British preoccupations, she might find it spelling out pretty much all she is trying to say and do herself.

The Rise of the Clerisocracy

Islamic Resurgence—By P. J. VATIKIOTIS

JUST BEFORE NOON one Monday morning in June 1940 Italian aircraft bombed the Iraq Petroleum Company's Storage Tank Farm in Haifa Bay, Palestine. There were no anti-aircraft defences in place as yet, and the raid was over in a matter of minutes. One of our neighbours was a charming Muslim lady, living with her daughter. On hearing the deafening rumble of bombs dropped from an appreciable height, she grabbed her Koran and dashed out to an olive grove opposite the house, where she proceeded to read—recite—for protection against what she thought was a terrible natural catastrophe. A week later, on a Friday noon, *Il Duce*'s airforce was back, this time to bomb other installations in the industrial complex of the Kishon river. As it coincided with the Friday noon prayers at the main mosque in East Haifa, the faithful came out to applaud the Italian raiders, the enemies of their enemies, the British.

As a young teenager, I was impressed first by the deep, transcendent faith of my neighbour, placing all her trust for her physical safety in the protection offered by the revealed word of God—as well as perhaps ascertaining her Islamicity were she to meet her Maker—and second, by the reckless expression of defiance of the mosque congregation. But I could not then understand the significance or other meaning of any of this. With hindsight, I could suggest that the two episodes encapsulate the oft-quoted depiction of Islam as "religion and state" (*din wa dawla*), spiritual and temporal, other- and this-worldly. Thus my neighbour portrayed the Muslim's strict adherence to the faith which admonishes that there is no way or power without God, and the gesture of the mosque congregation the religious expression of a political perception or view.

Later, as an undergraduate in Cairo in February 1946, I witnessed one of the most massive and bloody demonstrations against the British. I had

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been blithely sitting in a philosophy class when the clash between demonstrators on one side and Egyptian police and British forces guarding the Kasr el-Nil Barracks on the other in nearby Midan Ismailia (after 1952, Tahrir, now Sadat) resulted in several casualties—dead and wounded. Demonstrators urgently demanded our assistance, screaming "*shahid, shahid*" (martyr, martyr). Those who had fallen were martyrs in the Holy War (*Jihad*) against the British.

The use of religion by Muslim rulers and their opponents in nationalist political activity is at least a century old. That is why perhaps in the late 19th century European writers wrote about "Islam inflamed" and "the revival of the East." Today they write about "the resurgence of Islam", "Islam on the march", "the dagger of Islam", and so on. To some extent, this is due to the loss of political control by Europeans over Muslim lands and their perception of a threat emanating from the attempt by Muslim rulers in the last two decades, say, to assert their influence in local, regional and world affairs. But it is also due to the fact that religion has been used by Muslims to confront, resist and thwart the encroachments of European power and ideas, and the economic, cultural, social and political changes which these brought, and continue to bring, in their wake.

THE PERSONAL DIGRESSION is intended to highlight the overwhelming feeling and sense of religious community and identity among Muslims, the cohesive bond of faith and its social force, as well as its potency as a political idiom and weapon. But it is also meant to suggest that, in the final analysis, it matters not what non-Muslims say about Islam, whether in interpreting its meaning or its political import. It has meaning only for Muslims, and its use in political discourse and action can be determined also only by them. The outsider can merely try to assess its impact or effect on those who do not share that faith, by studying its history, observing the economic, social and political behaviour of its practitioners, and by trying to gauge, as well as understand, what it is that Muslims seek or want.

Clearly there are Muslims today who seek to restore lost power by recapturing an idealised glorious past and establishing a "true" Islamic state and society; that is, one that is regulated and governed exclusively by the religious or sacred law (the *sharia*). To do this, however, they must come to grips, more successfully than their predecessors have in the past, with a very old and difficult problem—that of the relationship between power and religion, or temporal authority and the faith, or religion and state. To this extent, the crisis in Islam is one that concerns Muslims; they alone can resolve it—if at all.

The collision between Islam as the focus of popular loyalty and the determinant of mass political perceptions and aspirations on the one side and the modernity borrowed by the official and intellectual classes from the West on the other, produced spiritual tension, intellectual disorientation, social dislocation, political conflict, turmoil and upheaval. Its apparent consequences have been unsettling in an area of great economic and strategic interest to the rest of the world and particularly to the two rival superpowers, America and the Soviet Union. The prospect of social upheaval and political instability greatly preoccupies the Western industrial states which are so heavily dependent for their energy supplies on the very core of the Islamic world: Arabia, the Gulf, Libya, and Iran. For this reason Westerners are now very concerned—perhaps obsessed—with what they see as the "revival" or "resurgence" of Islam, for they perceive this as a looming threat on the horizon of an international economic and political order originally devised and controlled by the West.

TO BE SURE, Islam (as claimed, represented, projected or led by a variety of rulers and leaders who do not necessarily agree with one another) in the last two decades has begun to assert itself in international politics and the internal affairs of most Islamic states. On the former plane, this is the result of the proliferation of independent states after the Second World War and the fantastic enrichment of some of them from oil revenues. On the latter, it is a consequence of the failure of imported, or borrowed, Western ideologies, chief among them nationalism and socialism—as well as models of development and modernisation—to take root in Islamic societies and provide the kind of institutions and processes which can cope with a vast array of economic and social problems, and change. Alien "truth" of infidel provenance failed to fire the imagination of the faithful Muslim masses, to provide a substitute basis for their social cohesiveness and national unity, or to tackle the problems of modernity. For a long time, in fact since the 9th century, mainly despotic rulers were obeyed but kept at a safe distance, partly because Muslims had developed a comfortable social order based on an intricate network of personal and group loyalties and obligations. At the same time, rulers had not undertaken complex functions beyond taxation and the defence of the realm. Nor had they made unfulfillable promises. They may have been usurpers and illegitimate satraps in the eyes of many of the subjects. What counted, though, is that the social order was legitimate because it was governed by the law of God.

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MODERN INTEGRATIVE notions of society and politics produced a dichotomy and caused a disparity between an emulative "modern" political arrangement and a traditional social order. The failure of the former at a time of rapid economic growth, vast demographic change, social dislocation, spiritual and intellectual disorientation, was apt to provoke a return for answers to the traditional native idiom of religion; not, one dare say, a reaction that is unique or peculiar to Muslims in the annals of human experience. Thus in an article in *Commentary* (January 1976), Bernard Lewis wrote of "The Return of Islam" in this sense. He emphasised the point that an entire civilisation has religion as its primary loyalty, underlined the universality and centrality of its faith, and drew attention to the association of that faith with power from the start: the believers constitute a community and polity; religion, not nation or country, is the basis of identity and loyalty. Looking briefly at the record of the secular nationalist movement, he observed that as nationalism became more popular and radical it became less secular and more religious. He concluded that Islam is a powerful but as yet undirected force in politics, since it has yet to find its own convincing leadership.

Edward Said criticises Lewis for implying that Islam has "returned" to confront and challenge the West as a hostile force. Said's main argument is:

> "that the canonical, orthodox coverage of Islam that we find in the academy, in the government, and in the media is all interrelated and has been more diffused, has seemed *more* persuasive and influential, in the West than any other 'coverage' or interpretation. The success of this coverage can be attributed to the political influence of those people and institutions producing it rather than necessarily to truth or accuracy . . . this coverage has served purposes only tangentially related to actual knowledge of Islam itself. . . ."

In *Covering Islam*, the third tract of his "critique of the West" trilogy,[1] Said claims that the purpose of those Western reporters on Islam (academics, government officials and journalists) is not simply to "cover" Islam in the manner of reporting about it, but to give it a biased interpretation by covering its true meaning to suit the political predilections and power-purposes of the West.

FOR SAID all knowledge in the West is affiliated with power. He accuses Western media, government officials and academics of constructing an "Image of Islam" calculated to elicit the hostility of Western societies. He states that after the Second World War the US took over the earlier British and French imperial role in the Middle East. That the US acquired a global role as defender of Western interests there is no doubt, but the record shows, as Elie Kedourie has argued on the basis of massive documentation, that it did so with a curious anti-imperialist ideology.[2]

Said declares:

> "I do not believe as strongly and as firmly in the notion of 'Islam' as many experts, policy-makers and general intellectuals do; on the contrary, I often think it has been more of a hindrance than a help in understanding what moves people and societies."

Theoretically one may agree with him for, after all, phrases like "Islamic resurgence" or "revival of Islam" reflect an intellectual approach to the problem of Islam in society and politics, as well as in ideological discourse; but they do not help in describing or explaining actual change, its level, intensity and direction. Yet the Muslim himself believes in the construct and idea, and many of his concerns, aspirations, and dislikes are couched in this idiom, whether one is dealing with events in Iran, Pakistan, Libya, Saudi Arabia, or the activities of militant Islamic groups in Egypt and elsewhere. And this is clearly what many Western students—as well as Muslim students—are reporting and studying.

THE POINT IS amply illustrated by V. S. Naipaul in his *Among the Believers*.[3] He quotes the *Tehran Times* as follows:

> "The history of Pakistan and the Islamic Revolution in Iran is a reminder of the power of religion and the hollowness of secular cults. How the world works is the concern of science, and how society is to be governed is the affair of politicians, but what the whole thing means is the main concern of Iran and Pakistan. Politics is combined with religion and Islam. Iran and Pakistan can join hands to prove to the world that Islam is not just a faith of the past, practising ancient rituals."

Khomeini's tolerant tone in January 1979 when he appealed to the Christians of the world while still in exile was replaced by his strident fulmination in August after his triumph in Iran:

> "The governments of the world should know that Islam cannot be defeated. Islam will be victorious in all the countries of the world, and Islam and the teachings of the Koran will prevail all over the world."

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[1] *Covering Islam: How the Media and the Experts Determine How We See the Rest of the World.* By EDWARD SAID. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £8.95. The other two volumes are: *Orientalism* (1978) and *The Question of Palestine* (1979).

[2] Elie Kedourie, *Islam in the Modern World* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, and Mansell Publishing, 1980).

[3] *Among the Believers: An Islamic Journey.* By V. S. NAIPAUL. André Deutsch, £7.95.

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But Naipaul also alludes to the Muslim's ambivalence towards change which has come mainly from the outside, i.e., the West:

> "It was of the beauty of Islamic law I heard a third Iranian speak. But what was he doing studying law in an American university? What had attracted these Iranians to the United States and the civilization it represented? . . . it was more than a need for education and skills. But the attraction wasn't admitted; and in that attraction, too humiliating for an old and proud people to admit, there lay disturbance—expressed in dandyism, mimicry, boasting, and rejection."

Khomeini may be the interpreter of God's will, leader of the faithful, but he also expressed

> "all the confusion of his people and made it appear like glory, like the familiar faith: the confusion of a people of high medieval culture awakening to oil and money, a sense of power and violation, and a knowledge of a great new encircling civilization. That civilization couldn't be mastered. It was rejected; at the same time it was to be depended on."

IN FACT, it is the modernity which the radical Muslim anathematises and rejects which has radicalised him; a point closely argued by Elie Kedourie, and by many of the contributors to *Islam and Power*.[4] The editors of this slim volume in fact argue that "Muslim reawakening does not simply reflect the reaffirmation of Muslims in their faith, but rather expresses deep-seated social concerns that are reflected in a situation of a 'society-in-crisis'." At the same time they emphasise the static Islamic concept of history and the restorative nature of the militant Islamic movement, which holds that "progress . . . must have as its aim the restoration of the true community." They also view the activation of political Islam as part of the process by which Islamic communities try to accommodate themselves to the modern world. Naipaul concludes his Islamic Journey by opining that "in Iran and elsewhere men would have to make their peace with the world which they knew existed beyond the faith." The life that had come to Islam, he discovered,

> "had not come from within. It had come from outside events and circumstances, the spread of the universal civilization. It was the late twentieth century that had made Islam revolutionary. . . . It was the late twentieth century—and not the faith—that could

[4] *Islam and Power*. Edited by ALEXANDER S. CUDSI and ALI E. HILLAL DESSOUKI. Croom Helm, £11.95.

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supply the answers—in institutions, legislation, economic systems."

American stereotypes about Islam, especially over the Iran crisis (1979–81), were not really constructed by orientalists or academics. Possibly the vacillating US policy, the initial mistake of depending on an "alliance" (given the tension, instability and endemic conflict the Middle East region generates, all alliances are precarious) with a despot, and mindlessly providing him with a huge arsenal contributed to the reaction. America as the Satan and Western Imperialism as the Enemy are not strictly recent epithets of abuse, or expressed hostility, by Muslims.[5]

Thus in discussing Iran, Edward Said refers to "the attempted coup, directly encouraged by the United States' General Huyser in late January 1979." The contributors to *The Security of the Persian Gulf*, edited by Hossein Amirsadeghi,[6] show that General Huyser, on the contrary, was anxious to forestall such an eventuality. Furthermore, throughout the US-Iranian relation, especially after the oil crisis of 1973–74, it was the Tehran tail that wagged the Washington dog. Besides, as the crisis mounted in 1978–79, Iranian generals were so mistrustful of one another that their intrigues precluded a successful coup. Finally, the problem of mutual perceptions which Edward Said rightly raises would be illuminated by the reverse exercise to "Orientalism", namely, "Occidentalism": how the Muslims have viewed, and view, the West.

It is only natural for a non-Muslim like Said to de-emphasise the notion of Islam. But as I stated earlier, it does not matter what non-Muslims say; Muslims themselves proclaim Islam as their prime concern and the new force in their search for cultural reassertion and political rehabilitation.

IT IS OF COURSE correct that one cannot consider Islam—transcendent, mystical or immanent—as a monolith. Its history abounds with a diversity of religious, social and political adaptive experience. In fact, its political pluralism has been its most salient feature, ranging in diversity from Central Asia to West Africa and from North Africa to Indonesia and the Philippines. Nevertheless the core of the faith which requires a Muslim to live according to the precepts of the sacred law (a law which must inspire not only his spiritual life and guide his personal conduct but also regulate his relations with other men) is common to all Muslims everywhere. For the immanentists among them, the faith further enjoins the believers actively to seek to realise on earth the divine pattern of the universe decreed and revealed by God in His revelation to His Apostle. This is what Khomeini, albeit in the Shiite version of Islam, is about; this is what Gaddafi has called for in his "Third International Theory." It is fortuitous no doubt that riches from oil[7] can push forward the claims of this recipe.

The pluralism one found within Islamic societies was, however, eroded by modernity; it remains on the interstate or international level. There are several states that are Islamic in the sense that the majority of their populations are Muslim, and the recognised official religion of the state is Islam (giving rise to communal and sectarian problems). Ernest Gellner argues in *Muslim Society*[8] that "cultural and religious pluralism" were "tolerated or exploited by the weak traditional state", but that "it is difficult to sustain in the modern, post-independence situation." He is referring to the integrationist demands of the modern nation-state and the pulverising capabilities of the powerful centralised state. But he constructs his theoretical model for a sociology of Islam almost entirely on the basis of Ibn Khaldun's *Muqaddima*.[9] This, as he concedes, is relevant to the peculiar condition of the tribal segmented society in the Maghreb, and he admits that it cannot explain the Ottoman phenomenon. Nor can it deal with the core area of Islam, especially during the Abbasid period, when the separation between state and society was complete by 850 A.D. The recent works by Patricia Crone and Roy Mottahedeh make this clear.[10] Gellner also overlooks Ibn Khaldun's treatment of the caliphate and the imamate, the central feature of leadership in an Islamic community.

The basis of the Islamic state, as Professor Ann Lambton asserts in *State and Government in Medieval Islam*,[11] was "ideological, not political, territorial or ethnical and the primary purpose of government was to defend and protect the faith, not the state." Although Ibn Khaldun argued that power or domination and authority "are the rewards of social cohesion", his *Muqaddima* is replete with the assertion of the supremacy of the divine law which ultimately guides and determines events. The course of history which Ibn Khaldun

[5] See especially the Notes to Ali Merad, "The Ideologisation of Islam in the Contemporary Muslim World", in *Islam and Power*, pp. 37–48.

[6] *The Security of the Persian Gulf*. Edited by HOSSEIN AMIRSADEGHI. Croom Helm, £12.95.

[7] *Libya: the Experience of Oil*. By J. A. ALLAN. Croom Helm, £14.95.

[8] Ernest Gellner, *Muslim Society* (Cambridge University Press, 1980).

[9] *The Muqaddima* (trans. Franz Rosenthal, 1958).

[10] Patricia Crone, *Slaves on Horses* (Cambridge University Press, 1980); Roy Mottahedeh, *Loyalty and Leadership in an Early Islamic Society (Princeton* University Press, 1980).

[11] *State and Government in Medieval Islam*. By ANN LAMBTON. Cambridge University Press, £19.50.

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examined was what it was because man deviated from the law of God by his sin of pride and greed. Even his not very original cyclical conception of history and the history of states is the consequence of mankind's refusal to follow the *sharia*.

Thus in developing a theoretical model for the sociology of Islam Gellner fails to examine Ibn Khaldun's historical approach to political association and the state, or his emphasis on the shortcomings, beyond founding a kingship, of "*asabiyya*" (social cohesion), which, without religion, can provide no unity. In short, while Ibn Khaldun was keen to understand the nature and causes of historical events, he also asserted that religion is the most powerful creative force of civilisation.

SEVERAL WRITERS and commentators on recent events in Iran and other Islamic countries have argued that the rise of Islamic militancy, the upheaval in Iran and other developments are the result of despotic rule; that Muslim nations have for long been afflicted by despotic régimes because of the influence and domination of colonialism. No one can deny that the late Shah and his father before him were so-called modernising despots; but so also were Muhammad Ali of Egypt, the Ottoman Sultans, the Qajars and most other Muslim rulers before colonialism appeared on the scene. The ruler in Islam is absolute; his autocracy is theoretically limited only by the requirement to observe the religious law. There are no notions of popular participation in rule or sharing of power. An absolute ruler is acceptable to the faithful so long as he is a Muslim and allows the religious law to regulate society.

Power in the Islamic state derives from the faith, and Muslims are unwilling to share it with others. Muslims exclusively possess religious truth and power, since according to the Koranic Sura: "Power belongs to God, His Apostle, and the believers." This fusion of power and sanctity evaporated less than a few decades after the Prophet's death. Yet the illusion was perpetuated, and sacred title to power by Islamic rulers remained in the face of its having been acquired by force. The religious teachers ignored mundane history while the jurists accommodated themselves to its exigencies, by insisting that the Caliph is the sole source of religious and political authority who imposes religious and political uniformity on the community and state. Inevitably the distance, even separation, between religion and state, state and society grew, without however—beyond the well-known juristic rationalisations—reformulating the relationship. Or as Naipaul put it vividly and baldly:

> "The glories of this religion were in the remote past; it had generated nothing like a Renaissance. Muslim countries, where not colonized, were despotisms; and nearly all, before oil, were poor."

Quoting one of his Iranian interlocutors, Naipaul reports him as asserting that

> "All Muslim people tend to put their faith in one man. In the 1960s the Shah was loved. Now they love Khomeini."

MOST OF THE WRITING on Iran indicates that Khomeini used the Shia concept of the illegitimate, unjust ruler to overthrow the Shah, but according to his concept of the *wilayet el-faqih* (guardianship of the jurist),[12] he used that in conjunction with a virulent, uncompromising anti-Americanism to institutionalise an Islamic republic and then transform it into a one-party fundamentalist theocracy, or to coin a term, *clerisocracy*, if the events of the last six months in that country are any indication.

Yet, as Professor Kedourie has argued, the radicalism of Khomeini—and Gaddafi—differs from that which infected the Middle East after the Great War, such as the intimate connection between Arabism and Islam, or nationalism and socialism and Islam, to the extent that it has made use of more recent European ideological trends, for instance, the doctrine that the Muslims "were among the truly proletarian nations in the world, the real victims of European capitalism." Gaddafi's "Third World Theory" proclaims the poor peoples of the south as "the downtrodden victims and eventual heirs of the rich peoples of the north."

In Khomeini's case the Man of the Pen has not only become the Man of the Sword, but he has also donned the mantle of the Expected Imam in Shia doctrine, to lead the believers towards an era of righteousness and justice. It avails little those who

[12] See Abbas Kelidar, "Ayatollah Khomeini's Concept of Islamic Government", in *Islam and Power*.

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argue that a paralysed economy in Iran will sooner or later undermine the Islamic venture of Khomeini. This may well turn out to be the case. In the meantime, his followers are not those who miss the earlier economic bonanza—they hardly enjoyed it; they are not the consumers of luxury goods. It is, on the contrary, the new élite of clerics around Khomeini, the needed monstrous bureaucracy and the indispensable military institution which will not be able to keep modernity at bay, or Iran insulated from the modern world as Khomeini would wish. The projected permutations of the evolution of the struggle for power among these diverse forces in Iran today are discussed by Rubin, Amirsadeghi and others. Shahram Chubin and his colleagues also consider, in *Security in The Persian Gulf*,[13] the implications of superpower strategy and conflict in South-west Asia and the Gulf. For the moment, as Muhammad Heikal puts it in *The Return of the Ayatollah*,[14] in the Middle East it is usually "one-man" rule.

IT IS NOT ONLY radical contenders of Islamic revival and their drive for power who preoccupy Western writers and policy-makers. The richest oil state in the Middle East—in the world—with an income of over 300 million dollars a day, Saudi Arabia, was founded and exists today as an Islamic state in which the recognised regulating principle is the *sharia*. A renewed alliance between the Al Saud family and the puritan Wahhabi movement at the turn of the century enabled Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, the founder of the present dynasty, to establish his kingdom. Robert Lacey, in a most readable narrative,[15] emphasises this alliance, highlights the story of the Al Saud family with its contradictions of fierce loyalties and intense rivalries, and wonders at the paradox of a strict tribal-religious ethos surviving alongside modern finance, commercial enterprise and real—also *rial*—politik.

The crucial point he misses is supplied by Christine Helms who, in *The Cohesion of Saudi Arabia*, a rather original geographical approach to the rise of the Saudi state,[16] concludes that the recognition of boundaries rather than religion was the crucial factor in the final establishment of the kingdom. The Saudis, that is, by the early 1930s, defined their state on a territorial basis. What neither author refers to is the fact that Ibn Saud learned from his neighbours (and then enemies), Hussein and Faisal, that a ruler's writ is best secured over territory whose boundaries are internationally recognised. What Lacey offers in characterisation of people and places in Saudi Arabia, including princes and their palaces, Helms complements with an analysis of the relation between environment, ecology and the determination of power, loyalty and obligation.

A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT portrayal of this pillar of the Islamic community and the second "pillar" in US foreign policy before the fall of the Shah—now a key state in America's strategic consensus in the region (note how all three key states, Egypt, Israel and Saudi Arabia, are different)—is offered by Arnold Hottinger, Middle East correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, in his chapter on "Political Institutions in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Bahrain", which forms part of *Security in the Persian Gulf*. Tribal loyalties, reinforced by the bonds of a militant puritanical religious movement, enabled Ibn Saud to create his kingdom and, for a long time, maintain its unity and cohesion. Hottinger argues forcefully that both these foundations of the kingdom's stability are being eroded by money; that the "chasms in Saudi Arabia are growing wider and deeper", and that religion is becoming a divisive influence or force. Much of this is due to the fact that the "country is already split between rich and poor. The ruling class is deeply corrupt . . . ." The pressure of money, Hottinger argues, is so great that the rulers must spend it for, among other projects, the transformation of Bedouins into labourers, or the introduction of general conscription into a national army. Both of these developments, Hottinger believes, will spell disaster for the ruling family. There are neither religious teachers independent of government control with a political leadership role nor as yet a sizable middle class to challenge the Al Saud's legitimacy. A "national army" could.

YET IT WAS FAISAL who, for primarily regional political reasons, inaugurated Saudi Arabia's Islamic policy. In its basics, this policy was neatly elementary: to bring Islam along with petro-wealth into regional and international politics. The World Muslim League of 1962 was followed in the mid-1960s by an Islamic bloc to counter Nasser's radicalism and his threats to the Kingdom via south Arabia.

Muhammad Heikal is possibly right when he links this phase of the "resurgence" of Islam to the Arab defeat in the 1967 war with Israel. Only in the view of Faisal it was not quite an Arab defeat, merely the rout of secular radical Arab socialism as

[13] *Security in the Persian Gulf*. Edited by SHAHRAM CHUBIN. Gower Publishing Company, for the International Institute for Strategic Studies, £4.95.

[14] *The Return of the Ayatollah*. By MUHAMMAD HEIKAL. André Deutsch, £9.95.

[15] *The Kingdom*. By ROBERT LACEY. Hutchinson, £9.95.

[16] *The Cohesion of Saudi Arabia*. By CHRISTINE HELMS. Croom Helm. £14.95.

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purveyed and led by his rival Nasser, and the equally secular champions of Pan-Arab socialism, the Ba'th in Syria. Generously subvented publicists attributed the defeat to deviation from the faith of Islam. For the Saudi, Kuwaiti and other oil-rich states it meant not only the discomfiting of their rivals but the chance to devalue secular radical notions and promote an Arab solidarity based on the most prominent feature of Arabism—Islam. The balance of power shifted in their favour as financiers of the new solidarity and brokers of inter-Arab power. They rid themselves of the Nasserist threat in south Arabia and, in the 1970s, found his successor more amenable. By 1973–74, they believed they had achieved a turning point in world affairs and changed the fortunes of the Middle East with a policy which asserted the Islamic voice in the affairs of practically every Middle Eastern state and in those of world councils, backed of course by the power of the oil embargo (or the threat of one) and petrodollars.

And yet the Saudi Islamic state venture is caught in the same revolutionary trap or political conundrum: their financial power is not paralleled (let alone buttressed) by any visible social, political or military capability. To develop too fast is to court sedition; not to be involved in the murky waters of inter-Arab politics is to leave the arena free for their rivals. Much of their expanded role in the region has been thrust upon them by the disengagement of Egypt from the inter-Arab political arena, the turmoil in Iran, and the currently stalemated ambitions of Iraq in the Gulf and the Fertile Crescent. The Saudis must not only compete for Islamic leadership with Khomeini and Gaddafi by subventing Islamic summits, cultural centres abroad, banks and other activities, but they must also ward off, as Hottinger suggests, potential sedition at home and the encroachment of other Arab contenders for regional leadership. In the meantime, they expose their claim to Islamic leadership to the charge of a close alliance with imperialist America.

HISTORICALLY, ISLAM was vindicated by political success, especially in the period from the 7th to the 17th century. Its military ascendancy and success in establishing a vast empire, comprising a diversity of peoples and cultures, proved the truth of Islam's message. Soon after, Islam suffered an uninterrupted series of defeats at the hands of Christian Europe from North Africa to South-east Asia, from Central Asia to the Near East. The victors may have been British, French, Italian and Russian imperialists, but to the average Muslim, to the doctors of Islamic law and local Islamic leaders, they were the infidel enemies of Islam.

Since Islam is not scornful of temporal power as the Christians were at one time, and since it must prevail in the regulation of man's wordly order, this massive and consistent loss of power to non-believers inevitably undermined Muslim self-respect and generated doubts in some of them about the truth of the Muslim revelation itself. Those who tried to restore self-confidence and power by emulating Western societies have not been successful, and are now being challenged by those who demand the rejection of the path of modern civilisation and the return to a strictly Islamic norm. In this clash, or struggle, there seem to be several protagonists. Some label themselves Mahdis, others Supreme Guides, and still others Imams.

Throughout 1981 militant Islam in Iran and elsewhere in the Middle East dominated the news in the Western press. It preoccupied policy makers because it endangered the stability of a strategically important region and jeopardised energy supplies to the industrial states. Whereas 80 or 100 years ago in the heyday of imperial power it was contained and defeated, today it has triumphed—for the time being at least—in Iran. It challenges state structures and the authority of rulers from North Africa to the Philippines. The message, though, is the same: Muslims must live in states governed by the law of God as revealed to his Apostle Muhammad. It is the duty of every Muslim to help bring about the pattern of the universe revealed by God to the believers, reject all other alien and infidel patterns, especially the pattern represented by the modern civilisation that evolved in Europe and spread to the rest of the world. Thus militant Islam today rejects all culture that is not Islamic and seeks to liberate (as well as insulate) Muslim society from its deleterious influences.

In the last six months, militant Islam in Iran has claimed the lives of some 3–5,000 young and old people who were considered to be "enemies of God" and of the Ayatollah Khomeini, the supreme spiritual guide of the Islamic republic of Iran. In Egypt, it clashed violently with the Christian Coptic minority, attacked men and institutions of the state, and finally took the life of the country's President, Anwar Sadat, who dared curtail the activities of its followers and punish its leaders.[17] In Syria it has waged a relentless war of sabotage and assassination against the heretical Alawite rulers of that country.

Vast demographic change throughout the Middle East in the last twenty years, rapid economic growth, and astronomical revenue from petroleum (nearly 50% of the world's proven oil reserves lie in the Muslim world) have had dislocating social consequences and produced disturbing psychological and political disorientations, undermining not only the traditional social order but also destabilising

[17] See, in ENCOUNTER (January 1982), "Sadat's Last Interview: Egypt on the Eve of the Assassination."

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existing political arrangements. In such conditions, including the failure of existing régimes (partly emulating alien models) to cope with the pressing complex problems of modernity, militant Islamic movements have attracted the young, the underprivileged, the destitute, and even some of the better-off whose expectations are greater than ever before in a mass *restorative* movement, in a nostalgia for the past, in a return to a native idiom.

ISLAM, WHICH SINCE its appearance has been a social force that welded together peoples from different countries and diverse cultures into a powerful community of believers to produce an illustrious civilisation, failed to provide a formula for a flexible political order which could cope with change. It never quite managed to establish an acceptable relation between religion and state, power and belief. It insisted on the possession of both power and a universal religious truth, that is, on the sanctity of power. Soon, however—by the 9th century if not earlier—mundane history, with its concrete events, separated society from the state as an organisation of power. Militant Islam today seems to want to rejoin them, by force if necessary. In this militant populist attempt lies one of the greatest factors for turmoil in the Middle East, because militant Muslims believe in the fusion between power and faith.

Whether militant Islam can restore Islamic society to its classical ideal—or even whether its adherents may one day exercise legitimate power in the several, diverse Islamic states—is not at all certain. But that it will continue to galvanise the Muslim masses against things non-Islamic is certain, thus challenging the national-state and international order as we have known them since 1945. On the other hand, one may soon discover that even militant Islam is about no more than the game of power. Whichever it turns out to be, it cannot be ignored as an assertion of cultural identity and an expression of a deep-felt nostalgic desire to restore to the community of believers the power which it once possessed. In the meantime, it has generated a dichotomy between those relatively quietist transcendentalist Muslims who are willing to accommodate themselves with modernity on the one hand and those activist immanentists among them who reject such accommodation on the other.

Although not a new development—indeed, historically at times of deep crisis, it is a recurring phenomenon—militant Islamic movements at this juncture of world affairs and the power relations between states, whether successful or not, can have serious consequences not only for Muslims themselves but also for the rest of the world. For they tend to polarise Islamic societies and the Muslim world, as well as sharpen the distinction between the Muslim and non-Muslim worlds.

Gainsborough's "Mr and Mrs Robert Andrews"

Well here's England, breeched and vista'd, all replete
with home and harvest on a cast-iron seat.

The dog looks to the man, the man past us.
The woman's . . . vassalage? How barbarous

her dress is to that tree, the gathering sky
whose distant threat highlights propinquity.

And does he own the land? Does it own him?
How many corners to a gentleman!

The set-up will be reaped, her bosom keep
its tryst, grown serviceable to those sheep.

Meanwhile, lace cuffs against that harvest day,
brushed silk, the very fields décolleté . . .

extruding a rush of notions from sheer charm:
propped absolutes conferring, down upon the farm.

William Scammell

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DOCUMENT

Story of a Poem

Verses in a Political Storm—By ADAM WAZYK

I WOULD LIKE to emphasise, first of all, that this evening is historical. "Poem for Adults" was written in June and July 1955, and published by *Nowa Kultura* in August of that year. A quarter of a century has passed since then. We live in a different era. Social consciousness has changed; so have the historical awareness of the author and his own philosophical horizons. The same is true of many to be mentioned here, some of whom are now very far removed from the views they had then.

I must confess that listening to what was happening in Lublin, on the Baltic coast, and in Silesia this July and August, I did not give a single thought to the passing of this anniversary. But *Le Monde* reminded me of "Poem for Adults" when André Fontaine's editorial article on the Gdansk agreement quoted some stanzas from the last part of the poem. This is not to say that all of it remains relevant today. I think the contemporary reader will rather find contrasts and analogies that set him thinking. Some parts of it will be incomprehensible to younger readers. So I would like to offer you a short background history to the poem.

Just after the war, in 1945, the Polish working class seemed to be destroyed. During the occupation, apart from their participation in the resistance movement, a significant number of workers turned to trade and did not return thereafter to factory work. Activists, and not just Communist ones, went into administration and became *apparatchiks*. I published my thesis about the destruction of the working class in an article at the time. After 1949, following the first stage of reconstruction (and the phase of "three sectors" in the economy), rapid industrialisation began. Consumption was severely restricted. Attempts to collectivise the countryside by force, destroying the peasant economy, caused massive migration of the young into the towns, with all the usual consequences. We know what England was like in the 18th-century industrial revolution: swarming with illegitimate babies. The Flemish countryside, during the rapid accumulation of capital in Belgium at the end of the 19th century, is described by the forgotten poet Emile Verhaeren in "Les Villes Tentaculaires." More interestingly, the outstanding American specialist on Aristophanes—William Arrowsmith in his study of *The Birds* (1973)—cites a fragment of "Poem for Adults" to show what was happening to the Athenians in their transition from a peasant

HAVE *the clocks in Poland now been turned back to where they once were? Is the Orwellian censor who was being poked fun at and who was squirming under Solidarity's embarrassing questions ("Interview with a Censor: the Polish Art of Blue-Pencilling",* ENCOUNTER, *November 1981) again at his old job of totalitarian thought-control?*

Adam Wazyk, at one of the high points of the recent and now aborted Polish "Renewal", told for the first time the grotesque story of one poem's struggle for survival in the nightmare of a police-state culture. The occasion was the celebration of his 75th birthday at the Writers' Union in Warsaw, and it also marked 25 years since the publication of his celebrated "Poem for Adults." The poem was recited in full, and the poet's address to the memorable meeting was published in "Polityka" (3 January 1981). To read it now, after the 13th of December when the old sinister forces (whose return he always continued to fear) are once more in the saddle, is to view two brief heroic moments of Polish liberty through a double-glazed glass, darkly.

In Robert Conquest's anthology, "Back to Life" (Hutchinson, 1958), the reader will find the full text in translation of "Poem for Adults" as well as excerpts from "Critique of the Poem for Adults", which concludes:

"They lived with the dawn
And have sown darkness.

They lived with the idea
And they parted with people.

They lived with a dream
And lies have become their daily bread. . . ."

M.J.L.

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economy to a maritime civilisation.

But let me return to our own country. Stalinist industrialisation threw an enormous burden on to the working class, both physically and morally. Perhaps this was the most shameful side of the whole process, which had to be masked by myth and propaganda. The builders of the new (in particular the show-piece of industrialisation, Nowa Huta) were portrayed as heroes, paragons of civic virtue, fired by ideals. In fact, it was not even considered necessary to give workers of Nowa Huta a theatre. They got that after the publication of "Poem for Adults", and in the opinion of local residents because of it.

The literature and art of that era were wholly subordinated to propaganda. The theory of "socialist realism" served the same purpose. I took part in it, an active part. I wrote some propaganda poems, and theorised a lot, especially in this hall. As a theoretician I was formidable and intellectually aggressive. Then I fell silent, and for a year made no comment on current affairs.

After a few years, the sacrifices to which the population had been sentenced became too hard to bear. The first literary indication of this came in early 1955. Andrzejewski's "Lament of a Paper Head", though not allowed to be printed, was known to many writers. I myself knew only the title. Pawel Hertz published "Songs of Autumn and Winter" in *Tworczosc*, illustrating the nation's misery with a quotation from Mickiewicz's poem "To a Polish Mother." Some zealots wanted to punish him, but it did not come to that. Simultaneously, revelations were spreading about the abuse of power by the security service. That April I wrote the poem "Message to a Friend." I did not publish it immediately; I was waiting to collect a few more poems. It was published a year later, some months after "Poem for Adults", but since it forms something of a prologue to that poem, it is worth recalling here:

You ask why I don't write verses
In the conscience's crying hour.
Wrongs from enemies I am the first to rhyme,
but when it's bitter—I don't know how.

For five years the disguised mystic plundered,
wounding our bodies and souls.
Now the revealed wounds are festering,
they will take a long time to heal.

The nation worked, but we were encircled
by philosophical impostors
and our reason had been stolen
leaving us with faith alone.

The crippled instructed us in walking;
the blind, with torches, showed the way;
deaf men heard confessions in the market;
aesthetes plotted criminally.

Those without faith in twenty-year-olds
return to the lands of childhood,
see how golden, see how noble—
and free from barbarity.

Read their verses and find there at least
a shred of this true life.
Here the buzzing fair of aesthetes! Better
get into the nettles.

I too have children, and like children,
and like the smile of a woman,
and when a light burns in my window,
know that I am writing pamphlets.

Burning reason, popular speech!
I know only the first glimmer!
That is why I write the same language
that Jakub Jasinski knew.

Why write? Maybe to leave
behind as much as he did.
Maybe to make descendants realise
that this is only the dawn.

This poem, echoing those of the 18th century, opens with a gambit. The author asserts that he cannot write in such a situation, but then admits to

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writing pamphlets. I did not write pamphlets, but something of the sort came into my mind which later exploded in "Poem for Adults." It also mentions aesthetes who return to the lands of childhood in order to escape the present moment. "Poem for Adults" opens with a similar return to the realm of childhood, a chance return to a changed region. This event is real, and the result of the confrontation is a rediscovery of one's own authentic consciousness, unencumbered by received dogmas.[1] No preconceived ideas—write as you see, and feel from direct experience—write according to your own empirical understanding—that is what I was telling myself. The force of "Poem for Adults" could thus be described as destroying the mythology in which I had previously believed. Had I not believed in it, in my view, there would have been no force, only whining.

As I was finishing the poem, the "World Festival of Youth" was taking place in Warsaw. Perhaps this suggested the title to me. Or perhaps it was the recollection of a volume I saw in early childhood at a book exhibition. It had the tag "FOR ADULTS ONLY" on the wrapper: it was Descartes' *Discourse on Method* (in Boy-Zelenski's translation).

I took the poem to *Nowa Kultura* and handed it to Wilhelm Mach, asking him to publish it some time after the Youth Festival was over; the chief editor, Pawel Hoffman, was on vacation. I went to the seaside. When Hoffman got back, he telephoned my wife at 2 a.m., apologising for the late hour, and told her that the poem had moved him greatly. He confirmed that publication would be as I wanted. However, there was a pagination error at the printers, and two separate sections were elided and run together. I did not manage to correct the mix-up in time.

SITTING IN my solitary Jelitkowo, by the sea, I had no idea what a storm my poem had stirred up. A few days after the issue appeared in the kiosks, they tried to withdraw it; but there was nothing left to withdraw. This number of *Nowa Kultura* changed hands in the Warsaw Bazaar for 250 *zloty*, and the purchasing power of the *zloty* was much higher then than today. Office secretaries

[1] One section of "Poem for Adults" is unclear, that concerning the mining accident. It was said at the time to be "sabotage." Only later did I understand who spread such rumours, but at first I didn't know what to think. Another stanza mentions a poster at the railway station. The poster is real. It shows a painted Uncle Sam holding a bottle of vodka (in place of whisky), and its caption reads: "LOOK OUT! THE ENEMY OFFERS YOU VODKA!" The story of the drowned man is, to be sure, imaginary. What it meant was that, whatever the subject, those dictating opinions divided every opinion into right or wrong. The story of the girl from Art School was true: it happened in Zakopane (so Wanda Zolkiewska told me).

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typed copies for acquaintances and even for strangers.

Pawel Hoffman was summoned before Jakub Berman, the Politburo's security overlord for Culture. Hoffman was a pre-War Communist activist, an intellectual with a broad general education. one of the most intelligent men that I had ever met, with excellent literary taste. All these virtues went into abeyance the moment he was pulled into the apparatus. Writers regarded him as a rigid dogmatist, but I knew him better than the others and what then took place did not surprise me. When called on by Berman to dissociate himself from "Poem for Adults" and to admit that its publication was a mistake, he not only refused but launched into a sharp and stormy polemic. After that the press was mobilised for an attack on my poem. They ground out accusatory articles, most of which I have not read.

On coming back to Warsaw, I in turn received my invitation from Berman. He suggested that I consider what I had done—given thousands of young people sleepless nights. Berman had a pile of letters ready at his elbow and wanted to read them out to me, but I interrupted to say that *Nowa Kultura* had had even more letters, mostly positive, and that I too had received a large post. We got nowhere. Some of the letters were from anonymous correspondents, afraid to sign their names. One was very short. Here it is:

> "'Poem for Adults'—words drawn from the hearts of millions. Long live courage.
>
> HANUSIA AND LUSIA"

I still do not know who Hanusia and Lusia were, but I thank them, belatedly, for their letter, and hope that they are in good health.

At this point, Boleslaw Bierut, who was staying at Barwisie, near Moscow, returned to Warsaw and made a speech which referred to "Poem for Adults." Although the speech was toned down in the press, some readers still expected the arrest of the author and perhaps of certain others. The workers in one Warsaw factory threatened to strike should the author be arrested. (I discovered this only years later from notes by Czeslaw Milosz, subsequently confirmed from other sources).

In the meantime, a meeting was arranged at the Academy of Sciences, ostensibly to discuss "the situation in literature", but in fact to force people to state publicly whether the poem should have been published or not. Invitations were issued to the Party literary *aktif* of that time, and to a few representatives from the press and publishing. The Party apparatus was represented by Berman, Ochab, and Morawski (who did not say a word).

From: "Poem

"Today our skies are not empty"
—from a political speech

It was dawn. I heard the whistling of jets.
They are expensive, and yet we must . . .
When we no longer want to talk about the earth we know
then we say: The sky is not empty.

People walk here uncaring in rags,
our women soon grow old,
When we no longer want to talk about the earth we know
then we say: The sky is not empty.

Over the ocean in the clouds seethes
the apocalypse; here the passer-by kneels down . . .
when we do not want to talk frankly about the earth,
the kneeling man says: The sky is not empty.

A legion of boys releases doves
a girl knots a scarf . . .
when we do not want to talk frankly about the earth,
then we say: The sky is not empty.

*

I will never believe, my dear, that a lion is a little lamb,
I will never believe, my dear, that a little lamb is a lion!

I will never believe, my dear, in a magic spell;
I will never believe in minds kept under glass;
but I believe that a table has only four legs,
but I believe that the fifth leg is a chimera,
and when the chimeras rally, my dear,
then one dies slowly of a worn-out heart.

*

It is true,
when these farthing boredoms
howl down the great aims of education,
when the vultures of abstraction pick out our brains,
when students are enclosed in text books without windows,
when language is reduced to thirty incantations,
when the lamp of imagination is extinguished,
when good people from the moon deny us our taste,
then truly
oblivion is dangerously near.

*

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Cyrankiewicz refused to come. Ochab spoke last, when the cause was already lost. He made no reference to the poem, but pointed out that the potato-digging season was approaching and that if writers would not lend a hand, well then they would manage it themselves. The meeting was opened by Stefan Zolkiewski (then in charge of the Science and Culture section of the Central Committee), clumsy as a bureaucrat, unsuited to such work. Since we were colleagues in the literary group *Kuznica* (Forge) and on friendly terms, the role he played at the meeting was painful for me, and even more so, I think, for him.

Every honest intellectual has his hour of liberation. My hour struck in 1955. I am older than Zolkiewski. His hour came in 1968, when as a teacher he stayed behind in the Warsaw University building to protect the striking students. For that, he lost his job and was not spared the humiliating dismissal procedures which earned him the respect of honest and enlightened people. He needs no further recommendation.

AT THE MEETING, Pawel Hoffman came out strongly against Berman, a well-nigh incredible circumstance in view of Berman's position, and Andrzejewski and Jastrun declared themselves unreservedly in favour of "Poem for Adults." Przybos favoured publication, but in a comical way. The poem was, from the literary point of view, weak and journalistic. It should, of course, be published, but together with "a reply" and he actually wrote one. (In fact, no one realised it was a reply—Przybos' allusive poetics were not suitable for such a purpose. I did, and replied with another of my own, but that is by the way.) The meeting was also addressed by Arnold Slucki, who was then regarded as a half-mad Stalinist. None the less, I knew he trusted my ability as a poet, and after his painful speech he also approved the poem. Grzegorz Lasota spoke this-way-and-that without mentioning the poem; so he did not take the Government's side, but who did? Old Lucjan Rudnicki, in an advanced stage of his sclerosis. As for poor Melania Kierczynska, she had a terrible time. She prevaricated as best she could, but Pawel Hoffman pressed her, demanding an answer. Should it have been published or not? After two minutes' silence, as long as eternity, the poor woman choked out: "No." I was very sorry for her, and knew she was in for awful, sleepless nights. But by her later development, and her participation in the democratic movement, Melania Kierczynska expunged that word spoken in Staszic's palace.

for Adults"

It is all very old. Old are the twisters
of socialist morality

The dreamer Fourier beautifully prophesied
that the sea would flow with lemonade.
And does it not flow?

They drink sea-water,
and cry—
Lemonade!
They return quietly home
to vomit
to vomit.

*

They ran to us, shouting:
A communist does not die.

It never happened that a man did not die.
Only the memory abides.
The worthier the man,
the greater the pain.

They ran to us, shouting:
Under socialism
a cut finger does not hurt.
They cut their finger,
they felt pain.
They lost faith.

*

We make demands on this earth,
for the people who are overworked,
for keys to open doors,
for rooms with windows,
for walls which do not rot,

for hatred of little documents,
for holy human time,
for safe homecoming,
for a simple distinction between words and deeds.

We make demands on this earth,
for which we did not throw dice,
for which a million perished in battle:
for a clear truth,
for the bread of freedom,
for burning reason,
for burning reason.

Adam Wazyk
Warsaw, August 1955

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My real adversary proved to be Adam Polewka from Cracow, who attacked me furiously. He brought up the issue of Marcel Proust, and shouted that we did not need him. Then occurred the incident that I remember most clearly. Henryk Markiewicz, whom I hardly knew, made the cool and dignified announcement that Polewka's opinions were considered rather idiosyncratic in Cracow, and publicly thanked me for the poem. It was an act of great courage, for scientists are much more dependent on the authorities than we writers.

All this took place in front of many silent witnesses: those writers who did not speak. But my memory is not infallible, and I may have forgotten someone who took an active part. If so, I apologise.

Following the meeting, Pawel Hoffman was dismissed.

Other measures to combat "Poem for Adults" were tried: meetings of the Party *aktif*; the dispatch of official speakers to various cultural institutions. Strange things began to happen. People who had condemned my poem were transformed, in the course of a week or two, into its ardent defenders. This occurred not because of the poem's merits, but as a result of the changing times.

IN THE AUTUMN I wrote "A Critique of the 'Poem for Adults'" which was not passed for publication at that time.

The following spring (1956), the democratic movement got under way. After the Poznan events, it grew in strength. Many poets published critical poetry then. I too issued a cycle of poems: an appendix, as it were, to "Poem for Adults." In early August I received the following letter:

> "Warmest greetings from B. Brecht. His state of health unfortunately not improved. B. B. has translated "Poem for Adults"; finding German equivalents for Polish poetry caused him great difficulty. Brecht intends to publish the 'Poem' in the journal *Sinn und Form*, along with other poems.
>
> So I would like to ask you for a list of the poems of which you are especially fond. Brecht much admires the 'Poem' and translating it gave him great pleasure. Warmest greetings.
>
> KÄTHE RULICKE

Frau Käthe Rulicke came to see me after Brecht's death. Brecht's translation was completed, but had not yet appeared in print. A facsimile of his translation appeared in *Nowa Kultura* after October.

A few days before the October Plenum, which brought back Gomulka, an author's evening was arranged for me in the Booksellers' Club. Wojciech Siemion recited "Poem for Adults" and I read "Message to a Friend", and "A Critique of the Poem." The recital was broadcast on the radio.

I EXPECTED THAT after October "Poem for Adults" would have an easy life. Nothing of the sort. It appeared in a small collection (prepared by *PIW*, on Irena Szymanska's initiative)—and the 5,000 copies of *"Poem for Adults" and other verses* sold out in a matter of hours. But the volumes had been held back for weeks, stored heaven knows where. The same poems in the collection *Verse and Poetry* met a worse fate. Almost half of the edition was kept back in the repository of the state book distributors, and no bookshop could get hold of copies for many years. Or maybe the publications register was fictitious and there were simply no copies at all in the repository.

For many years, I could not even dream about a new selection of my poems. I was able to publish a new collection in the pocket series of poets in 1966, but already there had been a change in cultural policy (under Zenon Kliszko, two years earlier), and "Poem for Adults" was officially confiscated. Its text could not be cited even by the Institute of Literary Research in scholarly works. Even its title could not be mentioned in the Polish press, though the monthly *Tworczosc* got round the censorship, in a piece on translations of the "Poem", by citing its title only in foreign languages. For the bureaucracy, "Poem for Adults" does not exist, and therefore, logically speaking, I am still a Stalinist. For this reason, I am spat upon by *Kultura*, under Wilhelm Mach's editorship, and by others. I know that in many places those who resisted such instructions risked their jobs. I would like to thank such unknown people today.

There was another method of obliterating the poem: by annihilating its author. Under Kliszko's régime Professor Jan Zygmunt Jakubowski set out systematically to remove me from Polish poetry, and he had some intrepid helpers. But let that pass. When Kliszko fell in 1970, the same Professor greeted me most warmly on the street.

ONCE MORE the situation changed. The old ban was lifted. Fragments of the "Poem" turned up in a *PIW* anthology and later in a small volume by the Warsaw publishing house, Czytelnik. At last it was included in full in a wide-ranging selection of my poems published three years ago by Czytelnik. Such was the fate of "Poem for Adults" over the past quarter of a century. At the present time (1980) it is even mentioned on television. Of its fate in the future, I cannot tell.

A FEW YEARS AGO I addressed some students in Hybrydy. The session was chaired by Jacek Trznade, and afterwards a student asked him whether it was true that "Poem for Adults" had been inspired by Jakub Berman. Tomasz Burek,

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who was present, added jokingly that this must be a thesis current amongst Polish philologists at Warsaw University.

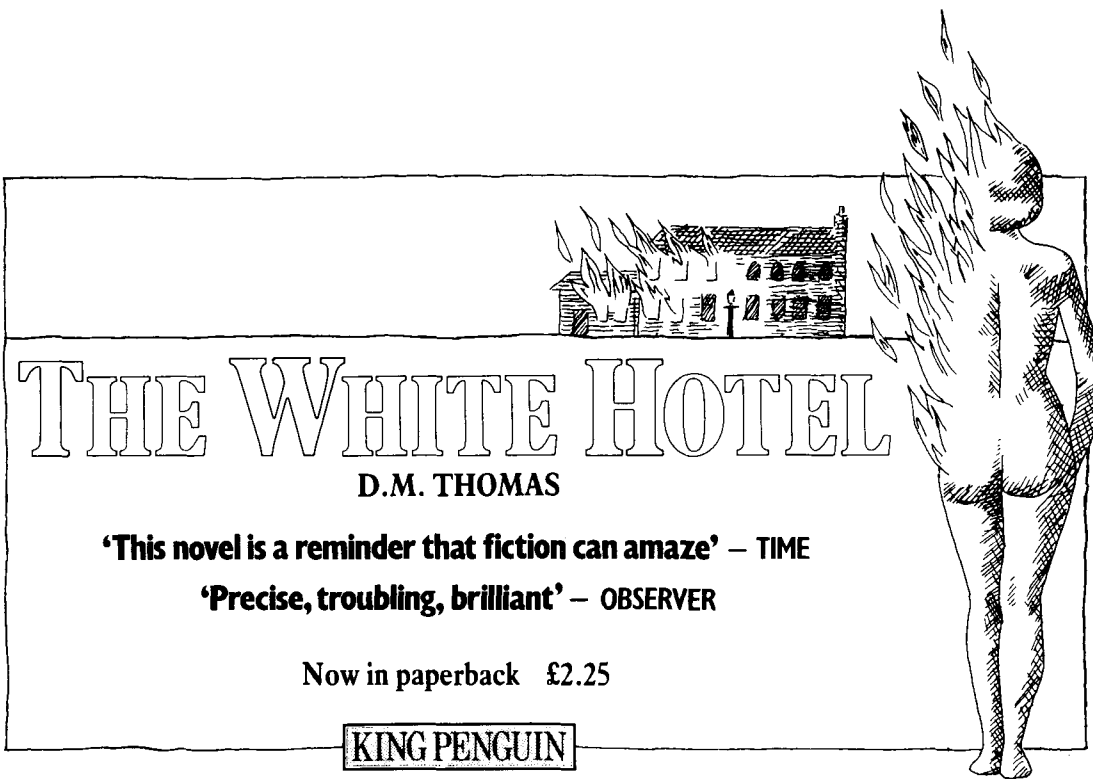
Not long afterwards, I met a quiet and gentle old man in the rest home of the Ministry of Health in Konstancin, accompanying his wife, who was ill. It was Jakub Berman. We watched a televised session of the *Seym*, followed by Ursus and Radom. That was in 1976. On my recent anniversary, I received a reasonable and tactful letter from this old adversary of my "Poem."

The chief contestant on behalf of the "Poem", Pawel Hoffman, had been working since his "retirement" from *Nowa Kultura* in the State Scientific Publishing House. We met from time to time, and it turned out that we had reached the same historical conclusions, which may nowadays be truisms. Hoffman had concealed his intellectual and spiritual dilemmas, judging them to be of only personal concern. Indeed, this type of spiritual dilemma, frequent in his generation, is of little interest to people today. But maybe in years to come people will be interested in their spiritual crises, just as we are interested in those of the Romantics. That is why I would like to dedicate this evening to the memory of Pawel Hoffman.

To end, here is an unedited poem from 1956, written after the Poznan events:

Bloody June 1956

Leave your conscience in the cloakroom
lean your arms against thin air
sink into the ruined dreams
discuss
Under her headscarf that old woman is carrying
two loaves pierced by bullets
The radio broadcasts a stream of sound
the geodetic signal
which nobody understands
That's as it should be
words don't count any more
so many fell
that June ends
like this poem
in silence.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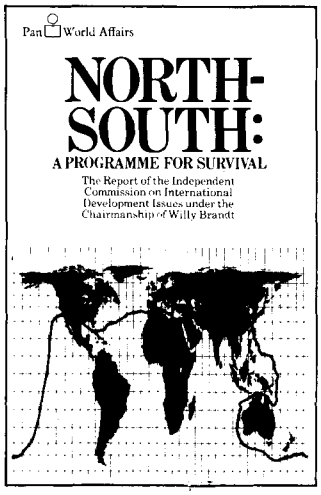
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A PROGRAMME FOR SURVIVAL
The Report of the Independent Commission on International Development Issues under the Chairmanship of Willy Brandt

I AM shocked by the standard of economic debate permitted in the pages of ENCOUNTER these days, and particularly on the Brandt Report (December 1980, August and October 1981). Under other circumstances, in your great period as a patron of the hard-nosed left, you would never have permitted it. The economics of those who write in these pages these days can be described as anti-egalitarian, anti-collectivist but non-monetarist. Let us leave the last point—one of agreement between them and me—aside; we are all of one mind in recognising a dying duck. But on the other two points I see only a great deal of straight misinformation and careless logic.

Let us postpone the question of collectivism and its uncomfortably great successes, in order to begin with equality: first, in general; and then in the context of the Brandt report. There is no recognition any more in ENCOUNTER that extreme inequality is socially unstable, whether in the world or in one country. On the hard-nosed left, however, to which I claim the honour of belonging, it has always been an obvious principle of statesmanship that there must be a moderate "equality of results", quite over and above (and indeed often in contradiction to) the "equality of opportunity." *Inequality is felt to be bad*, by everyone at the bottom and all decent people at the top.

This is a brute fact. Politicians neglect it at their peril. No matter how logically a social system distributes its rewards, no matter indeed with what justice in each individual case and in the short run, that system is unstable if in the long run and on the macro-scale there are very poor and very rich.

The notion, so often nowadays to be found in your pages, that the pursuit of equality endangers freedom is therefore, for the most part, the opposite of the truth. Poverty creates instability, which endangers all freedom. Poverty also directly endangers civil rights, which are part of freedom; and so on. We can only say that exclusive attention to any one goal always endangers all the others.

I have used above the word "decent." It is a value judgment. It asserts a moral obligation to diminish inequality, and I do not apologise for this unscientific spasm. This obligation exists quite apart from the expediency argument: that inequality has an empirically reliable tendency to generate instability.

Granted, this tendency operates more strongly within a country than between the countries of the world. Comparing, as we now must, the shame and misery of our inner cities with the prosperity of our advisers (who are partly responsible for it), we see the tendency at work very clearly. But I share this at least with your Holy Warriors against Brandt, to whom I now turn, that the latter does not make a persuasive case for the *dangers to us* from inequality on a world scale. Indeed worse, he stresses an argument from our self-interest that he cannot prove, and fails to assert the moral obligation.

Creditably vague about his own self-interest, Herr Brandt but weakly perceives that of others. In particular the celebrated claim that there will be war if the "North" continues to grow while the "South" stagnates is quite baseless. Indeed it is nearly self-contradictory, since *ex hypothesi* the North would win so easily. He *might*, of course (but does not!) mean that the South will go Communist, and he might be thinking only of the capitalist North. This is indeed a serious possibility. But the South is attracted to Communism by Communist military aid, not by its own poverty nor indeed by the very modest level of Northern Communist wealth—still less by the exceedingly low level of Communist civilian aid. Here is a whole complex of serious issues most culpably neglected

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by Brandt and Heath. It stands much to the discredit of the Holy Warriors who oppose them, that they too neglect these issues. Their eyes, as we shall see, are focused far more narrowly.

But Communist competition in the South quite obviously does not tell us capitalists that we should withdraw from Trade or Aid. And this is the point, a rather grey and moderate one to be sure, that I have to make against the Jihad. Yes, they have picked soft spots in the argument: Brandt's neglect of OPEC; his fudging of the question how aid is wasted; his suggestion that *only* a Southward flow of finance can, returning in purchases, reflate the North. Indeed I have already pointed to another: his neglect of Communism in both North and South. But none of this indicates anything at all against his basic message: there should be more Aid.

For here, surely, is where your Jihad is really going. Your warriors are building up a circumstantial case for cutting some more foreigners out of the PSBR (Public Sector Borrowing Requirement): they want less official Aid. But they none of them touch the basic arguments:

(*1*) that international morality makes a strong and clear call;

(*2*) that international instability of the kind alluded to, though infinitely less serious than the Cold War, is inexpedient; better North-South relations are, after all, a British interest;

(*3*) that Brandt is technically correct—aid money *would* be spent in the capitalist North, it *would* come back to reflate us. To point out that Brandt has forgotten other methods of reflation is not to say that his won't work;

(*4*) that you cannot prove official Aid ineffective by pointing to the many recipient countries that have grown poorer. It is quite obvious that that is not proof at all, since Aid's effectiveness is the difference between what is and what would have been. It is extremely probable that Aid is concentrated on countries judged by Aid-givers (unlike private investors) to be in decline; and that it lessens the predicted decline. If the difference is big enough Aid is very effective indeed, while the result remains negative to the superficial mind.

HITHERTO I have avoided names—they're all my colleagues anyway, and I have to live. But the stature of Professor Peter Bauer is such that the concealment of his person would be a sort of mendacity. He propagates[1] the astounding notion that giving people money does them harm. It is, to use his favourite adjectives for doctrines he does not like, "paradoxical", nay "perverse."

It does, of course, turn individuals into idlers and spendthrifts if they get regular gifts of over, say, 10% of their incomes. But it is not often that *foreign* Aid is sufficiently concentrated on some small group to have this magnitude and effect. Bauer (pp. 113–4) quotes effectively the Navajos and the US trusteeship of Micronesia—and (p. 274) Dostoevsky: who, however (as my Sovietological training reminds me), was only a novelist. This is not much; though, to be sure, there is also the Gaza strip, and some communities in Somalia. We do better to blame the massive transfers of the Welfare State within its own borders—which is exactly the Navajo case.

The right question is whether Aid does *net* harm to whole *nations*. Pauperisation through the receipt of gifts (not loans) equal to 1% or 2% of a nation's income is hardly imaginable. If—as is mostly the case—Aid establishes new productive capacity it is hardly conceivable that it should do more harm than good. This is so even if the current operation of that capacity also requires a small subsidy: this is still better than unemployment. Bauer constantly forgets that Aid is not just *cheaper* capital (pp. 101, 102, 110), it is capital which would otherwise not be there at all. Much more: it generates local wages and taxes which would also otherwise not be there. The saving on interest is indeed small, but the gain in the volume of investment and in value added is enormous. It is fair to call this omission one of those "crudest transgressions, perpetrated sometimes even by prominent practitioners" which he rightly castigates (on p. 256).

Very much more impressive is his guiltless yet clear-headed dislike of Third-World governments. That they would be somehow morally better governments without Aid (pp. 103–112) is contradicted by his own account of Third-World governments before Western contact (pp. 70, 72, 73, 195–200). It is also absolutely belied by the deplorable politics of Singapore, South Korea, and Taiwan—successful and unaided countries whose economic achievements he rightly admires. But there is still a great deal in his concept of the "*aidaholic*" government, surviving in power and perpetrating every kind of folly and injustice because it controls the gross cash flow (never mind the net! we can always reborrow!) of official loans and grants.

Even in this case, however, Aid incontestably "trickles down" into wages and tax relief. It is a great pity that only in disasters can we aid people without going through their governments. I too had rather do otherwise; but I "accept the universe." The need is permanent, the governments are temporary. Moreover, the international Aid Establishment has, in many secret and some not so secret cases, used its influence effectively to suppress tyranny, crime, war and waste among Third-World governments. It may not do this often

[1] Peter Bauer, *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1981).

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enough, but the possibility of Soviet or OPEC competition is ever-present. Some recognition of this is surely due.

DO GOVERNMENTS that plan, whether from the Right (Gisgard) or from the Left (Honecker), do worse than governments that do not? The implication of the conservative critics is that they do, and that Aid should be geared to stopping planning. The subject is infinitely complex, since there are so many other variables, e.g.: the defence burden, the terms of trade, the harvest, the government's ability to borrow (including from the USSR and OPEC), the exact type of planning, and above all the accuracy of the statistics. So just to intimidate your readers, and to induce thought among Holy Warriors, I submit the following wholly inconclusive statistical series (growth over previous year in %; very roughly comparable pairs of countries, the less-planned first):

CHILE	*Unemployment (not growth but % of labour force)*	*Retail Prices*	*Real GNP per head*
1970	3.4	33.3	—
(Allende elected in November)			
1971	3.8	19.4	5.8
1972	3.1	79.1	−1.7
(nearly civil war)			
1973	n.a.	351.9	−5.3
(Pinochet's coup in September)			
1974	9.7	506.0	4.0
1975	14.7	374.2	−12.8
1976	13.0	211.8	2.3
1977–9	13.5	55.0	6.5
1974–9	—	—	2.6

In 1980 GNP per head was about 10% above 1971, and prices rose by 35%. I give this case in such detail because of its extreme interest.

Black Mark for Black Africa

London

ONE of the best stories in IMF and World Bank circles these days is that of the "Sub-Saharan Report"; giving enormous amusement and satisfaction to the anti-Aid men of the Reagan administration but provoking blind fury and rage on the part of the Third World and of Black Africa in particular.

Essentially the story is this [Ian Fallon, City Editor, writes]. Seeing their soft touch (or so they mistakenly thought) Robert McNamara about to be replaced as World Bank chief by the tougher Tom Clausen, the poor countries of Africa clubbed together and requested a study of their declining economies. Their idea was to get a new Aid package in position before the changeover.

MCNAMARA, *however, was ahead of them. He appointed the quirky but highly independent American academic Elliot Berg to head the study group. Berg got a team together and headed off for Africa to emerge at the end of last year with his Report. The Africans confidently assumed it would find their financial plight desperate and urge that more money be poured in urgently.*

Well, Berg found their financial affairs in some distress all right. But he rather differed from the African nations from that point on. His original Report, from all accounts, was the most controversial and critical the World Bank has ever produced.

Those who read the early draft said it contained many references to full scale bribery, corruption, inefficient and ruthless dictatorships and enormous misuse of resources; in fact it bore out many of the thoughts of our own Professor Peter Bauer of the London School of Economics, who has been preaching for years that Aid merely props up and encourages corrupt régimes and actually does more harm than good.

IN WASHINGTON, *I understand, there was uproar. The Report was hastily redrafted and redrafted again and even then was still suppressed—except that the Americans will leak copies to anyone interested enough to walk into the Treasury Department and ask for it.*

In his address last week, Tom Clausen described the much-diluted final document as "candid", adding:

"Sub-Saharan Africa is the one major region of the world in which 18 countries actually suffered a decline in income per capita during the 1970s."

Present projections show the next decade will be even worse.

The US Treasury Secretary delicately describes the report as "interesting"; it is being used directly by the Americans to force Aid recipients into more use of private capital, both domestic and foreign, in their development, and most controversial of all, a more welcoming approach to the multinationals.

DESPITE IT ALL, **however, the Bank has urged to double Aid to Africa, which no doubt will provide a fresh boost for the corrupt régimes. But I suppose it's either that or starvation. It's difficult to refuse.**

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

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PERU
1970–80 1.5
(left-wing military junta followed by the populist Aprista party in 1979)

So neither the centre-left Peruvians nor the monetarist Pinochet did as well as Allende in his sole unencumbered year.

SOUTH KOREA
1970–80 6.8
NORTH KOREA
1970–78 3.8
KENYA
1970–79 2.1
TANZANIA
1970–79 1.1
WEST GERMANY
1970–80 2.4
EAST GERMANY
1970–78 4.8
UK
1970–80 1.6
FRANCE
1970–79 3.0

I conclude that it is important for Crusaders to learn where the Holy Land actually is—and it may be nowhere.

OSKAR LANGE ONCE SAID that the main square of every socialist capital should contain a prominent statue of Ludwig von Mises, for without him socialism would not work. In this spirit I nominate Peter Bauer for chairman of the World Bank—but add a diabolically sadistic condition: he may choose countries (provided that they are not too rich), projects and financial instruments, but he must spend as much money annually as I tell him to. And that sum is of course greater than now. Net official civilian Aid is running at about 0.5% of "Western" GNP per annum, about 0.3% (including Cuba and Viet Nam) of Soviet GNP, and less for Eastern Europe and OPEC. Meanwhile the top 10% of human beings (not countries) receives seventy-five (75) times the income of the bottom 10%. Looking down from the still much richer top of that top, even an atheist may be forgiven for asking: are these people not my brothers in Christ?

Aid & Its Effects

By Peter Bauer & Basil Yamey

PROFESSOR PETER WILES regards the productivity of Aid as axiomatic. He says that in recipient countries "the gain in the volume of investment and in value added is enormous." Since "Aid establishes new productive capacity it is hardly conceivable that it should do more harm than good." We have explained in readily accessible publications why it is far from axiomatic that Aid must increase the incomes of the people in countries receiving such Aid, and that on the contrary Aid is likely to have the opposite effect. It is this conclusion which Professor Wiles finds "astounding" and "perverse."

Aid is not money given to the "people", as Professor Wiles writes. It is not manna from heaven. Aid goes to *governments*, and increases the resources at their command. An aid-receiving government can use the resources to sustain policies, some quite brutal, which reduce real incomes in several ways, and which we have instanced and illustrated. These policies could not be pursued so long and intensively without government access to Aid. Professor Wiles seems to agree when he writes about the "*aidaholic*" government "surviving in power and perpetrating every kind of folly and injustice because it controls the gross cash flow . . . of official loans and grants."

Tanzania provides a clear example of the perverse effects of Aid. Food aid and soft loans for food purchases have enabled the government to pursue its harsh policy of "villagisation", which has been responsible for a major decline in national food output "and made the country dependent on imports of large quantities of food."[1]

Professor Wiles accuses us of perpetrating one of the "crudest transgressions" in economic reasoning. He is able to do so only because he commits the serious error of judging the economic results of Aid solely in terms of its directly visible effects—"new productive capacity" or jobs. He simply ignores the adverse repercussions of the receipt and

[1] W. David Hopper (of the World Bank) in *Distortions of Agricultural Incentives*, (ed. Schultz, 1978), p. 76. Hopper writes: "As long as food Aid (or long-term loans for food purchases) is supplied to Tanzania by the industrial nations, the social experiment will continue."

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use of Aid. Following his procedure, one would have to consider, in the Tanzanian case, only the "new villages" set up, and to ignore the damaging effects on production of the "villagisation" policy.[2] Again, adopting Professor Wiles's narrow and inadequate viewpoint, the costly programmes of import substitution in many Third-World countries, often facilitated by Aid, would have to be counted as successes because new factories and jobs were created. Yet it is now widely accepted that, typically, these policies adversely affected national income, and bore heavily on the rural and urban poor.

But suppose that Professor Wiles is correct, and that Aid brings an enormous gain in the volume of investment and value added, and also generates taxes which would otherwise not be there. What is there then to prevent the government of a country which can use capital so productively from borrowing from governments, banks, or other lenders? Is Aid the sole source of capital for the putatively highly productive activities, so that capital coming as Aid "would otherwise not be there at all"? Could recipient governments not raise enough taxes from the enormous increase in value added to meet the interest payments on borrowings?

In fact, Professor Wiles's treatment of the matter is even more puzzling still. He writes that the "saving on interest" achieved by Aid is "indeed small." If this statement has any meaning at all, it must be that the interest payable on the capital if it had to be borrowed would be "small" (relatively to the economic benefits to the borrower). So it seems that in the postulated circumstances the capital would after all have been available in the absence of Aid; and therefore that the benefit from Aid could not exceed the avoided cost of borrowing (however productive the use of the resources might be).

We see no cause to alter our assessment of the contribution Aid can make to economic development. It cannot exceed the avoided cost of borrowing. And this maximum benefit is likely to be swamped by the adverse repercussions of Aid, including the politicisation of life.

We have not written anywhere that governments receiving no Aid do not, or will not, pursue "deplorable" policies. We have said, rather differently, that Aid helps to implement, intensify and prolong such policies. Moreover, it is not obvious that because some governments behave badly without Aid, other governments should be entitled to receive such Aid even though it will help them to behave more badly than they would without it. The morality of Aid is not as simple as Professor Wiles makes it out to be—especially once it is evident that Aid does not "incontestably" make the people better off than they would otherwise be.

The morality of Aid depends crucially on its effects. There is neither merit nor morality in taxing citizens of prosperous countries for the benefit of governments of poor countries without examining the conduct of the recipients and the repercussions of this policy.

Professor Wiles lists some political issues "culpably neglected by Brandt and Heath" and (according to him) also by those opposed to them. In fact all these issues have been considered explicitly in previous writings of ours; and, as it happens, we have taken a position very similar to Professor Wiles's.

It is not possible sensibly to discuss economic inequalities and egalitarian policies without taking cognisance of the sources of economic differences and the probable consequences of ostensibly egalitarian policies. In his critique Professor Wiles ignores these basic considerations. Incidentally, contrary to his assertion, it is not obvious that wide differences in income engender social and political instability. Instability depends on many factors, including the sources of the economic differences, the climate of opinion, and the resources available to the different groups. Moreover, as noted by Tocqueville, when some social differences are reduced, those that remain become particularly irksome.

SO MUCH FOR the main points in Professor Wiles's piece. We see no purpose in chasing all the hares he has raised, including for instance the unpleasant innuendo that unnamed prosperous advisers are (partly) responsible for "the shame and misery of our inner cities." Would it have made Professor Wiles any less unhappy if the supposedly guilty men had been poor?

The West can best contribute to the social and economic advance of the peoples of the Third World by removing or reducing its trade barriers, which are often severe, against Third-World exports. It can alleviate acute distress in poor countries most effectively through the good work of many voluntary agencies, notably non-politicised charities. We have developed these themes repeatedly and in some detail in easily accessible publications; we cannot go over the same ground again and again. But it is high time to explode the pretensions of the purveyors of facile remedies that they alone represent understanding and compassion and that their critics are ignorant or unfeeling, or both.

[2] Dr Uma Lele (also of The World Bank), observed some years ago:

"Despite the vital need for production increases, the government appears to be gauging the success of its programme primarily on the rate of villagisation. This is reflected in the paucity of data on the economic achievements of the *ujàmaa* policy in contrast with the data available on the numbers of villages and people settled." *The Design of Rural Development: Lessons from Africa* (1975), p. 158.

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Aid, Inequality, & Planning

By P. D. Henderson

SINCE I DO NOT recognise myself in the "warriors" and "crusaders" whom Peter Wiles condemns, I shall not respond to him directly. Instead, I shall state some personal views on or arising from the three main issues that he raises: international inequality; official aid transfers; and the possible connection between planning and economic progress. On all of these I sympathise with his general line of argument, but I also think that some of what he says is oversimplified or overstated.

I agree with Wiles that political leaders—and others too—are and should be concerned about economic inequality, both on grounds of fairness and because of its possible effects on social cohesion and stability. Since the most glaring inequalities today are international, this concern has somehow to find expression across national boundaries as well as within them. It would be wrong and imprudent to take as given the huge discrepancies between average standards of living in the rich countries of the world and the poorest.

At the same time, it is a mistake to concentrate attention on inequality *as such*, which is not the main problem. Changes which reduce the gap between rich and poor countries may none the less be undesirable, while conversely changes which increase it may on balance be a good thing. Nor is it inherently unjust for a rich country to achieve a high rate of material progress, even if this tends to increase international inequality.

Let me illustrate each of these propositions. First, the gap would be reduced if the rich countries became poorer, while the poor countries stayed as they were; but this, in my opinion, would make the world a worse rather than a better place, since many people would be worse off in material terms while no one would be better off. Again, the gap between the industrial countries and the developing countries *did* narrow between 1979 and 1980, but only because the growth in income-per-head in the former group was extremely small. Had the industrial countries managed to cope with their problems more successfully, and to attain higher levels of employment and output, the gap would have been wider. But the effects on the developing countries would in general have been favourable, mainly through better markets and higher prices for their exports.

AS TO THE MORAL ASPECT of increasing prosperity, consider the case of Japan. Average Japanese income-per-head has grown over the past 30 years at an annual rate of some 7 or 8%, as compared with a corresponding figure for the poorest nations—what the World Bank now terms "the low-income countries"—of possibly $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2%. A huge gap has therefore opened up, and it is probably still widening. But the Japanese economic marvel was *not* achieved *at the expense of any other country, rich or poor*: like the chronically low growth rate of the UK, it has to be explained with reference to internal factors. It is not apparent that the international system would have been in any way better, or more just, if Japanese economic performance had been worse. Still less can one say that there is a moral obligation on the government of Japan, or any other rich country, to restrict the rate of growth of output, contrary to the interests and preferences of its citizens, merely in order to keep pace with what poorer countries are able to realise.

The arguments just stated are variations on the same theme. What matters is not so much inequality as *poverty*; and, in particular, mass poverty in the low-income countries—almost all of them in South Asia, East Asia, and sub-Saharan Africa—which have increasingly fallen behind not only the industrial countries but also the rest of the developing world. If a reduction in poverty also contributes to narrowing the gap, so much the better; but this is incidental rather than central. It is the material welfare of the very poor, and not the size of the gap between rich and poor countries, which is the chief measure of progress.

But Wiles's main point, which I agree with, is that if the Western countries increased their Aid to developing countries this would contribute *both* to alleviating poverty and to reducing international inequality. Hence larger flows of official Aid are called for.

Disasters

AMONG *the "Great Commercial Disasters" (listed in the new book of that title) is the spectacular floater of the mid-1970s, otherwise known as the "Lagos Cement Blockade."*

In the flush of Nigeria's third National Development Plan, large sums were to be lavished on new barracks, roads, and assorted installations. The wizards at Nigeria's Defence Ministry worked out that around 20 million tons of cement would be needed. It was terrific business for the exporters and for the shipping companies. But at the time the maximum cargo unloading capacity was a mere 2,000 tons a day. Simple arithmetic dictates that at that rate the cargoes would take 27 years to unload.

THE TIMES *(London)*

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TWO MAIN QUESTIONS arise here. First, can Aid transfers actually do much to help poor countries? Second, does the case for more official Aid rest on moral considerations, on the enlightened self-interest of the West, or both?

On the effects of Aid, Wiles takes a strongly positive line, as against the pessimism of Peter Bauer. My own view is intermediate, but a good deal closer to Wiles—if it were otherwise, I would not have spent several years of my professional life working for the World Bank and other development agencies. I think he goes too far in stating that for most Aid flows "the gain in investment and value added is enormous." But one can question this assertion and still believe that Aid should be increased. Official Aid has often been oversold, and it should not be thought of as the key to development; but it is—or can be—very useful to those who receive it.

At the same time, it has to be recognised that the effects of Aid are not only hard to establish even after the event—as with much else in economic systems—but also highly variable. Much depends on the quality of aid—on the way in which resources are assigned to different countries and purposes, and the competence, foresight, and understanding with which programmes are designed and administered. Hence it is not very helpful in itself to say that there should be *more* official Aid. The question of how large the flow should be cannot be separated from that of its effectiveness; and this in turn raises a whole complex of issues including the sources, forms, and channels of aid, the terms and conditions on which it is made available, and its distribution between recipient countries.

As to the rationale of Aid from the donors' point of view, Wiles argues that both morality and self-interest are clearly involved. I agree; but I also think that the element of self-interest is often overestimated, and may be rated too highly by him. Thus the argument about reflation through exports, even if valid, applies only to conditions of recession and on rather special assumptions about what Western governments are and are not prepared to do. Moreover, Wiles himself recognises that poverty and international inequality are far from being the main causes of war and tension between states. The main justification for Aid is a moral one—though I am not sure that the various efforts of economists, international lawyers, and political philosophers have as yet established the case on a firm and agreed foundation.

What sort of economic régime is favourable to growth and development? As Peter Wiles says, the subject is infinitely complex. I doubt whether it is best approached in the way that he has chosen, by contrasting governments that plan with those that do not, since "planning" can mean so many different things. There may be some "conservatives" who think that official Aid should only be given to countries that agree not to engage in planning, but I am not among them.

Rather than planning versus non-planning, I would prefer to look at the choice of external economic policies. Economic analysis suggests that all countries, rich and poor alike, will gain in material terms by taking full advantage of the opportunities provided by the international trade and payments network. This points to the adoption of policies which are *liberal*, in that they embody free trade, absence of exchange control, and non-discrimination. The doctrine may need to be more or less heavily qualified in particular cases—for example on strategic grounds—or because of the existence of monopoly power. Nevertheless there is a general presumption in favour of liberal policies.

Does this mean that free trade is an infallible recipe for growth, or the key to ending world poverty? Not at all. Growth depends on many factors, which in most countries—though exceptions can be found—are internal rather than external. But in countries which adopt highly restrictive trade and payments policies, and thus effectively isolate internal transactions from world values, economic performance is likely to suffer. Among the developing countries, India is a conspicuous though far from isolated example. Like Aid transfers, liberal trade policies are neither a necessary nor a sufficient condition for rapid material progress; but they are almost always a favourable influence, and often strongly so.

WITHIN THE international system as a whole, the gains from a liberal régime are widely diffused: each country stands to benefit from the lowering or abolition of others' restrictions, as well as its own. Hence there is a strong mutual interest in securing a liberal international economic order, by reducing barriers to trade and investment, and by establishing rules, conventions and procedures which safeguard the twin principles of free flows and non-discrimination. Unfortunately, this mutual interest is insufficiently recognised as such. In virtually all countries, rich and poor alike, policies are influenced by misguided but deeply held nationalist and mercantilist convictions.

These seem to me the main obstacles to an improved international economic order—of which, however, larger and more effective Aid transfers should also form a part.

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LETTERS

Alas Poor Boris?

RONALD HINGLEY'S conception of Boris Pasternak's failure as a translator ["Pasternak's Shakespeare", ENCOUNTER, October 1980] is so graceful, so subtly and elegantly arranged, that one is reluctant to take issue with him. The essence of his conception is as follows: Shakespeare was translated not by the unfettered genius of the 1920s, but by the Boris Leonidovich Pasternak who had curbed himself in accordance with the spirit of Stalinist times, the Pasternak who was drawn to a monumental, almost deafening simplicity. And since the later Pasternak triumphs over the former (whom Hingley accurately describes as "the *wettest* writer"—a description even more accurate since wettest seems to combine both "weather" and the German "*Wetter*"), Shakespeare's plays turn out in Russian to be merely "pretty."

No doubt the early Pasternak does differ from the later. It is tempting to ascribe this shift in style and genre to the imperatives of the time, to a sort of defensive reaction. There are, however, some doubts on this score. *Doctor Zhivago*, written during the late 1940s and early '50s, for all its stylistic self-restraint (fortunately the author was not always successful in this respect), is a book which challenges not only Stalinism, but the Revolution itself. I personally am inclined to go along with Hingley and account for Pasternak's evolution with reference to "the spirit of the time"; but I would add personal, artistic, and religious reasons as well as such political and social factors.

Like Ronald Hingley I find the "unfettered" Pasternak sympathetic, the Pasternak of "*stalkivayushchiesya glyby*" and "*skrezhushchie perezhyovy*." For this reason—and here I must disagree with Hingley—I am not in any way an admirer of Yury Zhivago's poem "Hamlet", which ends by simply parodying poetry ("Living a life is more than crossing a field"). It is Pasternak's translation of *Hamlet* that is truly stunning. Of course, as in any Pasternak translation, there are losses, infuriating approximations and break-downs, and Hingley gives examples of such lapses. The images of Juliet, Ophelia, or Desdemona are indeed, at the semantic level, somewhat blurred and romanticised. (This is not a case of Pasternak being purist in his old age: the image of woman in his poetry is always elevated.)

Fortunately, poetry does not live by semantics alone. The erotic in poetry is manifested primarily through the poet's relation to language, and not through his description of characters and their actions. The later Pasternak, having stepped on the feet of his own semantics, remained more often than not faithful to the intonation of his former self. Thanks to this we have the marvellous flights in *Doctor Zhivago* or the slalom through the lines of that poem of the mid-1950s that begins with the fairly flat line, "I want the heart of the matter always . . . ." Pasternak yields to Shakespeare in semantic audacity, in the reckless collision of words and their meaning, but never yields to the original in impetus, energy, and movement. His lines hang round your neck and drag you after them. These dramas, which you feel are going to choke you, cannot be called "pretty."

As the sun began to set on the post-Stalin liberalisation, Grigory Kozintsev made a film of *Hamlet*, which because of its passion, faith, and sense of doom was probably the film most redolent of freedom to come out of that pitiful burst of post-Stalin freebooting. Kozintsev had no lack of choice—there are plenty of Russian translations of *Hamlet* available—but he chose Pasternak's. In my view, the style of the translation infected the director and as a result the film was a rapier thrust, a free gesture, a breath of air that exhilarated.

Yes, Boris Pasternak had his weaknesses. But who, in any language, has matched Shakespeare? And is such an achievement possible at all when one has to translate and render, which so often means paraphrasing and finding merely approximate equivalents?

IGOR POMERANZEV

Kiev/London

Alternatives to Yalta?

MAY I COMMENT on one topic in the conversation between W. Averell Harriman and George Urban (ENCOUNTER, November)? This is the crucial question whether the American public (and by extension the British) was "burdened with a feeling of a debt unpaid" to the Russian people because the latter lost twenty times as many dead as the USA and the British Empire combined. Harriman brushes this suggestion aside. However I suggest that it *was* this that made it impossible for Western politicians to practise *Realpolitik* against Stalin, for to do so would have been against the nature of the two democracies. (In any case "Bismarcks" are rare birds in the White House, or indeed Downing Street.)

The Second World War and its consequences, surely, could have been avoided only if Great Britain in agreement with France had diagnosed Nazism as "Brown Bolshevism", that is as a nihilistic movement comparable with Red Bolshevism. The British Cabinet of the 1930s could not even convince itself that Hitlerism was a genuine successor to Prussian militarism (the opinion of Winston Churchill and the French). The Kremlin, as inadequately, viewed the German eruption as a version of "Capitalism" and attempted a tactical alliance with it. As to the British public—the public of Baldwin and the Peace Pledge Union—it was mainly pacifist, whether from memory of the degradation of trench-warfare or from doubts about the Treaty of Versailles.

IN THE EVENT the unimaginable dynamism of Hitler's policies and armies could be resisted only by the Grand Alliance and within it the Russian/Soviet *people* were by far the greatest sufferers. By the end of 1941 they had revealed a large Russian patriotism, greatly admired by Churchill and backhandedly acknowledged by Stalin in his frank remark to Harriman in that year: "We are under no illusions that they, the Russian people are fighting for us, the Communist Party. They are fighting for Mother Russia . . . ." As to Stalin himself, during the War he could not but appear to the West not as the ogre of past purges but as the leader of the fighting nation. There was, I believe, only one thing that could have blackened his image, the revelation of the Soviet murder of some 14,000 Polish officers at Katyn in 1940. The real

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murderers were known to the British Government in 1943 (but, possibly, not to President Roosevelt).

LORD GLADWYN (also in your November issue) holds that when the Kremlin repudiated its undertaking to hold free elections in all the liberated countries, the Western Allies could have denounced the previously signed agreements on the German Occupation zones. In which case there would have been no German Democratic Republic. The Americans would have stayed put in their conquered territory east of the Elbe. Churchill (Lord Gladwyn says) wanted this but was overruled by Roosevelt and Eisenhower. One wonders what, on this plan, would have happened next. What would have been the fate of

The Rediscovery of

Paris

"J'AI trop bu le sang noir des morts." That, of course, is the voice of Michelet —"I have drunk too much of the black blood of the dead"—the great Michelet, the history man "who so many times crossed and recrossed the river of the dead" in order to resurrect them, to be the living memory not only of France but "the tradition of mankind" and of the sea and the insect world before it, and to recover "the unity of spirit of simple people, animals, the ignorant, the barbarian and the illiterate ...." That was Michelet, with his mania for work and his desire to absorb the whole of life and cause "natural history and human history to merge before one's eyes."

There have been so many books about Michelet (and recently those by Roland Barthes) that all this seems familiar. But now we have his works in a complete edition supervised by Paul Viallaneix, and the last volume, edited by Robert Casanova, was published in 1979.

It is now possible to see Michelet whole, as the four volumes of Michelet's *Journal* (edited by Viallaneix and then by Claude Digeon) are now also available; possible indeed to traverse that vast terrain that is the work of a life devoted to the *"magistrature qu'est l'histoire."* Let due tribute be paid to quiet and diligent scholars and their publishers.[1]

IT IS appropriate to mention their work, since history remains one of the mainsprings—and perhaps the liveliest—of French cultural activity; and Michelet is most often mentioned as the basic reference point of all contemporary research. The men of la Nouvelle Histoire *feel that "Michelet was the prophet of modern history." In fact one of the founders of that school, Lucien Febvre, and innovators such as Fernand Braudel, Georges Duby and Robert Mandrou have spoken of the "great voice that one might have supposed had been silenced for ever", and of his "intuitive genius never equalled in French historiography." Michelet truly enlarged the field of traditional history. Collective attitudes, crowds, pathology, biology, food supply, physique, nature, objects, landscapes and faces, passions—he wanted to absorb everything that existed in order to "resuscitate the whole of life, not just its surfaces but its deep internal structures."*

THESE NEW PATHS opened up (or widened) by Michelet have been borrowed by present-day historians, those now associated with the journal *Annales*, for instance, and what ambitious, imaginative historian does not dream of a "total history" which would reproduce life itself ?

But reading the works of these historians betrays the difference. Contemporary research is based on price curves, quantitative studies, use of the impersonal computer to try and discover economic or even linguistic trends, or to make mathematical estimates of the gross national product in past centuries. Inevitably there is a great difference between present-day works on past centuries and the superb trajectory of Michelet, who called the Renaissance "the heroic outburst of an immense will" and epitomised the 16th century as "a hero."

How is it, then, that Michelet is so often referred to in this scientific company? Is it nostalgia for historical narrative—and not for a "science of history"—which would reach out and grip the general reader? Or, what is more serious, is there a vague suspicion that scientists, with their accumulations of statistics, are not really recapturing the reality of history, but rather expressing it worse? Or is it some new awareness of what history and its role is—that of a Science that nevertheless ends up in a piece of imaginative writing, in the literary form of a narrative? And in that case, who is there that can do it better than Michelet?

THERE IS MORE to it than even that. Michelet is the man of the revolution of 1848, the persecuted professor, the republican hero, the creator of the founding myths of the Third Republic. Did he not say that 1789 was God's second worldly incarnation? He related the myth of a People who rose to march in ranks into the courtyard of the Republic. He is the Victor Hugo of that *"République de Professeurs"*, and he taught at the Collège de France, a symbolic name. And, as Lucien Febvre wrote (in 1946, in the so-called reconciled(?) and victorious(?) France of the liberation), "Michelet never did anything but translate into his magnificent language and with his

[1] *Oeuvres complètes* de Jules Michelet, Flammarion, Paris, Vols. 1–7. Vol. 7, 710 pp. *Journal*, Gallimard, Vols. 1–4, Vols. III and IV, 776 and 656 pp.

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Poland, the ally whose frontiers Britain (but not the USA) had guaranteed against Hitler? Is it seriously contended that a Western-democratic Poland could have been extracted from Stalin in exchange for the Soviet Zone of Germany? If so, for how long? How large would have been the Western forces required permanently in Western Europe to monitor Soviet policy in Eastern Europe? The scenario would have looked very like a permanent war-footing; the war being against a present ally.

A likelier *casus belli* for the Anglo-Americans could have been the Berlin Blockade of 1948, when only the USA had nuclear weapons. The objective then must have been to "roll Stalin back" out of all Germany and perhaps beyond the Curzon Line. But again the intent to humble the great ally was quite lacking.

All in all one is left with the conclusion that Great Britain and the United States, nations which abhorred war philosophically, could hardly have waged it against an ally in the interests of third countries, even Poland. In 1939 Great Britain in particular had only just brought itself to resist a palpable and contiguous enemy, Germany.

CHARLES JANSON

London

Michelet

whole heart *le sentiment de la France éternelle.* **Michelet has himself become a founding myth—and all the more so since he has been under attack by professors who, when once the Republic had been established, forgot the "obscure masses who were nevertheless** *notre France, notre famille, notre sang et nous-mêmes.*"

PÉGUY *defended him because it "annoyed so many people." But above all he has been the object of convergent attacks from both the Right and the extreme Left. For Charles Maurras he was merely a "mystagogic and sociological Jules Verne" whose theme was "impatience with order and a mania for equality"; while according to Albert Mathiez, the historian of the French Revolution who was so close to the Marxists, "at the time when Marx was writing the* **Communist Manifesto***" Michelet was bleating about class unity; far from nurturing the democratic opposition, he had emasculated it and led it astray. "I am struck", Mathiez added, "by the incoherence and frequent banality of his thought."*

Perhaps these condemnations enable us to see more clearly Michelet's "function" in French historiography. He speaks for the common man, he is republican and anti-clerical, and he acts as a barrier against the monarchical or élitist Right. To that extent it puts him on the "Left", but not on the side of some Marxists, for he is an incarnation of a French tradition; and it would be interesting to trace the affiliations to Jean Jaurès and Léon Blum and their recent revival.

WHEN THE HISTORIAN Pierre Nora wrote in 1973 that it was the age of the specialist, of the technician and his computer, of history broken down into particles, when he smiled at Le Roy Ladurie's intention to embark on a "total history", he did not appreciate the changes that were to take place in the course of the next few years. He did not take into account the need—manifested also in the intellectual retreat of Marxism—for sensitive and discriminating narrative, for the recovery of an imaginative unity over and above the dry sub-divisions imposed by "science." Michelet fits in with contemporary sensibilities on many points—moral purpose, condemnation of Jacobinical terror, the idea of the common man, and the exaltation of naivety and spontaneity in contrast to cool rational technical skills . . . .

It is a curious come-back. Michelet is a symbol, and he is being read again.

Max Gallo

F.D.R.: "Only Child"?

MAY I pursue the matter of my last letter ("F.D.R.: 'Only Child'?", ENCOUNTER, February) a bit further? The following is a letter I received from one of Roosevelt's biographers:

> The second President Roosevelt was the only child of James and Sara Delano Roosevelt; but James Roosevelt had an older son (rather oddly christened James Roosevelt Roosevelt) by his first wife, who was a member of the Howland family.
>
> JOSEPH ALSOP
>
> *Washington D.C.*

To be sure I know about "Rosy" Roosevelt (as I said in my note); but he was born in 1854, so it seems to me impossible that Mr Harriman went to school with him, unless Averell Harriman himself was born in the middle of the 19th century, which I doubt. Was it not 1891? The riddle remains, I'm afraid.

A. LAMMERS

Koudekerk aan den Rijn
The Netherlands

[**Ed. Note:** *We have written to Ambassador Harriman to help resolve the riddle. We await his reply.*]

Lord Gladwyn Replies

LEOPOLD LABEDZ [ENCOUNTER, December] accuses me of inconsistency in "approving" of Yalta and disapproving of "*détente*."

I did not "approve" of Yalta: I merely regarded the agreements on the Curzon Line and Poland as, broadly speaking, inevitable. The Russians were our allies; the war with the Nazis was still raging. It was obvious that the Soviet armies were going to advance into Germany, the only question being how far they would get. The "Declaration on Liberated Europe"—which I must say I never myself thought there was much chance of the Russians strictly observing—was nevertheless useful; possible subsequent repudiation enabling it to be used as a bargaining counter in negotiations. Anyway the notion that Europe was cynically carved up at Yalta with the sole object of appeasing Stalin—the chief point which I was contesting—really is an illusion. Europe would have been carved up in 1945, Yalta or no Yalta.

I freely confess to having been naive enough to think that there was a chance that the USSR might help to

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make the United Nations work on the basis of the "Yalta Voting Formula", which I had previously been instrumental in selling to Sobolev in London. But, perhaps, more particularly in the atmosphere prevailing in 1945, this was a pardonable aberration!

On the other hand, I remember thinking at the time that Roosevelt had been completely taken in by "Uncle Joe"; and, more especially, his concessions to the Soviet Union in the Far East (of which the British delegation had no knowledge) were unnecessary and dangerous. Not being in the "inner circle" I was unaware of what Churchill's personal feelings about Stalin were; but Eden, I always felt, was much too trusting. Certainly, their innermost thoughts as quoted now by Labedz make strange reading. Harry Hopkins, of course, was naivety itself. I well remember his efforts, from his sick bed in the Livadia Palace, to render the "Declaration on Liberated Europe" even milder than it turned out to be in the event!

The agreement on the repatriation of prisoners-of-war (and others) was one which was kept secret for a long time, and I myself had no knowledge of it. If I had had, I should probably have felt that Soviet prisoners-of-war should be repatriated, if only because non-repatriation might have endangered our own prisoners-of-war who were then in the hands of the Soviet authorities. Soviet nationals should clearly not have been repatriated save with their consent, though there may have been a case for repatriating Vlasov's Army which had been very active in support of the Nazis, more particularly in the Balkans.

IN A WORD, some of the conclusions of the Yalta Conference, and more especially the frame of mind of the Western Leaders, can legitimately be criticised in the light of hindsight. But to say that Yalta represented "the first total capitulation of the West to the Soviet Union" is simply not a sustainable argument.

GLADWYN

House of Lords
Westminster

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"Hanger-On"?

IN HIS ARTICLE "Can the Social Deomocrats Devise Policies for Political Power?" [ENCOUNTER, January] Stephen Haseler describes himself as dispirited because, in a recent SDP pamphlet, *Neither Red nor Dead*, we described Britain as a "hanger-on of the United States." Those who have not read the pamphlet could conclude that Mr Haseler was right in finding this description to be "in the same spirit that Tony Benn calls the United Kingdom a colony. . . ."

That is not so; it is abundantly clear from the context in our pamphlet that we describe Britain as a hanger-on of the United States only in disarmament negotiations. In these Britain has in fact somewhat inertly followed American initiatives and has not been outstanding among Western nations for visible initiatives of her own. This means there is scope for more vigorous activity, very likely alongside the United States, in the future. The kind of comprehensive policy President Reagan unveiled on November 18th, 1981, accords well with the policy we were recommending for the SDP in our pamphlet.

Though many on the continent of Europe would find that the description "hanger-on" applied to Britain also in the general context of her foreign policy, we would not agree. British foreign policy in general is now, in our opinion, independent enough of the United States. The Viet Nam war, after all, was ended by American public opinion some time ago.

WAYLAND KENNET
ELIZABETH YOUNG

London

European Parliament

MR EDWARD PEARCE wrote an elegant and fashionably critical piece about the European Community ["In the Light of Common Day", ENCOUNTER, July]. It was spiced with sly digs, doubtful conclusions and silly slips, such as saying we are in trade deficit with the Community—we are in surplus by more than £700 million. He followed it in September (Letters) with more nudges, winks and mistakes in reply to Sir Anthony Meyer.

It would take too long to catalogue all the daft things Mr Pearce has said through his undoubtedly smart hat, but I must challenge the fashionable notion embodied in the description of the European Parliament as only "a mobile emporium of chat." Without the European Parliament there can be no legislation from Europe. Its place is already indispensable and Mr Pearce may not have noticed that in the two years since direct elections it has begun to strengthen its powers over legislation. While he may not approve of it, he ought at least to give us the credit.

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Our aim is eventually to bring the final decisions over European legislation into the Parliament. That will not be an easy task, but we have already gone a great deal further in two years than detached observers thought possible.

As for the silly remarks about salaries and expenses, a British member of the European Parliament takes the same salary and pays the same tax as a member of the House of Commons.

The expenses of both sets of members are difficult to compare but are pretty similar in totals. The European members get expenses to pay for everything. The Westminster members get a lot which is hidden—such as unlimited first-class rail and air-travel vouchers, free post and free telephone calls at Westminster, and generous free travel for spouses. There is also a London weighting, a generous mileage allowance as well as an office allowance for the home MPs.

The European members are recompensed for their travel, their accommodation and their offices. There can be no recompense for the grind involved in the much greater travelling and the greater time spent away from families. I happen to be a pretty frugal member of the Parliament, but I could not live on my expenses and I do not know any member who can.

ALASDAIR HUTTON
Member of the European Parliament for the South of Scotland

Glasgow

False Friends

IN the November ENCOUNTER, in "Life and Letters Today" (p.97), you report:

> "The head of the English translators at the World Health Organisation in Geneva says young applicants tend to translate much better from what the French call '*les faux amis*'—words that appear to mean the same in both tongues."

As the anonymous official in question (as well as an ENCOUNTER subscriber of very long standing and occasional contributor to your letter columns, which might entitle me to kinder treatment!), I am rather miffed to find a remark I made in private conversation to my old friend Godfrey Smith, who reported it quite correctly in the *Sunday Times*, garbled by you into utter nonsense. [ED. NOTE: Unfortunately, one line of type was dropped in the printing room.]

What I actually said was that neophytes tend to translate less well from French, which we all think we know, than from "difficult" languages like Russian, because they constantly fall into the traps set by "*les faux amis*", i.e. pairs of cognate words that mean quite different things in English and French, such as *adjutant* and *adjudant*, *conference and conférence*, *inconvenient* and *inconvénient*, *comprehensive* and *compréhensif*, *actual* and *actuel*, or *eventual* and *éventuel*, to take only some better-known examples.

Such misleading similarities also exist between Russian and English (e.g. *familija* means "surname" and a *referent* is someone who reads a paper at a congress); but they are much rarer.

In the instance I cited, "*Madame Thatcher ne joue pas le jeu*", the false correspondence is not between individual words but between expressions. Such traps are even more insidious as they are less likely to be signposted in dictionaries.

By the way, alertness to this kind of danger is not, I am afraid, always very conspicuous in the many translations you publish in ENCOUNTER!

JOHN FRASER

Versoix
Switzerland

Husserl & Heidegger

JUST BECAUSE I agree so thoroughly with Professor Gerald Holton's belief that education should stress the need for rational control in all areas of experience, and found his article ("The Two Maps", September 1981) so completely convincing, I want to offer a brief comment on the footnote where he speaks of Husserl as charging science with "excesses" of rationalism. My memory of Edmund Husserl's Freiburg seminar (way back in 1928–29) is of the great phenomenologist as one who questioned science only in so far as its less careful practitioners accepted uncritically the testimony of the senses. All forms of experience, Husserl held, should be seen for what they rationally, conceivably, inevitably must be. What is rationally possible is what provides the clue. Husserl is thus in Professor Holton's corner, not that of his opponents.

It was Heidegger, I think, who introduced the sceptical note. For him the pre-Socratics, in the "immediacy" of their approach to "Being", had a means of assurance not

WE NOTE, *with sadness and deep regret, the passing of* ENCOUNTER *contributors and friends in 1981:*

ANDREW SHONFIELD
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available to those who relied on concepts. In those early days of his Freiburg tenure, Heidegger's students were taught that, in this respect, they should question the tenets of the master. I have always thought that one result of this was Heidegger's willingness to embrace Nazism (if only briefly, in 1933), and another the later "excesses" of the Existentialists (including the unintelligible doctrine that existence precedes essence).

J. S. BIXLER

Jaffrey
New Hampshire

AUTHORS

Glen Cavaliero has published two books of poems (most recently *Paradise Stairway*, Carcanet, 1977), as well as several books of criticism, including *The Rural Tradition in English Novels* and *A Reading of E. M. Forster* (Macmillan Press, 1977, 1979).

Theodore Draper, a former member (1968–73) of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, is the author of a history of American Communism (2 vols., 1957, 1960), and of works on Cuba (1962, 1965), on US policy in Viet Nam (*Abuse of Power*, 1967), and on *Israel & World Politics* (1968); he is working on a study of the foundations of American power. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Intellectuals in Politics" (December 1977), "The Idea of the 'Cold War' & Its Prophets" (February 1979), and "Hume & Madison" (February 1982). His article in this issue is in part a revised version of a paper written for the Lehrman Institute of New York.

Michael Howard is Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, where from 1977–1980 he was Chichele Professor of the History of War. His books include *The Theory and Practice of War* (1965), *War in European History* (Oxford University Press, 1976), and *War and the Liberal Conscience* (Temple Smith, 1978; paper, OUP, 1981); he is the co-editor of *Restraints on War* (OUP, 1979). Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Surviving a Protest: A Reply to E. P. Thompson" (November 1980) and "'Many Reasons' for Viet Nam" (May 1979). His present article is a version of his Creighton Lecture in History, delivered in the University of London in November.

Peter Scupham's most recent book of poems, *Summer Palaces*, was published in 1980 by Oxford University Press.

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph* in London.

Lawrence Freedman, until recently Head of Policy Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, will shortly take up the Chair of War Studies at King's College, London. His most recent book is *The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy* (Macmillan, 1981).

Richard Rose is director of the Centre for the Study of Public Policy at the University of Strathclyde, Glasgow. He has written or edited more than a dozen books examining parties and elections in the Western world, of which the most recent are *Do Parties Make a Difference?* (Macmillan Press, 1980) and *Politics in England: An Interpretation for the '80s* (Faber, 1980).

Esmond Wright is Director of the Institute of United States Studies and Professor of American History at London University. Among his publications is *Fabric of Freedom 1763–1800* (2nd ed., Macmillan, 1979).

P. J. Vatikiotis is Professor of Politics with reference to the Near and Middle East in the University of London. His most recent books include *The History of Egypt* (Weidenfeld, 1980) and *Nasser and his Generation* (Croom Helm, 1978).

Peter Wiles, Professor of Russian Social and Economic Studies at the University of London, is the author of, among other works, *The Prediction of Communist Economic Performance* (Cambridge University Press, 1971), *Distribution of Income: East and West* (North Holland Publishing Co., 1974), and *Economic Institutions Compared* (Blackwell, 1977).

Peter Bauer, Professor of Economics (with special reference to economic development and underdeveloped countries) at the London School of Economics, is a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and of the British Academy. Among his works are *Dissent on Development* (n.e. Weidenfeld, 1976), and *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* (Weidenfeld, 1981). His joint works with **Basil Yamey,** who is also Professor of Economics at LSE, include *Economics of Underdeveloped Countries* (n.e. Nisbet, 1973) and *Markets, Market Control and Marketing Reform* (Weidenfeld, 1979). Their previous contribution to the "Brandt" debate in ENCOUNTER appeared in the October 1981 issue.

P. D. Henderson is Professor of Political Economy at University College, London. He was Economic Adviser to the Treasury from 1957–58, and from 1971–72 was Director of the Economics Department of the World Bank. He is the author of *India: The Energy Sector* (1975), co-author of *Nyasaland: The Economics of Federation* (1960), and has edited and contributed to a number of studies of economic aid and development. His earlier critique of the Brandt Report, "Economics Askew", and his "Reply to Anthony Sampson" were published in the December 1980 and April 1981 issues of ENCOUNTER.

ENCOUNTER acknowledges financial assistance from, among other generous donors, the Arts Council of Great Britain.

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Life & Letters Today

Paris

ARC LIGHTS: *Is it a new censorship, or just familiar old-fashioned French cultural* dirigisme? *In both radio and television there has been a radical changing of the guard, so that the guardians can now "serve the spirit of the new France." The President's signal that the nation will now be "breaking with capitalism" is being taken seriously enough. One senses everywhere the new controllers at work, as the campaign against American films on French TV mounts, not to mention the banning of "imperialist music" from the radio. The directors of the French museums have now been assigned advisory experts on the history of the socialist movement, in order to make sure that in every exhibition an aspect of "working-class culture" is made manifest.*

This has led Jean-François Revel to wonder: "Would André Malraux ever have conceived of the idea of appointing a Gaullist commissar to the Louvre in order to make sure the exhibited paintings somehow manifested the spiritual relationship between the General and the Maid of Orleans?"

DIE WELT *(Bonn)*

London

FASHIONABLE WORDS: "Redundo", massive cash hand-outs to redundant workers and their bosses, is a word which has leapt into the language as the public sector has shed its workers and board-rooms have eased out their executives. Payouts have now topped £700 million.

And why don't we hear about the "Balance of Payments" any longer? Simple. The economic fashion has changed—the burning issue now is "Money Supply", which has replaced the balance of payments as the-statistic-which-is-never-on-target.

DAILY MAIL

Oxford

QUIET FLOWS THE DON: It would be a sad day if common sense and productivity were alone to govern the groves of academe.

There is much to be said for universities being one remove from the grinding reality of life: the best and most intellectually exciting dons are often the most ineffectual as far as working norms are concerned.

Happy the university where the widow of the Professor of Greek was besieged by offers of marriage from countless academics eager, not for love, but to get their hands on the deceased husband's lecture notes!

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

New York City

LAST WORDS: Five days away from his death, William Saroyan telephoned the Associated Press to issue his official last words. These were:

"Everybody has got to die, but I have always believed an exception would be made in my case. Now what?"

As last words go, these are hard to beat, and my cap is off to Saroyan for the simplicity, courage and wit with which he handled his exit line. Last words are always a problem for people who want to do life properly.

NEW YORK TIMES

Frankfurt-am-Main

TRY WALKING ACROSS (TWA): *According to the decision of the judges of the Hesse Supreme Court, the official German airline, Lufthansa, will just have to learn to live with jokes made at its expense. Lufthansa brought suit because it did not quite find it funny that stickers were being made and sold in the thousands which used their colours and symbols—the yellow-and-blue stickers, pasted on innumerable automobiles (not least those of the Lufthansa personnel) showed not one but two cranes in loving flight below the sign* **LUSTHANSA.**

The court could not find that this constituted a violation of copyright, nor that it detracted from the reputation of the airline. It was a bit of a high-spirited hoax, and other airlines also had to live with this kind of light-hearted satire. The court called attention to the experience of the Scandinavian airline, SAS, which was often deciphered as **"Sex after Service."** *In the event that the German airline could make out a case that its reputation for efficiency and safety was being ridiculed, then it would no longer be a matter of irony but libel. As an example the High Court judges cited the joke involving PIA, the Pakistan International Airline, which stands for* **"Please Inform Allah."**

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

Singapore

THUMBS DOWN: How do you forge a dead man's signature in the East? The answer is that where a thumbprint is the only identification, you cut off the dead man's thumb and embalm it. Then you sign away . . . until you're caught.

This, according to Malaysian officials, is what 567 Indians have been doing to receive pension payments for dead relatives.

Severed thumbs were used to make thumb print impressions so that the Malaysian government would continue paying benefits after the rightful recipient had died. The case was cited of an Indian pensioner born in 1885, in whose name claims were still being made 10 years after his death.

It was not necessary to collect pensions personally. The correct thumb print on the cheque was all that was required.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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A premier publisher in the United States publishing "the best Indian writer in English"

"R.K. Narayan has for several decades been the best Indian writer in English," wrote J.A.B. van Buitenen. "From year to year I have had a hope that he will be awarded a Nobel Prize. That may still happen."

Graham Greene has written: "There are writers—Tolstoy and Henry James to name two—whom we hold in awe, writers—Turgenev and Chekhov—for whom we feel a personal affection, other writers whom we respect—Conrad, for example—but who hold us at arm's length with their 'courtly foreign grace.' Narayan (whom I don't hesitate to name in such a context) more than any of them wakes in me a spring of gratitude, for he has offered me a second home. Without him I could never have known what it is like to be Indian."

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